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A
POETICAL
ANTHOLOGY;
OR
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
FABLES, ECLOGUES, EPISTLES,
SATIRES, ELEGIES, ODES, AND
BALLADS;
SELECTED
FROM THE BEST ENGLISH POETS:

WITH
M. PRIOR's HENRY AND EMMA;
D. MALLET's AMYNTOR AND THEODORA;
Dr. GOLDSMITH's TRAVELLER AND
DESERTED VILLAGE;
TH. PARNELL's HERMIT, AND
THE
SEASONS
By JAMES THOMSON.

MENTZ,
Printed for J. F. SCHILLER;

MDCCLXXXVIII.





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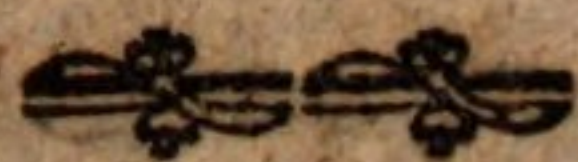


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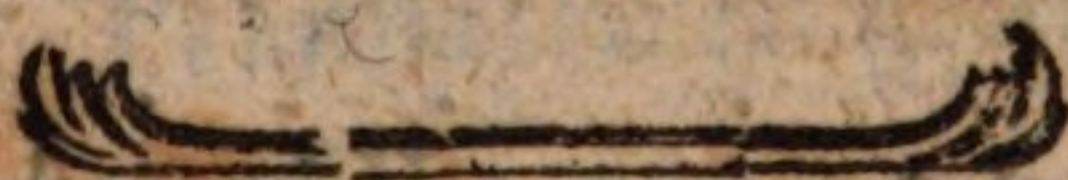
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A
POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.

I.

F A B L E S.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

I. The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold:
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of PLATO weigh'd?
Hath SOCRATES thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd TULLY's mind?

A

Or,



Or, like the wise ULYSSES, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through various cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd to disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful Ant,
And not provide for future want?
My Dog (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the Dove.
The Hen, who, from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care;
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From Nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?

My



My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger malice in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he, who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.





II. THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A Sneaking Cur, the master's spy,
 Rewarded for his daily lie,
 With secret jealousies and fears
 Set all together by the ears.
 Poor Puss to-day was in disgrace,
 Another cat supply'd her place;
 The hound was beat, the Mastiff chid,
 The monkey was the room forbid;
 Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
 And none could tell the reason why.

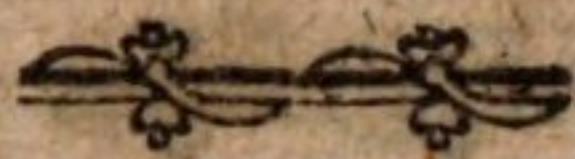
A plan to rob the house was laid:
 The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
 Cajol'd the Cur and strok'd his head,
 And bought his secrecy with bread.
 He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
 Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd.
 He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
 The furly Dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
 The master took his information.
 Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries;
 And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
 And begg'd in justice to be heard.
 The master sat. On either hand
 The cited Dogs confronting stand;
 The Cur the bloody tale relates,
 And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cry'd,
 But weigh the cause of either side.
 Think not that treach'ry can be just:
 Take not informers words on trust.

They



They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke: and all the truth appear'd.
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

III. THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him stand
To learn their dying fire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble groan:

Ah! sons, from evil ways depart:
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?

The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons! says the drooping fire,
Restrain inordinate desire.

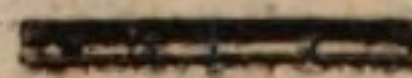
Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins, and guns destroy our race?



Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
 And never feel the quiet hour.
 Old age, which few of us shall know,
 Now puts a period to my woe.
 Would you true happiness attain,
 Let honesty your passions rein;
 So live in credit and esteem,
 And the good name you lost, redeem.

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
 Could we perform what you advise.
 Think what our ancestors have done;
 A line of thieves from son to son:
 To us descends the long disgrace,
 And infamy hath mark'd our race.
 Tho' we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
 Honest in thought, in word, in deed,
 Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
 We shall be thought to share the feast.
 The change shall never be believ'd:
 A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
 But, hark ! I hear a hen that clocks:
 Go ; but be mod'rate in your food:
 A Chicken too might do me good.



IV THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife. His pray'r was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:
For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with pray'rs.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view:
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aspire,
'Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a Father's blest.
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain;
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace.
In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He starves; and yet he dares not eat.



The next to sudden honours grew :
 The thriving art of courts he knew.
 He reach'd the height of pow'r and place ;
 Then fell the victim of disgrace.

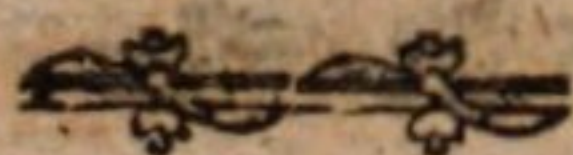
Beauty with early bloom supplies
 His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
 The vain coquette each suit disdains,
 And glories in her lover's pains.
 With age she fades: each lover flies.
 Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
 And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
 Thus spoke the God: By outward show,
 Men judge of happiness and woe:
 Shall ignorance of good and ill
 Dare to direct th' Eternal Will?
 Seek virtue, and of that possess
 To Providence resign the rest.



V. THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing Steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain,
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eyeballs flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address'd:
Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our fires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might:
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumb'rous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall we our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it heav'ns! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first controul,
And still the tyger's famish'd growl.



Let us like them our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.

A gen'ral nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When, lo! with grave and solemn pace
A Steed advanc'd before the race;
With age and long experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:

When I had health and strength like you,
The toils of servitude I knew.

Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.

At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.

I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains:

But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the seasons of the year?

How many thousand structures rise
To fence us from inclement skies!

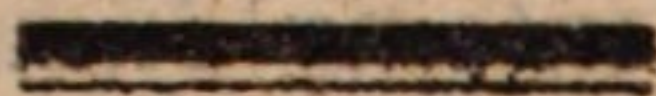
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.

He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain:
We share the toil, and share the grain.

Since ev'ry creature was decreed,
To aid each other's mutual need,

Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by heav'n assign'd.

The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted.
And like his ancestors was bitted.





VI. THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain.

Does not the hawk all fowls survey
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?

When the creek views the pearly strands,
Or TAGUS bright with golden sands
Or crawls beneath the coral grove
And hears the ocean roll above.
Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who gave all these to pleasure me!

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume,
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like LAURA's cheek when blushes rise,
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend,
The snail looks round on flow'r and tree
And cries: All these were made for me.

What dignity's in human nature!
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye
And view'd the sea and arched sky:
The sun was sunk beneath the main,
The moon and all the starry train
Hung the vast vault of heav'n; the Man
His contemplation thus began:

When I behold this glorious show
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,

The



The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by heav'n design'd
As gifts to pleasure human kind,
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!

Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose:
Be humble, learn thyself to scan,
Know, pride was never made for Man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind;
What, heav'n and earth for thee design'd!
For thee! made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

VII. THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP like love is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame:
The child whom many fathers share
Hath seldom known a father's care;
'Tis thus in Friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a Friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain;
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:

She



She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound
And measures back her mazy round,
'Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew
When first the Horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend
And owe my safety to a friend;
You know my feet betray my flight:
To Friendship ev'ry burden's light.

The Horse reply'd, Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd,
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend:
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow,
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place:
To leave you thus might seem unkind,
But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's athand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd,
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears,
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She



She now the trotting Calf address'd
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence:
Excuse me then; you know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu:
For see the hounds are just in view.

VIII. THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY, Celia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face
A little water might displace,
As nature ev'ry morn bestows
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,

No



No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd a husband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress,
That gave your beauty power to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
A Poet sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
Apollo and the Muses there;
Through all the town his praises rung,
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head
The goddesses Wait, her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble



A noble Youth of taste and wit,
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
 And fought him in his cobweb dome,
 Discharg'd his rent and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,
 Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!
 Each day deliciously he dines,
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
 Astonish'd at the change so new,
 Away th' inspiring goddesses flew.

Now dropt for politics and news,
 Neglected lay the drooping Muse,
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,
 He stifled the poetic flame;
 Nor tale nor sonnet for my lady,
 Lampoon nor epigram was ready.

With just contempt his patron saw,
 Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw
 And thus with anger in his look
 The late repenting fool bespoke:

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
 Whence has the fun of favour shone?
 Delighted with thy tuneful art,
 Esteem was growing in my heart;
 But idly thou reject'st the charm
 That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise
 The arts, that taught them first to rise.





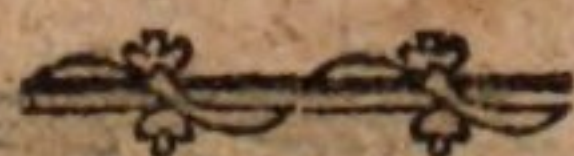
IX. THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows:
The wounds of honour never close.

Though distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose,
'Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error? — None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell
That ev'n immortal angels fell.



Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with newborn light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green,
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing;
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.
And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like evening-suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone? — Is this
What we demand of woman? — Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possesst,
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,

Shall



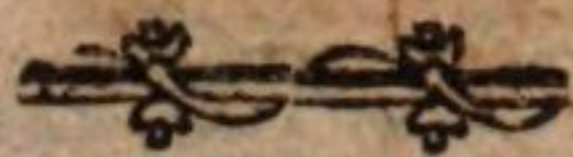
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin incense burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom? — No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls, to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies — no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground:
A stream, call'd life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here of Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either hand,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd;
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And CHASTITY the name she bore,

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft' through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,



And nature yearly took delight
Like her to dress the world in white.

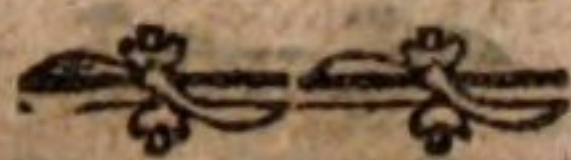
But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd:

O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world on this important day
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know,
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo there the arduous paths in view,
Which virtue and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health with chearful vigour flows,
And strength unfeeling of decay
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence



Hence as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And taught by virtue pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound.
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness, leading up to light;
Sense backward shrinks and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of Time, and Form, and Care, and Pain,
And Matter's late incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
Though pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n
For present earth a future heav'n,
For present loss unmeasur'd gain,
And endless blifs for transient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends
And with pernicious ease descends;
There sweet to sense and fair to shew
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence



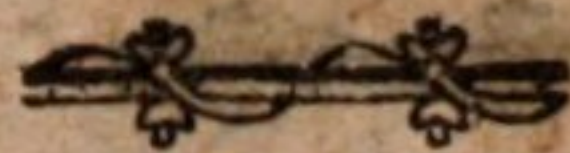
Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
 Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
 The soul to passion yields her throne,
 And sees with organs not her own;
 While like the slumb'rer in the night,
 Pleas'd with the shad'wy dream of light,
 Before her alienated eyes
 The scenes of fairy-land arise;
 The puppet world's amusing show,
 Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
 Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
 The toys of infants and of kings,
 That tempt along the baneful plain
 The idly wise and lightly vain,
 'Till verging on the gulfy shore,
 Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;
 Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
 If once thy sliding foot should stray,
 Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
 For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
 Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
 Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate
 On thy returning steps shall wait,
 Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
 And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
 Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
 A charm, by truth divinely cast,
 Forward our young advent'rer past;
 Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent
 Like morn forerunning radiance went,
 While HONOUR, hand-maid late assign'd,
 Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck the much-admiring crowd
 Before the Virgin Vision bow'd,

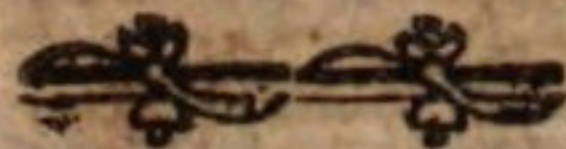
Gaz'd



Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er she passes thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises blest;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations as to heav'n are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth no more suppress
New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out and gives a loose to glee.

And now for momentary rest
The Nymph her travell'd step repress,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe
To see a world so lost below;
When strait the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath,



That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
 And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
 No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
 A people ſunk and loſt in woes,
 But as of preſent good poſſeſt,
 The very triumph of the bleſt,
 The maid in wrapt attention hung,
 While thus approaching Syrens ſung:

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
 Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte,
 What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
 Joys too mighty to be told;
 Taſte what ecſtacies they give,
 Dying raptures taſte and live.
 In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure
 Nature empties all her treaſure.
 Soft deſires, that ſweetly languish,
 Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
 Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
 Brighteſt beauty, come away,
 Liſt not when the froward chide,
 Sons of pedantry and pride,
 Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
 April's ſunſhine is offence;
 Age and envy will adviſe
 Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.

Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
 Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
 'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
 With enjoyment, paſt the painting:
 Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
 Brighteſt beauty, come away.

So ſung the Sirens, as of yore
 Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;

That

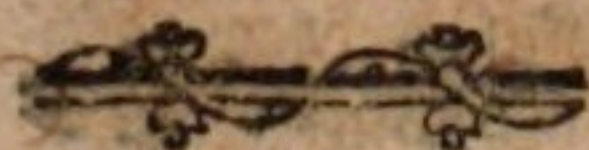


And Oh! for that preventing chain
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our Fair One might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hands of busy bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like forerunning fancy, fleet.
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mein all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground
And caught the kissing wings around.
As erst Medusa's head was known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles and adulation bland
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd:
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,



Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
 Still down and down the winning pair
 Compell'd the struggling yielding Fair.
 As when some stately vessel, bound
 To blest Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses, haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
 Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
 The pilot warns with sail and oar
 To shun the much-suspected shore.
 In vain. The tide, too subtly strong,
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 'Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
 And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
 And heav'n's ow'n pilot plac'd within,
 Along the devious smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increas'ing as they went,
 The Dames accusom'd to subdue,
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost, the long-reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there;
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd;
 'Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate,
 With Honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and handmaid now no more;
 Nor with the guilty world upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
 But o'er her failing cast a veil,
 Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And

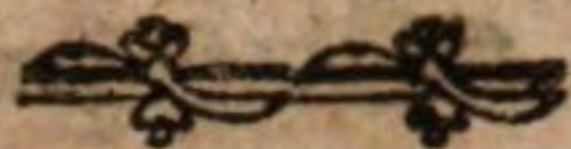


And now from all enquiring light
Fast in the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
But wakens, naked and despoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone,
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me! she cry'd.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky.
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart.
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face.
And foil'd and blasted ev'ry grace.
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While these, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What



What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew;
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And shews her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the foll'wing cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant fate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,

And



And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made

Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And, with a voice whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the furling of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies,
Come, thy sister angels say:
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd:
In the smooth enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the fitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.
Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Shewing in an obvious glass
Joys that in possession pass,

Tran-



II.

ECLOGUE SAND PASTORAL POEMS.

I.

A Pastoral BALLAD, in four Parts.

Written in 1743.

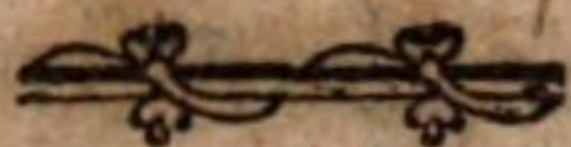
By Wm. SHENSTONE, Esq;

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:
— I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
— I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since



Since PHILLIS vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought — but it might not be so —
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu;
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.



II. H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees;
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains are border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold:
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilach to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow?
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow!

And



And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I have hear'd her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to — a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and, whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her CORYDON sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade,
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my PHYLLIDA stray!
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?



The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare;
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve,
Ere I shew you the charms of my love?
 She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
 — But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when PARIDEI tries in the dance
 Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh, may PHYLLIS beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis



'Tis his with mock-passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
"And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
"How the nightingales labour the strain,
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.
"O PHYLLIS," he whispers, "more fair,
"More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!
"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
"What is eglantine after a show'r?"

"Then the lily no longer is white;
"Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
"Then the violets die with despite,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
— Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to PARIDEL's tongue;
— Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.



IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep:
 They have nothing to do, but to stray;
 I have nothing to do, but to weep,
 Yet do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair — and my passion begun
 She smil'd — and I could not but love;
 She is faithless — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! Love ev'ry hope can inspire;
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

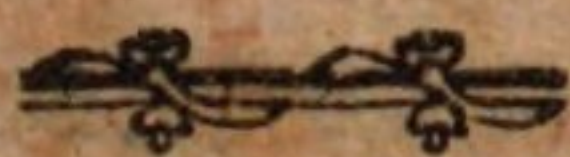
Alas! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes;
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose?
 Yet time may diminish the pain:
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comiort for me.



The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be CORYDON's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!





A PASTORAL.

I.

“MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent,
 “When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
 “Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
 “Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
 “But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 “What a marvellous change on a sudden I find?
 “When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 “I thought ’twas the spring; but alas! it was she.

II.

“With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
 “To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
 “I was so good humour’d, so chearful and gay,
 “My heart was as light as a feather all day.
 “But now I so cross and so peevish am grown;
 “So strangely uneasy as never was known.
 “My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown’d.
 “And my heart — I am sure it weighs more than a
 pound.

III.

“The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 “And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
 “Thou know’st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
 “’Twas pleasure to look at, ’twas music to hear:
 “But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 “And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
 “Must



“Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain?
“Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me
complain.

IV.

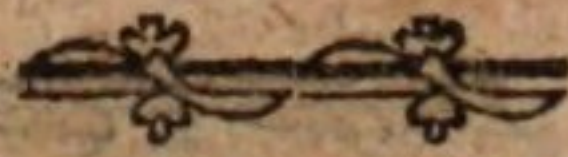
“When my lambkins around me would often-
times play,
“And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
“How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
“When spring, love and beauty were all in their prime?
“But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
“I fling at their fleeces an handful of grafs;
“Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
“To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

V.

“My dog I was ever well pleased to see
“Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
“And Phebe was pleas’d too, and to my dog said,
“Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
“But now, when he’s fawning, I with a sour look
“Cry: Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook:
“And I’ll give him another; for why should not Tray
“Be as dull as his master, when Phebe’s away?

VI.

“When walking with Phebe, what sights have I
seen?
“How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green?
“What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
“The corn fields and hedges, and ev’ry thing made?
C 5 “But



Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with newborn light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green,
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing;
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.
And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like evening-suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone? — Is this
What we demand of woman? — Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possesst,
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,

Shall



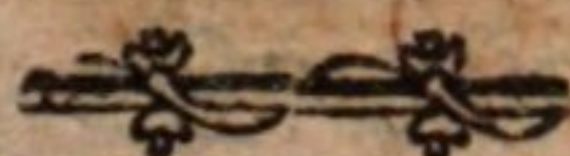
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin incense burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom? — No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls, to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies — no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground:
A stream, call'd life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here of Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either hand,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd;
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And CHASTITY the name she bore,

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft' through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,



And nature yearly took delight
Like her to dress the world in white.

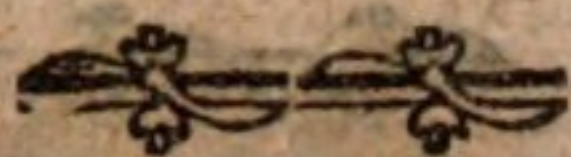
But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age exprest:

O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world on this important day
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know,
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo there the arduous paths in view,
Which virtue and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health with chearful vigour flows,
And strength unfeeling of decay
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence



Hence as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And taught by virtue pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound.
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness, leading up to light;
Sense backward shrinks and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of Time, and Form, and Care, and Pain,
And Matter's late incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking quit th'immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
Though pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n
For present earth a future heav'n,
For present loss unmeasur'd gain,
And endless bliss for transient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends
And with pernicious ease descends;
There sweet to sense and fair to shew
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence



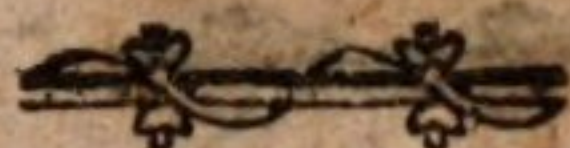
Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
 Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
 The soul to passion yields her throne,
 And fees with organs not her own;
 While like the slumb'rer in the night,
 Pleas'd with the shad'wy dream of light,
 Before her alienated eyes
 The scenes of fairy-land arise;
 The puppet world's amusing show,
 Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
 Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
 The toys of infants and of kings,
 That tempt along the baneful plain
 The idly wise and lightly vain,
 'Till verging on the gulfy shore,
 Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;
 Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
 If once thy sliding foot should stray,
 Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
 For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
 Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
 Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate
 On thy returning steps shall wait,
 Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
 And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
 Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
 A charm, by truth divinely cast,
 Forward our young advent'rer past;
 Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent
 Like morn forerunning radiance went,
 While HONOUR, hand-maid late assign'd,
 Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck the much-admiring crowd
 Before the Virgin Vision bow'd,

Gaz'd



Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er she passes thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises blest;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations as to heav'n are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth no more suppress
New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out and gives a loose to glee.

And now for momentary rest
The Nymph her travell'd step repress,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe
To see a world so lost below;
When strait the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath,



That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
 And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
 No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
 A people funk and loſt in woes,
 But as of preſent good poſſeſt,
 The very triumph of the bleſt,
 The maid in wrapt attention hung,
 While thus approaching Syrens ſung:

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
 Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte,
 What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
 Joys too mighty to be told;
 Taſte what ecſtacies they give,
 Dying raptures taſte and live.
 In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure
 Nature empties all her treaſure.
 Soft deſires, that ſweetly languish,
 Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
 Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
 Brighteſt beauty, come away,
 Liſt not when the froward chide,
 Sons of pedantry and pride,
 Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
 April's ſunſhine is offence;
 Age and envy will adviſe
 Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.

Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
 Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
 'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
 With enjoyment, paſt the painting:
 Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
 Brighteſt beauty, come away.

So ſung the Sirens, as of yore
 Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;

That



And Oh! for that preventing chain
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our Fair One might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hands of busy bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like forerunning fancy, fleet.
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mein all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground
And caught the kissing wings around.
As erst Medusa's head was known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles and adulation bland
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd:
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,

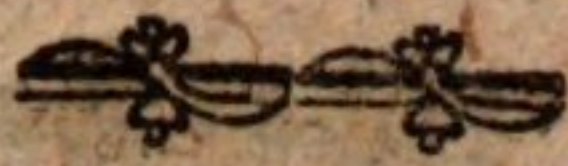


Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
 Still down and down the winning pair
 Compell'd the struggling yielding Fair.
 As when some stately vessel, bound
 To blest Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses, haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
 Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
 The pilot warns with sail and oar
 To shun the much-suspected shore.
 In vain. The tide, too subtly strong,
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 'Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
 And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
 And heav'n's ow'n pilot plac'd within,
 Along the devious smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increas'ing as they went,
 The Dames accusom'd to subdue,
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost, the long-reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there;
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd;
 'Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate,
 With Honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and handmaid now no more;
 Nor with the guilty world upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
 But o'er her failing cast a veil,
 Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And

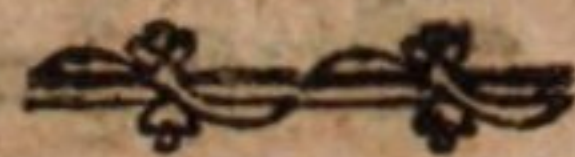


And now from all enquiring light
Fast in the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
But wakens, naked and despoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone,
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me! she cry'd.

Her trumpeter Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky.
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart.
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face.
And foil'd and blasted ev'ry grace.
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What



What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew;
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And shews her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the foll'wing cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.

Emthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant fate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,

And



And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made

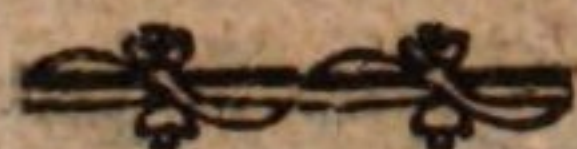
Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And, with a voice whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the furling of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies,
Come, thy sister angels say:
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd:
In the smooth enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.
Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Shewing in an obvious glass
Joys that in possession pass,

Tran.



II.

ECLOGUES AND PASTORAL POEMS.

I.

A Pastoral BALLAD, in four Parts.

Written in 1743.

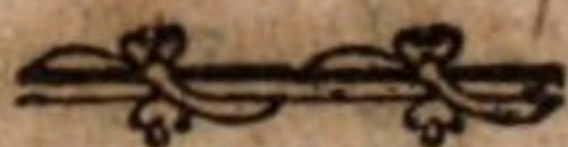
By Wm. SHENSTONE, Esq;

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:
— I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
— I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since

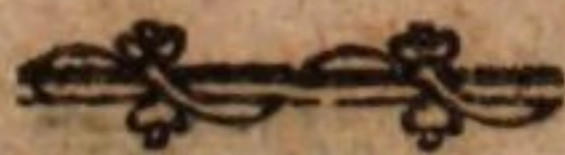


Since PHILLIS vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought — but it might not be so —
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu;
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.



The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare;
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve,
Ere I shew you the charms of my love?
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
 — But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance
 Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh, may PHYLLIS beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

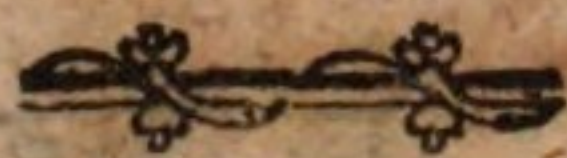


'Tis his with mock-passion to glow;
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"How her face is as bright as the snow,
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And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
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Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to PARIDEL's tongue;
— Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.



IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep:
 They have nothing to do, but to stray;
 I have nothing to do, but to weep,
 Yet do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair — and my passion begun
 She smil'd — and I could not but love;
 She is faithless — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! Love ev'ry hope can inspire;
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes;
 When I cannot endure to forget
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 Yet time may diminish the pain:
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
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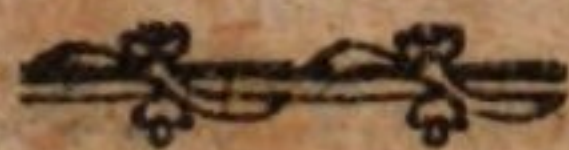
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The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
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The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be CORYDON's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
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Fate never bestow'd such delight,
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O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!





A PASTORAL.

I.

“MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent,
 “When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
 “Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
 “Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
 “But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 “What a marvellous change on a sudden I find?
 “When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 “I thought ’twas the spring; but alas! it was she.

II.

“With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
 “To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
 “I was so good humour’d, so chearful and gay,
 “My heart was as light as a feather all day.
 “But now I so cross and so peevish am grown;
 “So strangely uneasy as never was known.
 “My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown’d.
 “And my heart — I am sure it weighs more than a
 pound.

III.

“The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 “And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
 “Thou know’st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
 “’Twas pleasure to look at, ’twas music to hear:
 “But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 “And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
 “Must



“Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain?
“Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me
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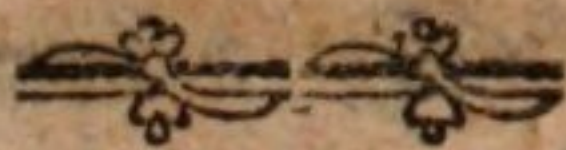
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“And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
“How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
“When spring, love and beauty were all in their prime?
“But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
“I fling at their fleeces an handful of grafs;
“Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
“To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

V.

“My dog I was ever well pleased to see
“Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
“And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
“Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
“But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
“Cry: Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook:
“And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
“Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away?

VI.

“When walking with Phebe, what sights have I
seen?
“How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green?
“What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
“The corn fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
C 5 “But



III.

AN

EPISTLE OF M. VOLTAIRE.

UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT HIS ESTATE NEAR THE
LAKE OF GENEVA, IN MARCH, MDCCLV.

FROM THE FRENCH

O Take, O keep me, ever blest domains,
Where lovely Flora with Pomona reigns;
Where Art fulfils what Nature's voice requires,
And gives the charms to which my verse aspires;
Take me, the world with transport I resign,
And let your peaceful solitude be mine!

Yet not in these retreats I boast to find
That perfect bliss that leaves no wish behind;
This, to no lonely shade kind Nature brings,
Nor Art bestows on courtiers, or on kings;
Not ev'n the Sage this boon has e'er possess'd,
Tho' join'd with wisdom, virtue shar'd his breast;
This transient life, alas! can ne'er suffice
To reach the distant goal, and snatch the prize;
Yet, sooth'd to rest, we feel suspense from woe,
And tho' not perfect joy, yet joy we know.

Enchanting scenes! what pleasure you dispense
Where'er I turn, to every wond'ring sense!
An * ocean here, where no rude tempest roars;
With crystal waters laves the hallow'd shores;
Here

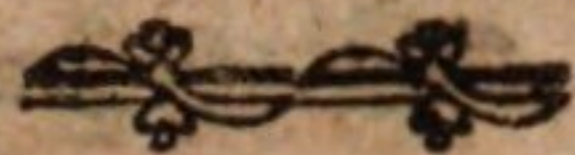
* The lake of Geneva.



Here flow'ry fields with rising hills are crown'd,
Where clustering vines empurple all the ground;
Now by degrees from hills to Alps they rise,
Hell groans beneath, above they pierce the skies!
See the proud summit, white with endless frost,
Eternal bulwark of the blissful coast!
The blissful coast the hardy Lombards gain,
And frost and mountains cross their course in vain;
Here glory beckon'd mighty chiefs of old,
And planted laurels to reward the bold;
Charles, Otho, Conti hear'd her trumpet sound,
And, borne on victory's wings, they spurn'd the
mound.

See, on those banks where yon calm waters swell,
The hair-clad epicure's luxurious cell!
See fam'd Ripaille, where once so grave, so gay,
Great Amedeus * pass'd from pray'r to play:
Fantastic wretch! thou riddle of thy kind!
What strange ambition seiz'd thy frantic mind?
Prince, hermit, lover! blest thro' ev'ry hour
With blissful change of pleasure and of pow'r.
Couldst thou, thus paradis'd, from care remote,
Rush to the world, and fight for Peter's boat?
Now by the Gods of sweet repose I swear,
I would not thus have barter'd ease for care:
Spight

* Amedeus the Pacific, first duke of Savoy, in 1434. retired to the priory of Ripaille, where he affected to live like an hermit, and suffered his beard to grow to an enormous length; but he kept a mistress in his cell; and in other respects lived in great luxury; yet he joined with a faction against Pope Eugenius IV. and being elected to the see of Rome, he was crowned Pope by the name of Felix V. but afterwards resigned at the request of Charles VII. king of France.



What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew;
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And shews her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the foll'wing cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.

Emthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant fate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,

And



And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made

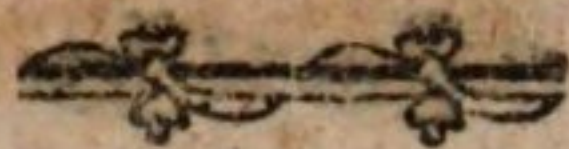
Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And, with a voice whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies,
Come, thy sister angels say:
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd:
In the smooth enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the sitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.
Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Shewing in an obvious glass
Joys that in possession pass,

Tran.



Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
 Flatt'ring, only to betray:
 What, alas! can life contain?
 Life! like all its circles — vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
 On the billow build her nest?
 Will the bee demand his store
 From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
 Ever turns from wisdom's way,
 Lays up wealth in foreign land,
 Sows the seas, and ploughs the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
 Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,
 Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
 Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
 Where is your asylum then?
 Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
 Tell me, mortals, tell me, where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
 Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
 Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
 Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
 Virtue's gold by fire refin'd,
 From an universe deprav'd,
 From the wreck of nature sav'd,
 Like the life-supporting grain,
 Fruit of patience and of pain,
 On the swain's autumnal day
 Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little Trembler, fear no more,
 Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
 Seed by genial sorrows sown,
 More than all thy scorers own.

What!



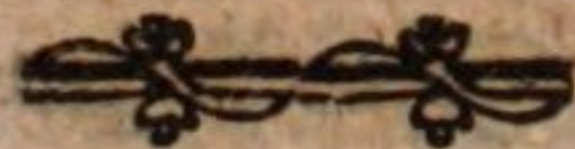
What! though hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th'immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

Little Native of the skies,
Lovely Penitent, arise.
Calm thy bosom: clear thy brow:
Virtue is thy sister now.
More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture, pleasure knows,
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest,
On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with virtue at thy side,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more.



II.

ECLOGUE SAND PASTORAL POEMS.

I.

A Pastoral BALLAD, in four Parts.

Written in 1743.

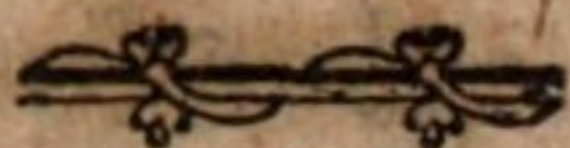
By WM. SHENSTONE, Esq;

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:
— I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
— I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since



Since PHILLIS vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought — but it might not be so —
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu;
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.



II. H O P E.

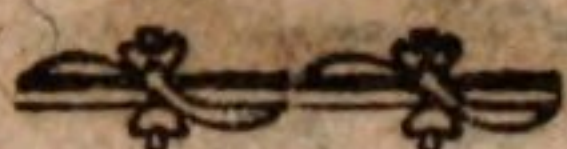
MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees;
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains are border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold:
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilach to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow?
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow!

And



And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I have hear'd her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to — a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and, whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her CORYDON sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade,
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my PHYLLIDA stray!
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?



The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare;
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve,
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love?
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while;
 Nay, on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
 — But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when PARIDEI tries in the dance
 Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around;
 And his pipe—oh, may PHYLLIS beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

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'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
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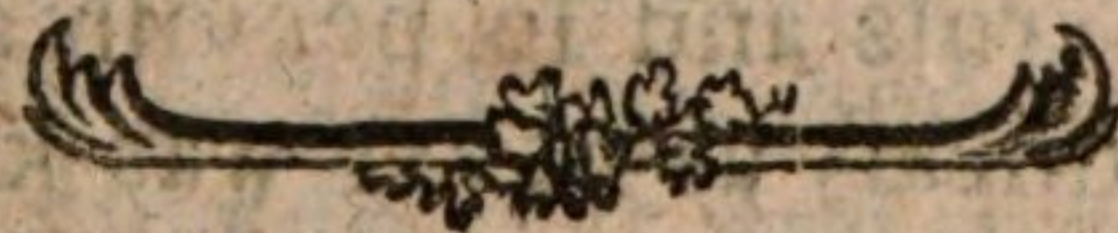
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 “To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
 “I was so good humour’d, so chearful and gay,
 “My heart was as light as a feather all day.
 “But now I so cross and so peevish am grown;
 “So strangely uneasy as never was known.
 “My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown’d.
 “And my heart — I am sure it weighs more than a
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“The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
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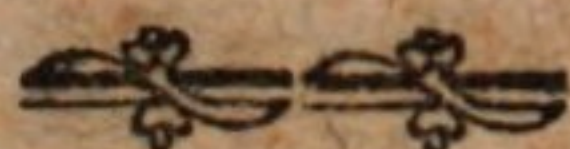
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“And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
“How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
“When spring, love and beauty were all in their prime?
“But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
“I fling at their fleeces an handful of grafs;
“Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
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“And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
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“How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green?
“What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
“The corn fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
C 5 “But



“But now she has left me, tho’ all are still there,
“They none of them now so delightful appear :
“’Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
“Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

VII.

“ Sweet music went with us both all the wood
thro’,
“ The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
“ Winds over us whisper’d, flocks by us did bleat,
“ And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
“ But now she is absent, tho’ still they sing on,
“ The woods are but lonely, the melody’s gone:
“ Her voice in the comfort, as now I have found,
“ Gave ev’ry thing else its agreeable sound.

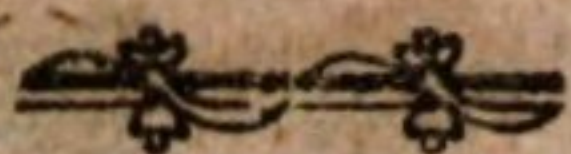
VIII.

“ Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
 “ And where is the violer’s beautiful blue?
 “ Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
 “ That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
 “ Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
 “ And made yourselves fine for; a place in her breast:
 “ You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
 “ To be pluckt by her hand, on her bosom to die.

IX.

“How slowly time creeps, till my Phebe return?
“While amidst the soft Zephyr’s cool breezes I burn;
“Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
“I could breathe on his wings, and ’twould melt
down the lead.

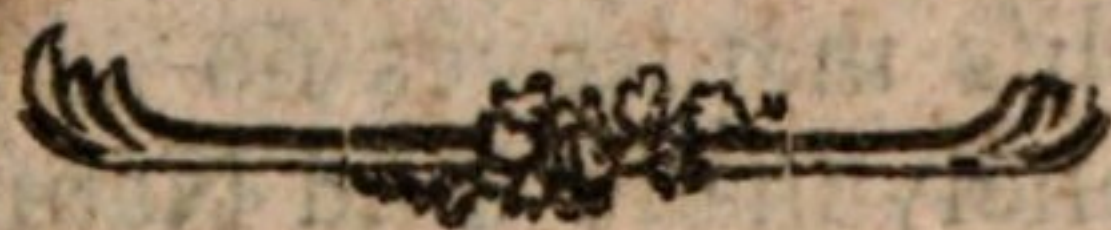
“Fly

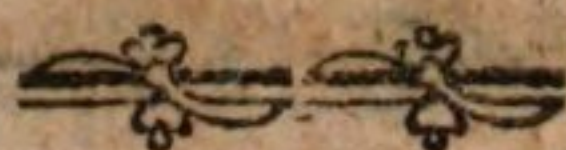


“Fly swifter ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
“And rest so much longer for’t when she is here.
“Ah Colin! old time is so full of delay.
“Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

“Will no pitying pow’r that hears me complain,
“Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
“To be cur’d, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
“But what swain is so silly to live without love?
“No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
“For ne’er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
“Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
“Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.”





III.

AN

EPISTLE OF M. VOLTAIRE.

UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT HIS ESTATE NEAR THE
LAKE OF GENEVA, IN MARCH, MDCCLV.

FROM THE FRENCH

O Take, O keep me, ever blest domains,
Where lovely Flora with Pomona reigns;
Where Art fulfils what Nature's voice requires,
And gives the charms to which my verse aspires;
Take me, the world with transport I resign,
And let your peaceful solitude be mine!

Yet not in these retreats I boast to find
That perfect bliss that leaves no wish behind;
This, to no lonely shade kind Nature brings,
Nor Art bestows on courtiers, or on kings;
Not ev'n the Sage this boon has e'er possess'd,
Tho' join'd with wisdom, virtue shar'd his breast;
This transient life, alas! can ne'er suffice
To reach the distant goal, and snatch the prize;
Yet, sooth'd to rest, we feel suspense from woe,
And tho' not perfect joy, yet joy we know.

Enchanting scenes! what pleasure you dispense
Where'er I turn, to every wond'ring sense!
An * ocean here, where no rude tempest roars;
With crystal waters laves the hallow'd shores;

Here

* The lake of Geneva.



Here flow'ry fields with rising hills are crown'd,
Where clustering vines empurple all the ground;
Now by degrees from hills to Alps they rise,
Hell groans beneath, above they pierce the skies!
See the proud summit, white with endless frost,
Eternal bulwark of the blissful coast!
The blissful coast the hardy Lombards gain,
And frost and mountains cross their course in vain;
Here glory beckon'd mighty chiefs of old,
And planted laurels to reward the bold;
Charles, Otho, Conti hear'd her trumpet sound,
And, borne on victory's wings, they spurn'd the
mound.

See, on those banks where yon calm waters swell,
The hair-clad epicure's luxurious cell!
See fam'd Ripaille, where once so grave, so gay,
Great Amedeus * pass'd from pray'r to play:
Fantastic wretch! thou riddle of thy kind!
What strange ambition seiz'd thy frantic mind?
Prince, hermit, lover! blest thro' ev'ry hour
With blissful change of pleasure and of pow'r.
Couldst thou, thus paradis'd, from care remote,
Rush to the world, and fight for Peter's boat?
Now by the Gods of sweet repose I swear,
I would not thus have barter'd ease for care:

Spight

* Amedeus the Pacific, first duke of Savoy, in 1434. retired to the priory of Ripaille, where he affected to live like an hermit, and suffered his beard to grow to an enormous length; but he kept a mistress in his cell; and in other respects lived in great luxury; yet he joined with a faction against Pope Eugenius IV. and being elected to the see of Rome, he was crowned Pope by the name of Felix V. but afterwards resigned at the request of Charles VII. king of France.



Spight of the keys that move our fear and hope,
I ne'er would quit such penance to be Pope.

Let him who Rome's stern tyrant stoop'd to praise,
The tuneful chanter of sweet georgic lays,
Let Maro boast of streams that Nature pours
To lave proud villas on Italia's shores;
Superior far the streams that court my song,
Superior far the shores they wind along:
Blest shores! the dwelling of that sacred pow'r
Who rules each joyful, and each glorious hour,
Queen of whate'er the good or great desire,
The patriot's eloquence, the hero's fire,
Shrin'd in each breast, and near the tyrant's sword
Invok'd in whispers, and in sighs ado'rd,
Immortal Liberty, whose generous mind
With all her gifts would bless all human kind!
See, from Morat * she comes in martial charms,
And shines like Pallas in celestial arms,
Her sword the blood of boastful Austria stains,
And Charles, who threaten'd with opprobrious chains.

Now hostile crowds Geneva's towers assail,
They march in secret, and by night they scale;
The Goddess comes — they vanish from the wall.
Their launces shiver, and their heroes fall,

For

* Morat is a little town in the canton of Fribourgh in Switzerland famous for a battle which the Switzers gained against Charles the Rash, duke of Burgundy, by which they recovered and established their liberty. Charles himself was wounded, and left 18,000 Austrians dead on the spot.



For fraud can ne'er elude, nor force withstand.
The stroke of Liberty's victorious hand*.

She smiles; her smiles perpetual joys diffuse;
A shouting nation where she turns pursues;
Their heart-felt Pæans thunder to the sky,
And echoing Appenines from far reply:
Such wreaths their temples crown as Greece entwin'd
Her hero's brows at Marathon † to bind;
Such wreaths the sons of freedom hold more dear,
Than circling gold and gems that crown the peer,
Than the broad hat which shades the pontiff's face,
Or the cleft mitre's venerable grace.
Insulting grandeur, in gay tinsel drest,
Shows here no star embroider'd on the breast,
No tissued ribbon on the shoulder tied,
Vain gift implor'd by Vanity from Pride!
Nor here stern Wealth, with supercilious eyes,
The salt'ring pray'r of weeping want denies;
Here no false Pride at honest labour sneers,
Men here are brothers, equal but in years;
Here heaven, O! Liberty, has fix'd thy throne,
Fill'd, glorious Liberty! by thee alone.

Ro-

* The duke of Savoy once attempted to surprize Geneva, and take it in the night by escalade, but the first man that mounted the wall was discovered by a woman, who courageously knocked him down, and alarmed the Genevese, who drove off the assailants, and sallying after them, made a great slaughter.

† At Marathon, Miltiades, with 10,000 Athenians, defeated an army of more than 100,000 Persians, and delivered his country from a foreign yoke.



Rome sees thy face, since Brutus fell, no more,
 A stranger thou on many a cultur'd shore:
 The Polish lord, of thy embraces vain,
 Pricks his proud courser o'er Sarmatia's plain;
 Erects his haughty front in martial pride,
 And spurns the burgher, grovelling at his side;
 The grovelling burgher burns with secret fires,
 Looks up, beholds thee, sighs, despairs, expires.

Britain's rough sons in thy defence are bold,
 Yet some pretend at London thou art sold;
 I heed them not, to sell too proud, too wise,
 If blood must buy, with blood the Briton buys.

On Belgic bogs, 'tis said, thy footsteps fail,
 But thou secure may'st scorn the whisper'd tale;
 To latest times the race of great Nassau,
 Who rais'd seven altars * to thy sacred law,
 With faithful hand thy honours shall defend,
 And bid proud factions to thy fasces bend.

Thee Venice keeps, thee Genoa now regains;
 And next the throne thy seat the Swede maintains;
 How few in safety thus with kings can vie!
 If not supreme, how dangerous to be high!
 O! still preside where'er the law's thy friend,
 And keep thy station, and thy rights defend:
 But take no factious League's † reproachful name,
 Still prone to change, and zealous still to blame,
Cloud

* The Union of the Seven Provinces.

† The author alludes to the famous League formed against Henry of France.



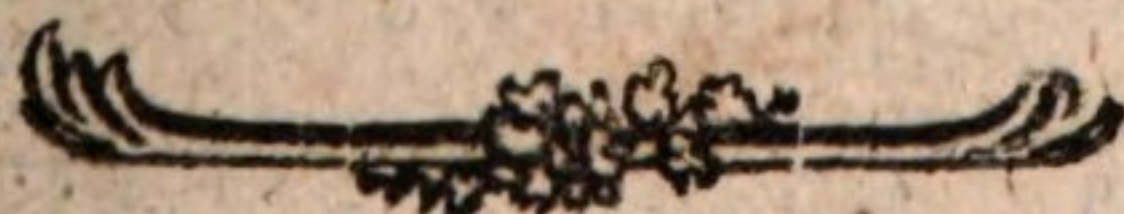
Cloud not the sunshine of a conquering race,
Whom wisdom governs, and whom manners grace;
Fond of their sovereign, of subjection vain,
They wish no favours at thy hands to gain,
Nor need such vassals at their lord repine,
Whose easy sway they fondly take for thine:

Thro' the wide East less gentle is thy fate,
Where the dumb murd'rer guards the sultan's gate;
Here pale and trembling, in the dust o'erturn'd,
With chains dishonour'd, and by eunuchs spurn'd,
The sword and bow-string plac'd on either side
Thou mourn'st, while slaves of life and death decide.

Spoil'd of thy cap thro' all the bright Levant,
Tell * gave thee his, and well supply'd the want,
O! come my Goddess, in thy chosen hour,
And let my better fortune hail thy power;
Fair friendship calls thee to my green retreat,
O! come, with friendship share the mossy seat;
Like thee she flies the turbulent and great,
The craft of business, and the farce of state:
To you, propitious powers, at last I turn,
To you, my vows ascend, my altars burn;
Let me of each the pleasing influence share,
My joys now heighten'd, and now sooth'd my care;
Each ruder passion banish'd from my breast,
Bid the short remnant of my days be blest.

IV.

* William Tell was the means of restoring liberty and independence to Switzerland by killing Griser, the tyrant who governed it for the emperor Albert.





IV.

THE
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

THE
TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LET (a) Observation with extensive View,
Survey Mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious Toil, each eager Strife,
And watch the busy Scenes of crowded Life;
Then say how Hope and Fear, Desire and Hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded Maze of Fate,
Where wav'ring Man, betray'd by vent'rous Pride,
To tread the dreary Paths without a Guide,
As treach'rous Phantoms in the Mist delude,
Shuns fancied Ills, or chafes airy Good.
How rarely Reason guides the stubborn Choice,
Rules the bold Hand, or prompts the suppliant Voice,
How Nations sink, by darling Schemes oppress'd,
When Vengeance listens to the Fool's Request.
Fate wings with ev'ry Wish th' afflictive Dart,
Each Gift of Nature, and each Grace of Art,
With fatal Heat impetuous Courage glows,
With fatal Sweetness Elocution flows,

Im-

(a) Ver. 1 — 31.



Impeachment stops the Speaker's pow'rful Breath,
And restless Fire precipitates on Death.

(b) But scarce observ'd the Knowing and the Bold,
Fall in the gen'ral Massacre of Gold;
Wide-wasting Pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with Crimes the Records of Mankind;
For Gold his Sword the hireling Russian draws,
For Gold the hireling Judge distorts the Laws;
Wealth heap'd on Wealth, nor Truth nor Safety buys,
The Dangers gather as the Treasures rise.

Let Hist'ry tell where rival Kings command,
And dubious Title shakes the madd'd Land,
When Statutes glean the Refuse of the Sword,
How much more safe the Vassal than the Lord,
Low sculks the Hind beneath the Rage of Pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy Traytor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his Cottage, and his Slumbers sound,
Tho' Confiscation's Vultures hover round.

The needy Traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild Heath, and sings his Toil away.
Does Envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding Joy,
Increase his Riches and his Peace destroy:
New Fears in dire Vicissitude invade,
The rustling Brake alarms, and quiv'ring Shade,
Nor Light nor Darkness bring his Pain Relief,
One shews the Plunder, and one hides the Thief.

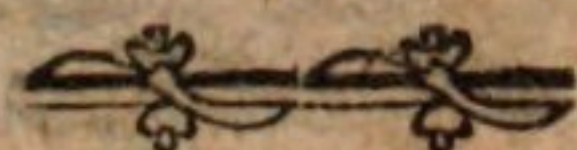
Yet (c) still one gen'ral Cry the Skies assails,
And Gain and Grandeur load the tainted Gales;

D 2

Few

(b) Ver. 12 — 22.

(c) Ver. 22 — 27.



Few know the toiling Statesman's Fear or Care,
Th' insidious Rival and the gaping Heir.

Once (d) more, Democritus, arise on Earth,
With chearful Wisdom and instructive Mirth,
See motley Life in modern Trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied Fools th' eternal Jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where Want enchain'd Ca-
price

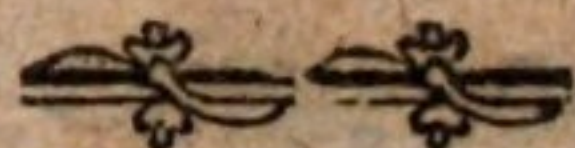
Toil crush'd Conceit, and Man was of a piece;
Where Wealth unlov'd without a Mourner dy'd;
And scarce a Sycophant was fed by Pride;
Where ne'er was known the Form of mock Debate,
Or seen a new-made Mayor's unwieldy State;
Where Change of Fav'rites made no Change of Laws,
And Senates heard before they judg'd a Cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish Tribe,
Dart the quick Taunt, and edge the piercing Gibe?
Attentive Truth and Nature to descry,
And pierce each Scene with philosophic Eye.
To thee were solemn Toys or empty Shew,
The Robes of Pleasure and the Veils of Woe:
All aid the Farce, and all thy Mirth maintain;
Whose Joys are causeless, or whose Grievs are vain.

Such was the Scorn that fill'd the Sage's Mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry Glance on Human kind;
How just that Scorn ere yet thy Voice declare,
Search every State, and canvass ev'ry prayer.

(e) Unnumber'd Suppliants crowd Preferment's
Gate,
Athirst for Wealth, and burning to be Great;
De-

(d) Ver. 28 — 55.

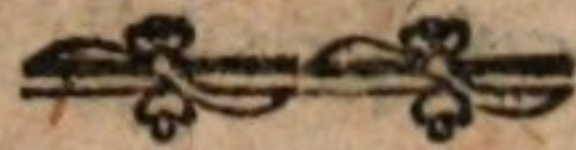
(e) Ver. 56 — 107.



Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant Call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry Stage the Foes of Peace attend,
Hate dogs their Flight, and Insult mocks their End.
Love ends with Hope, the sinking Statesman's Door
Pours in the morning Worshipper no more;
For growing Names the weekly Scribbler lies,
To growing Wealth the Dedicator flies,
From ev'ry Room descends the painted Face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the Place,
And smoak'd in Kitchens, or in auctions sold;
To better Features yields the Frame of Gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry Line
Heroic Worth, Benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the Fall,
And Detestation rids th' indignant Wall.

But will not Britain hear the last Appeal,
Sign her Foe's doom, or guard her Favrite's zeal;
Thro' Freedom's Sons no more Remonstrance rings,
Degrading Nobles and controuling Kings;
Our supple Tribes repress their Patriot Throats,
And ask no Questions but the Price of Votes;
With weekly Libels and septennial Ale,
Their Wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full blown Dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his Voice, and Fortune in his Hand:
To him the Church, the Realm, their Pow'rs consign,
Thro' him the Rays of regal Bounty shine;
Still to new Heights his restless Wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to Claim, and Pow'r advances Pow'r;
Till Conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And Rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his Sov'reign frowns — the Train of State
Mark the keen Glance, and watch the Sign to hate.



Where'er he turns, he meets a Stranger's Eye,
 His Suppliants scorn him, and his Followers fly;
 At once is lost the Pride of awful State,
 The golden Canopy, the glitt'ring Plate,
 The regal Palace, the luxurious Board,
 The liv'ried Army, and the menial Lord.
 With Age, with Cares, with Maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the Refuge of monastic Rest.
 Grief aids Disease, remember'd Folly stings,
 And his last Sighs reproach the Faith of Kings.

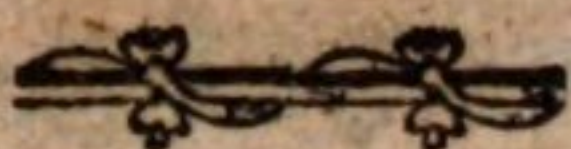
Speak thou, whose Thoughts at humble Peace
 ce repine;
 Shall Wolsey's Wealth, with Wolsey's End be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer Pride content,
 The wisest Justice on the Banks of Trent?
 For why did Wolsey near the Steeps of Fate,
 On weak Foundations raise th' enormous Weight?
 Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's Blow,
 With louder Ruin to the Gulphs below?

What (f) gave great Villiers to th' Affassin's Knife,
 And fix'd Disease on Harley's closing Life?
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By Kings protected, and to Kings ally'd?
 What but their Wish indulg'd in Courts to shine,
 And Pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When (g) first the College-rolls receive his
 Name,
 The young Enthusiast quits his Ease for Fame;
 Through all his Veins the Fever of Renown
 Spreads

(f) Ver. 108 — 113.

(g) Ver. 114 — 132.



Spreads from the strong Contagion of the Gown;
O'er Bodley's Dome his future Labours spread,
And * Bacon's Mansion trembles o'er his Head.
Are these thy Views? proceed, illustrious Youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the Throne of Truth!
Yet should thy Soul indulge the gen'rous Heat,
Till captive Science yields her last Retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest Ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless Day;
Should no false Kindness lure to loose Delight,
Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy Cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate Fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on Fops her fatal Dart,
Nor claim the Triumph of a letter'd Heart;
Should no Disease thy torpid Veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's Phantoms haunt thy Shade;
Yet hope not Life from Grief or Danger free,
Nor think the Doom of Man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing World to turn thine Eyes,
And pause awhile from Letters, to be wise;
There mark what Ills the Scholar's Life assail,
Toil, Envy, Want, the Patron, and the Jail.
See Nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried Merit raise the tardy Bust.
If Dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's Life, and Galileo's End.

Nor deem, when Learning her last Prize bestows,
The glitt'ring Eminence exempt from Woes;

D 4.

Seen

* There is a Tradition, that the Study of Friar Bacon,
built on an Arch over the Bridge, will fall, when
a Man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.



See when the Vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful Talons seize on Laud.
From meaner Minds, tho' smaller Fines content,
The plunder'd Palace or sequester'd Rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous Parts he meets the Shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the Block:
Around his Tomb let Art and Genius weep:
But hear his Death, ye Blockheads, hear and sleep.

The (i) festal Blazes, the triumphal Show,
The ravish'd Standard, and the captive Foe,
The Senate's Thanks, the Gazette's pompous Tale,
With Force resistless o'er the Brave prevail.
Such Bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the World;
For such in distant Lands the Britons shine,
And stain with Blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This Pow'r has Praise, that Virtue scarce can warm,
Till Fame supplies the universal Charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal Game,
Where wasted Nations raise a single Name,
And mortgag'd States their Grandfires Wreaths
regret,
From Age to Age in everlasting Debt,
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought Right convey
To rust on Medals, or on Stones decay.

On (k) what Foundation stands the Warrior's
Pride,
How just his Hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A Frame of Adamant, a Soul of Fire,
No Dangers fright him, and no Labours tire;
O'er

(i) Ver. 133 -- 146.

(k) Ver. 147 — 167.



O'er Love, o'er Fear extends his wide Domain,
Unconquer'd Lord of Pleasure and of Pain;
No Joys to him pacific Scepters yield,
War sounds the Trump, he rushes to the Field;
Behold furrounding Kings their Pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his Hand, but spreads her Charms in vain;
'Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till Nought remain,
'On Moscow's Walls till Gothick Standards fly,
'And all be mine beneath the polar Sky.'
The March begins in military State,
And Nations on his Eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary Coast,
And Winter barricades the Realm of Frost;
He comes, nor Want and Cold his Course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's Day:
The vanquish'd Hero leaves his broken Bands,
And shews his Miseries in distant Lands;
Condemn'd a needy Suppliant to wait,
While Ladies interpose, and Slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her Error mend?
Did not subverted Empire mark his End?
Did rival Monarchs give the fatal Wound?
Or hostile Millions press him to the Ground?
His Fall was destin'd to a barren Strand,
A petty Fortrefs, and a dubious Hand;
He left the Name, at which the World grew pale,
To point a Moral, or adorn a Tale.

All (1) Times their Scenes of pompous Woes
afford;
From Persia's Tyrant, to Bavaria's Lord.

D 5

In



Hides from himself his State, and shuns to know,
That Life protracted, is protracted Woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the Passages of Joy:
In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,
The Fruit autumnal, and the vernal Flow'r,
With listless Eyes the Dotard views the Store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more:
Now pall the tasteless Meats, and joyless Wines,
And Luxury with Sighs her Slave resigns.
Approach, ye Minstrels, try the soothing Strain,
And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain:
No Sounds alas would touch th' impervious Ear,
Tho' dancing Mountains witness Orpheus near,
Nor Lute nor Lyre his feeble Pow'r attend,
Nor sweeter Musick of a virtuous Friend,
But everlasting Dictates crowd his Tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong.
The still-returning Tale, and ling'ring Jest,
Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Guest,
While growing Hopes scarce awe the gath'ring Sneer,
And scarce a Legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful Guests still hint the last Offence,
The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence,
Improve his heady Rage with treach'rous Skill,
And mould his Passions till they make his Will.

Unnumber'd Maladies his Joints invade,
Lay Siege to Life and press the dire Blockade;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded Losses aggravate his Pains;
He turns, with anxious Heart and crippled Hands,
His Bonds of Debts, and Mortgages of Lands;
Or views his Coffers with suspicious Eyes,
Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.

But



But grant, the Virtues of a temp'rate Prime
 Bless with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime;
 An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,
 And glides in modest Innocence away;
 Whose peaceful Day Benevolence endears,
 Whose Night congratulating Conscience cheers;
 The gen'ral Fav'rite as the gen'ral Friend;
 Such Age there is, and who could wish its End?

Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary Minut's flagging Wings:
 New Sorrow rises as the Day returns;
 A Sister sickens, or a Daughter mourns.
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable Bier,
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a Tear.
 Year chafes Year, Decay pursues Decay.
 Still drops some Joy from with'ring Life away;
 New Forms arise, and different Views engage,
 Superfluous lags the Vet'ran on the Stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last Release,
 And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.

But few there are whom Hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the Gulphs of Fate.
 From Lydia's Monarch should the Search descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his End,
 In Life's last Scene what Prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wise?
 From Marlborough's Eyes the Streams of Dorage flow,
 And Swift expires a Driv'ler and a Show.

The (n) teeming Mother, anxious for her Race,
 Begs for each Birth the Fortune of a Face:

Yet



Yet Vane could tell what Ills from Beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the Form that pleas'd a King:
Ye Nymphs of rosy Lips and radiant Eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom Joys with soft Varieties invite,
By Day the Frolick, and the Dance by Night,
Who frown with Vanity, who smile with Art,
And ask the latest Fashion of the Heart,
What Care, what Rules your heedless Charms shall
Each Nymph your Rival, and each Youth your Slave?
Against your Fame with Fondness Hate combines,
The Rival batters, and the Lover mines.
With distant Voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint Remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with Contempt, she quits the slip'ry Rein,
And Pride and Prudence take her Seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the Pass defend
The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
The Guardians yield, by Force superior ply'd;
By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
Now Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the Rest.

Where (o) then shall Hope and Fear their Ob-
jects find?

Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant Mind?
Must helpless Man, in Ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the Torrent of his Fate?
Must no Dislike alarm, no Wishes rise,
No Cries attempt the Mercies of the Skies?
Enquirer, cease; Petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still



Still raise for Good the supplicating Voice,
But leave to Heav'n the Measure and the Choice.
Safe in his Pow'r, whose Eyes discern afar
The secret Ambush of a specious Pray'r.
Implore his Aid; in his Decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the Sense of sacred Presence fires,
And strong Devotion to the Skies aspires,
Pour forth thy Fervours for a healthful Mind,
Obedient Passions and a Will resign'd;
For Love, which scarce collective Man can fill;
For Patience Sov'reign o'er transmuted Ill;
For Faith that panting for a happier Seat,
Counts Death kind Nature's Signal of Retreat:
These Goods for Man the Laws of Heav'n ordain,
These Goods he grants, who grants the Pow'r to
gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the Mind,
And makes the Happiness she does not find.





V.

E L E G I E S.

1) He complains how soon the pleasing novelty
of life is over. To Mr. J —.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
This fairy-scene, that cheers our youthful eyes!
The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes?
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
Ere Reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey.

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shewn the whole that Fortune can supply;
Since not the miser so caress'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace;
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and — oh my foolish heart!
Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.

And



And you, ye works of Art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living stone:
"Tho' gold, tho' splendor, Heav'n and Fate deny,
"Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil —
But soon the paths of Health and Fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas Nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

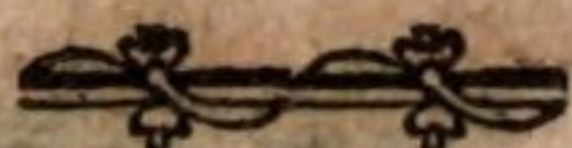
But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's oer!
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul:
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting stage, profusely blest'd?
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd;
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair;
More free, more vivid than the linner's wing;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu,



Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear Deceit, adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn?
We start false joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey, that cheers our youthful morn,
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.





II) To a friend, on some slight occasion
estranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day;
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial with resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Wouldst thou reject thy DAMON's plighted hand?
Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend
disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark Suspicion quench the gen'rous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of Chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance!

But



But we have met — where ills of ev'ry form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?
And guide them to the bosom — of a friend?

Yes, we have met — thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore
Why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away!
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern Fate his ebon wand display,
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou followst my untimely bier,
"Fool that I was — if friends so soon must part."
"To let Suspicion intermix a fear."





III) He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal splendor glows,
When title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like some fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shows;
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to soften splendor's ray;
Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekness join'd its temp'rate beam display;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

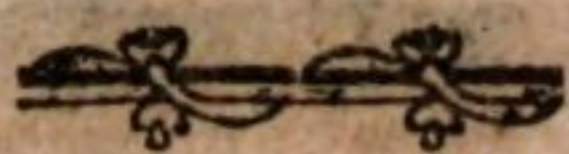
Pity the scandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wishes Merit's fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam still lovely thro' the chequer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from Love's unequal chain,
Has Fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Should ****'s eyes illumine the desert plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love,

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind;
Tho' you condemn, the gods respect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.

On



On SARUM'S plain I met a wand'ring fair;
The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore:
Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
And on her brow a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
Of ev'ry plain; she pillag'd ev'ry grove!
The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
And still her hand some various garland wove.

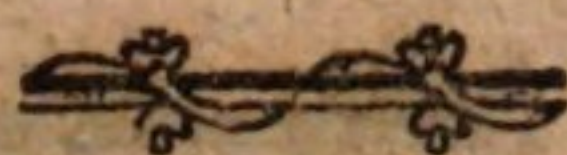
Erroneous Fancy shap'd her wild attire;
From BETHLEM'S walls the poor lymphatic stray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When, as wild Fancy taught her, thus she said.

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapless maid,
"Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings!
"Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
"Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

"The world is frantic — fly the race profane —
"Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;
"Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
"And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

"My love is young — but other loves are young;
"And other loves are fair, and so is mine:
"An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
"He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

"No vulgar DAMON robs me of my rest,
"IANTHE listens to no vulgar vow;
"A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
"A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.



“What, shall I stain the glories of my race?

“More clear, more lovely bright than HESPER’S
“beam!

“The porc’lain pure with vulgar dirt debase?

“Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

“See thro’ these veins the sapphire current shine!

“’Twas JOVE’S own nectar gave th’ ethereal hue:

“Can base plebeian forms contend with mine!

“Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

“The painter strove to trace its azure ray;

“He chang’d his colours, and in vain he strove;

“He frown’d—I smiling view’d the faint essay;

“Poor youth, he little knew it flow’d from JOVE.

“Pitying his toil, the wond’rous truth I told;

“How am’rous Jove trepann’d a mortal fair;

“How thro’ the race the gen’rous current roll’d,

“And mocks the poet’s art and painter’s care.

“Yes, from the gods, from earliest SATURN, sprung

“Our sacred race, thro’ demi-gods conveyd;

“And he, ally’d to PHOEBUS, ever young,

“My godlike boy, must wed their duteous maid.

“Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ear,

“My fire’s dread fury murmurs thro’ the sky;

“And should I yield, his instant rage appears,

“He darts th’ uplifted vengeance—and I die.

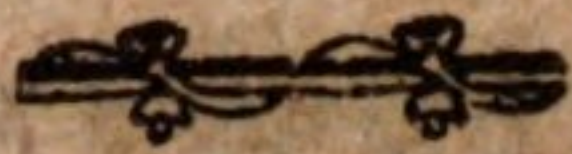
“Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!

“Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare!

“’Twas then a vulgar love ensnar’d my soul;

“’Twas then—I hardly scap’d the fatal snare.

’Twas



“’Twas then a peasant pour’d his am’rous vow,
“All as I listen’d to his vulgar strain;—
“Yet such his beauty—wou’d my birth allow,
“Dear were the youth, and blifsful were the plain.

“But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,
“In fruitless searches ever doom’d to rove?
“My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
“And I shall die—before I find my love.

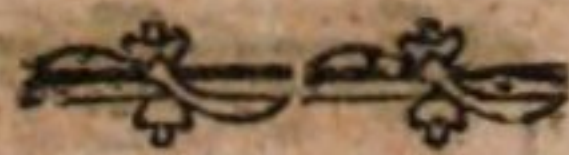
“When last I slept, methought my ravish’d eye
“On distant heaths his radiant form survey’d;
“Tho’ night’s thick clouds encompass’d all the sky,
“The gems that bound his brow dispell’d the shade.

“O how this bosom kindled at the sight!
“Led by their beams I urg’d the pleasing chace;
“Till, on a sudden, these with-held their light—
“All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

“But now no more—behind the distant grove,
“Wanders my destin’d youth, and chides my stay;
“See, see! he grasps the steel—fear, my love—
“IANTHE comes; thy princess hastes away.”

Scornful she spoke, and, heedless of reply,
The lovely maniac bounded o’er the plain!
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!





IV) To DELIA, with some flowers: complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune.

W HATE'ER could Sculpture's curious art employ,
 Whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can show'r,
 These would I give—and ev'ry gift enjoy,
 That pleas'd my fair—but Fate denies the pow'r.

Bless'd were my lot, to feed the social fires!
 To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
 To give the boon his native taste admires,
 And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Bless'd too is he whose ev'ning-ramble strays,
 Where droop the sons of indigence and care!
 His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
 And win, at small expence, their fondest pray'r!

And oh the joy! to shun the conscious light;
 To spare the modest blush; to give unseen!
 Like show'rs that fall behind the veil of night,
 Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve!
 Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
 For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
 And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive shade;
 To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine;
 To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid;
 This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint



Faint is my bounded bliss ; nor I refuse
To range where daisies open, rivers roll;
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jess'mine bow'rs,
And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year;
A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

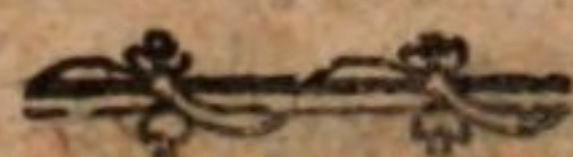
Of those lov'd flow'rs the lifeless corse may share;
Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow;
The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,
As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan quire;
The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire:
O! let not gentle DELIA smile so soon!

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame. —

O DELIA! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the fates decree;
Pleas'd from the list of my inglorious days,
To raze the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.





V) Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour,

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his down-cast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

DAMON, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not **DAMON**'s friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd,
In Fortune's train the fyren Flatt'ry smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.



Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropp'd the chace till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

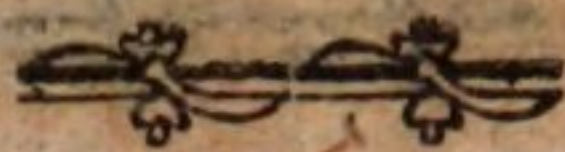
School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles.
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words their wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet desponding JESSY lay.

“HEN-



“HENRY,” she said, “by thy dear form subdu’d,
 “See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
 “I find, I find this rising sob renew’d:
 “I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

“Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
 “When will the morn’s once pleasing scenes return?
 “Yet what can morn’s returning ray supply,
 “But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

“Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
 “That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
 “For I have steep’d a father’s couch in tears,
 “And ting’d a mother’s glowing cheek with shame.

“The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
 “The sportive lambs increase my pensive moan;
 “All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
 “And talk of truth and innocence alone.

“If thro’ the garden’s flow’ry tribes I stray,
 “Where bloom the jess’mines that could once
 allure,
 “Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
 “For we are spotless, JESSY; we are pure.

“Ye flow’rs! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
 “Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
 “The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
 “Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

“Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
 “And all my fame’s abhorr’d contagion flee;
 “Trembles each lip, and falters ev’ry tongue:
 “That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

“Thus



“Thus, for your sake, I shun each human eye;
“I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
“To die I languish, but I dread to die,
“Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you,

“Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
“And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
“There only, banish’d from the form I love,
“My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

“Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
“Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
“Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
“That pity gave what love refus’d to share.

“Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
“Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew;
“Not such the parent’s board at which I fed!
“Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

“Haply, when age has silver’d o’er my hair,
“Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
“Envy may flight a face no longer fair;
“And Pity welcome to my native foil.”

She spoke — nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp’d me in a last embrace;
And vow’d to waste her life in pray’rs for mine.

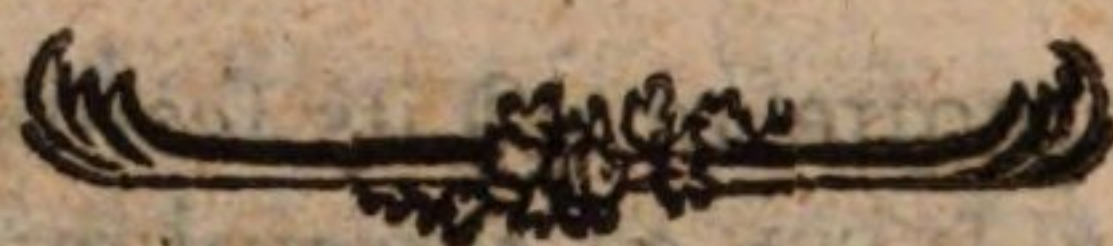
I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with ev’ry passion heave;
I left her — torn from ev’ry earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief



Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling furies close;
My JESSY floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier!





VI) THE BLACKBIRDS; AN ELEGY,

by MR. JAGO.

THE sun had chac'd the winter's snow,
And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;
The melting streams began to flow,
And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A BLACKBIRD rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

"O! fairest of the feather'd train,
"For whom I sing, for whom I burn;
"Attend with pity to my strain,
"And grant my love a kind return.

"See, fee, the winter's storms are flown,
"And Zephyrs gently fan the air!
"Let us the genial influence own,
"Let us the vernal pastime share.

"The Raven plumes his jetty wing,
"To please his croaking paramour;
"The Larks responsive love-tales sing,
"And tell their passions as they soar.

"But



“But trust me, love, the Raven’s wing
“Is not to be compar’d with mine;
“Nor can the Lark so sweetly sing
“As I, who strength with sweetness join.

“With thee I’ll prove the sweets of love,
“With thee divide the cares of life;
“No fonder husband in the grove,
“Nor none than thee a happier wife.

“I’ll lead thee to the clearest rill,
“Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
“There will we sit and sip our fill,
“Or on the flow’ry border play.

“I’ll guide thee to the thickest brake,
“Impervious to the school-boy’s eye:
“For thee the plaster’d nest I’ll make,
“And on thy downy pinions lie.

“To get thee food, I’ll range the fields,
“And cull the best of ev’ry kind;
“Whatever nature’s bounty yields,
“Or love’s assiduous care can find.

“And when my lovely mate would stray,
“To taste the summer’s sweets at large,
“At home I’ll wait the live-long day,
“And tend at home our infant charge.

“When prompted by a mother’s care
“Thy warmth shall form th’ imprison’d young,
“With thee the task I’ll fondly share,
“Or cheer thy labours with my song.”



He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
With tender pity heard his strain;
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
And hast'ned to relieve his pain.

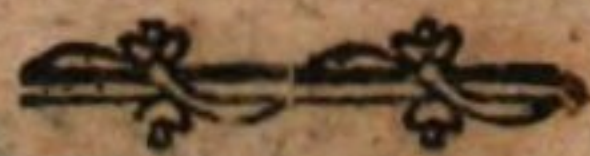
He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And nestled closely to her side,
The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song —
“ Arise! behold the new-born day!
“ The Lark his maddin peal has rung;
“ Arise, my love, and come away! “

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the verdant riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

But O! my muse with pain relates
The mournful sequel of my tale:
Sent by an order of the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, “ My dear,
“ Haste, haste away; from danger fly!
“ Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
“ O! spare my love, and let me die. ”



At him the gunner took his aim;
 The aim he took was much too true;
 O! had he chose some other game,
 Or shot as he had us'd to do! *

Divided pair! forgive the wrong;
 While I with tears your fate rehearse:
 I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
 And save the lover in my verse.

* Never having killed any thing before or since.





VII) The GOLDFINCHES. An ELEGY.

By Mr. JAGO.

— INGENUAS DIDICISSE FIDELITER ARTES
EMOLLIT MORES, NEC SINIT ESSE FEROS.

To you, whose groves protect the feather'd quires,
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
The Doric strain belongs; O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle Spring, when all the tuneful race,
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine:
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And hearts and fortunes with her mate to join.

Thro' Nature's spacious walks at large they rang'd,
No settled haunts, no fix'd abode their aim;
As chance or fancy led, their path they chang'd,
Themselves in ev'ry vary'd scene, the same.

Till on a day to weighty cares resign'd;
With mutual choice, alternate, they agreed,
On rambling thoughts no more to turn their mind,
But settle soberly, and raise a breed.

All in a garden, on a currant-bush,
With wond'rous art they built their waving seat:
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
Nor distant far, a woodlark's soft retreat.



Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
 With early songs they wak'd the sprightly groves,
 Till time matur'd their blifs, and crown'd their nest
 With infant pledges of their faithful loves:

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!
 What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food!
 What joy each other's likeness to descry,
 And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
 How does the fairest purpose often fail?
 A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
 Their rising hopes, and leave them both to wail.

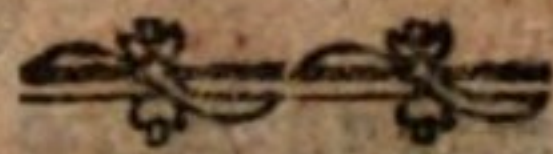
The most ungentle of his tribe was he;
 No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart:
 With concords false, and hideous profody
 He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On barb'rous plunder bent, with savage eye
 He mark'd where wrapt in down the younglings lay,
 Then rushing seiz'd the wretched family,
 And bore them in his impious hands away.

But how shall I relate in numbers rude
 The pangs for poor * Chrytomitris decreed!
 When from a neighb'ring spray aghast she view'd
 The savage ruffian's inauspicious deed!

So

* Chrytomitris, it seems, is the name for a goldfinch.



So wrapt in grief some heart-struck matron stands,
While horrid flames surround her children's room!
On Heaven she calls, and wrings her trembling hands,
Constrain'd to see, but not prevent their doom.

"O grief of griefs! with shrieking voice she cry'd,
"What sight is this that I have liv'd to see?

"O! that I had a maiden goldfinch died,
"From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free?

"Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
"Was it for this, I pois'd th' unwieldy straw?
"For this I pick'd the moss from yonder hill?
"Nor shun'd the pond'rous chat along to draw?

"Was it for this I cull'd the wool with care?
"And strove with all my skill our work to crown?
"For this, with pain I bent this stubborn hair;
"And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

"Was it for this, my freedom I resign'd;
"And ceas'd to rove from beauteous plain to plain?
"For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
"And bore the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

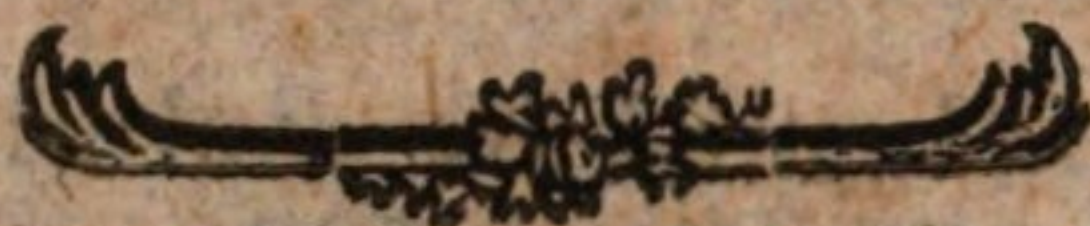
"Was it for this, my watchful eyes grow dim?
"The crimson roses on my cheek turn pale?
"Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim;
"And all my wonted spirits 'gin to fail.

"O plund'rer vile! O more than weazel fell!
"More treach'rous than the cat with prudish face!
"More fierce than kites with whom the furies dwell!
"More pilf'ring than the cuckoo's prowling race!



“For thee may plumb or goosb’ry never grow,
“No juicy currant cool thy clammy throat:
“But bloody birch-twigs work the shameful woe,
“Nor ever goldfinch cheer thee with her note.”

Thus sung the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mournful mate return’d:
Then side by side they fought the distant vale,
And there in silent sadness inly mourn’d.





VIII) The SWALLOWS.

Written September. 1748.

By Mr. JAGO.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wintry storms the varied year,
The Swallow-race, with foresight clear inspir'd,
To Southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a grave assembly fate;
His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind;
With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind.

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of Heaven!
With us thro' Summer's genial reign they stay'd,
And food, and lodging to their wants were given.

But now, thro' sacred prescience, well they know
The near approach of elemental strife;
The blustry tempest, and the chilling snow,
With every want, and scourge of tender life!

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight;
For this, even now they prune their vig'rous wing;
For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite,
And prove their strength in many an airy ring.



No sorrow loads their breast, or swells their eye,
 To quit their friendly haunts, or native home;
 Nor fear they, launching on the boundless sky,
 In search of future settlements, to roam.

They feel a power, an impulse all divine!
 That warns them hence; they feel it, and obey;
 To this direction all their cares resign,
 Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way!

Well fare your flight! ye mild domestic race!
 Oh! for your wings to travel with the sun!
 Health brace your nerves, and Zephyrs aid your pace,
 Till your long voyage happily be done!

See, Delia, on my roof your guests to-day;
 To morrow on my roof your guests no more!
 Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away,
 To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!
 And what without a moral wou'd we read?
 Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
 And with his lesson register the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away;
 Thus threatens the winter of inclement age;
 Our time of action but a summer's day;
 And earth's frail orb the sadly-varied stage!

And does no power its friendly aid dispense,
 Nor give us tidings of some happier clime;
 Find we no guide in gracious Providence
 Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time!

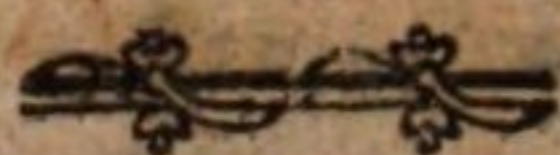
Yes



Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endless day:
That bid our hearts, nor death, nor anguish fear,
This, future transport; that, to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the soul for her divine abode;
Obey the call, and trust the Leader's care
To bring us safe thro' Virtue's paths to God.

Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
No doubts divert our steady steps aside;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die:
Heaven is our Hope, and Providence our Guide.



IX) He adjures DELIA to pity him by their friendship with CELIA, who was lately dead.

By Mr. HAMMOND.

THousands would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care;
Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them still — To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, DELIA, I shall thee obtain;
But can I listen to her Siren song,
Who seven slow months have drag'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long?

By all the joys thy dearest CELIA gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpity'd burn;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame;
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue;
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew.

Ah! do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
That hov'ring round us all my sufferings hears;
She is my faint; to her my prayrs are made,
With oft-repeated gifts of flow'rs and tears.

To



To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And, lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire;
The marble image seems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white:
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night.

Cease, cruel man! the mournful theme forbear;
Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
Ah! to recal the sad rememb'rance spare,
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.





X) He imagines himself married to DELIA,
and that, content with each other, they
are retired into the country.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terrour hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never found.

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray;
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand;
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest!

Or,



Or, if the sun in flaming LEO ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And, with my DELIA walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on DELIA as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for DELIA, and myself alone.

Ah foolish man! who, thus of her posselt,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind;
And, if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
The smile of Fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know, that I am lov'd alone.

STANHOPE, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise and plead BRITANNIA's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let STANHOPE speak his list'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

STAN-



STANHOPE shall come, and grace his rural friend:
DELIA shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The fav'rite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah! what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep?
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

DELIA alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows thro' ev'ry night.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind:
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand —
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

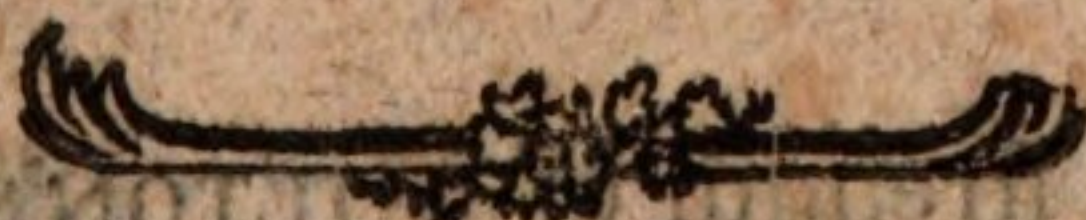
Oh,



Oh, when I I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill;
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair;
Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

Oh quit the room! Oh quit the deathful bed!
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart!
Oh, leave me, DELIA, ere thou see me dead!
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.





XI) To DELIA.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
 In some lone spot with Peace and thee retir'd!
 Tho' reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
 I still believ'd what flatt'ring love inspir'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
 To dang'rous bliss no longer to pretend;
 In books a calm, but fix'd content to find;
 Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
 In learned ease, and elegant delight,
 Compare the beauties of each diff'rent stile,
 Each various ray of wit's diffusive light.

Now mark the strength of MILTON's sacred lines,
 Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
 Where all the glory of the godhead shines,
 And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by POPE and Virtue, leave the age,
 In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 And trace the author thro' his moral page,
 Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my ling'ring pain can heal,
 And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,
 My patriot breast a nobler warmth shall feel,
 And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy



Thy heart, O LYTTLETON, shall be my guide,
 It's fire shall warm me, and its worth improve;
 Thy heart, above all envy and all pride,
 Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O WEST, with her your partner dear,
 Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
 With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer;
 Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why so long my weaker heart deceive?
 Ah! still I love, in pride and reason's spite;
 No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
 And while I threat, this elegy I write.



XII) An Elegy, written in a Country-Church-
 yard.

By Mr. GRAY.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting Day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the Lea,
 The Ploughman homeward plods his wearied way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring Landskip on the sight,
 And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds;
 Save where the Beetle wheels his droning flight,
 Or drowsy Tinklings lull the distant Folds;



Save that from yonder Ivy-mantled Tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as wand'ring near her secret Bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged Elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring
 Heap,
 Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy Call of Incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittring from her strawbuilt Shed,
 The Cock's shrill clarion, or the ecchoing Horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
 Or busy Housewife ply her Evening-Care;
 No Children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envy'd kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their Harrow oft the stubborn glebe had broke;
 How jocund did they drive their Team a-field!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
 Their homely Joys and Destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the Poor!



The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to those the Fault,
If mem'ry oe'r their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the longdrawn Isle and fretted vault,
The pealing Anthem swells the note of Praise.

Can story'd Urn, or animated Bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold Ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire,
Hands that the Reins of Empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to Ecstasy the living Lyre.

But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page,
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of their Soul.

Full many a gem of purest Ray serene
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a Flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless Breast,
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his Country's Blood.



Th'applause of list'ning Senates to command,
 The Threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
 To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
 And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes,

Their Lot forbade: Nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their Crimes confin'd,
 Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a Throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With Incense kindled at the Muse's Flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble Strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of Life
 They kept the noiseless Tenour of their Way.

Yet ev'n these Bones from Insult to protect,
 Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth Rhymes and shapeless Sculpture deck'd
 Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years, spelt by th'unletter'd
 Muse,
 The Place of Fame and Elegy supply,
 And many a holy Text around she strews
 That teach the rustic Moralist to die.



For who to dumb Forgetfulness a Prey
This pleasing, anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring Look behind?

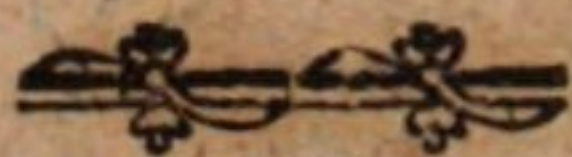
On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drop the closing Eye requires;
Ev'n from the Tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate;
If Chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy Fate;

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn,
"Brushing with hasty Steps the Dews away,
"To meet the sun upon the upland Lawn,

There, at the foot of yonder nodding Beach,
That wreath's its old fantastic Roots so high,
His listless Length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the Brook that bubbles by.

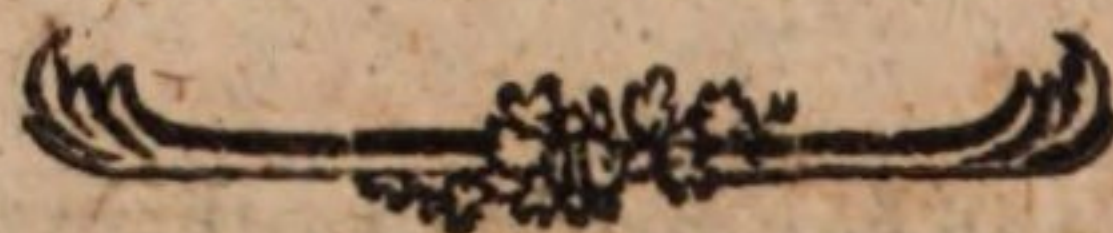
Hard by yon Wood, now smiling as in Scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward Fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love.



One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd Hill,
Along the Heath, and near his fav'rite Tree,
Another came, nor yet beside the Rill,
Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he.

The next with Dirges due, in sad Array,
Slow thro the Church - way Path we saw him
borne,
Approach, and read, (for Thou canst read) the Lay
Grav'd on the Stone beneath yon aged Thorn.

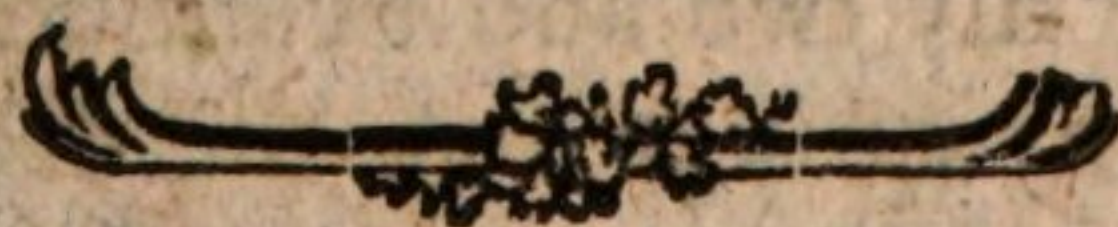
There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By Hands unseen, are Showr's of violets found;
The Red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little Foot-steps lightly print the ground.





THE EPITAPH.

- “ Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
“ A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
“ Fair Science frown’d not on his humble Birth,
“ And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.
- “ Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere;
“ Heav’n did a Recompence as largely send:
“ He gave to Mis’ry (all he had) a Tear;
“ He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he wish’d,)
a Friend.
- “ No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
“ Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
“ (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The Bosom of his Father and his God.





XIII. TO SICKNESS; AN ELEGY.

By Mr. DELAP.

HOW blithe the flow'ry graces of the spring
From nature's wardrobe come! and hark how gay
Each glitt'ring insect, hovering on the wing,
Sings their glad welcome to the fields of May!

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er;
They suck the sweet breath of the blushing rose;
Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow show'r;
Their life's short day no pause of pleasure knows.

Like their's, dread pow'r! my chearful morn display'd

The flattering promise of a golden noon,
'Till each gay cloud, that sportive nature spread,
Dy'd in the gloom of thy distemper'd frown.

Yet, ere I told my two-and-twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmless it pass'd 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebony wand,
I saw them rove thro' pleasure's flowery field;
I saw Health paint them with her rosy hand,
Eager to burst my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet



Yet, while this mortal cot of mould'ring clay
Shakes at the stroke of thy tremendous power,
Ah! must the transient tenant of a day
Bear the rough blast of each tempestuous hour?

Say; shall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
Too rigid queen! unnerve the soul's bright powers,
Till with a joyless smile the eye beholds
Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bowers?

No, let me follow still, those bow'rs among,
Her flow'ry footsteps as the goddess goes;
Let me, just lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
Read the few books the learned few compose.

And suffer, when thy awful pleasure calls
The soul to share her frail companion's smart,
Yet suffer me to taste the balm that falls,
From Friendship's tongue, so sweet upon the heart.

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confess thy frown,
Ev'n till this anxious being shall become
But a brief name upon a little stone,
Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, shelter'd from mankind,
Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each desire;
And many a feeble frame, whose mighty mind
Each muse has touch'd with her immortal fire.

Ev'n * He, sole terror a yenal age,
The tuneful bard, whose philosophic soul
With such bright radiance glow'd on Virtue's page,
Learn'd many a lesson from thy moral school.

G 5

He



He * too, who „mounts and keeps his distant way,
His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddess, to thy temple's deep recess
I come, and lay for ever at its door
The syren throng of follies numberless,
Nor wish their flattering songs should soothe me
more.

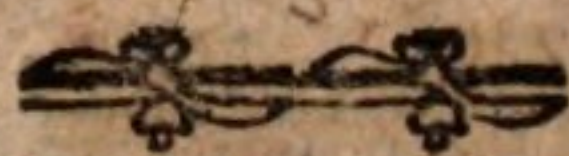
Thy decent garb shall o'er my limbs be spread,
Thy hand shall lead me to thy sober train,
Who here retir'd, with pensive pleasure tread
The silent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity shall fly,
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my
mind,
For misery raise a sympathizing sigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for human kind.

Then, while Ambition's trump, from age to age
Its slaughter'd millions boasts; while Fame shall
rear
Her deathless trophies o'er the bard and sage;
Be mine the widow's sigh, the orphan's pray'r.

* Mr. GRAY.





VI.

O D E S.

I) ODE to INDEPENDENCY.

By Mr. MASON.

I.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,
 While Silence rules this midnight hour,
 I woo thee, GODDESS. On my musing mind
 Descend, propitious Power!
 And bid these rustling gales of grief subside:
 Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;
 As yon chaste Orb along this ample tide
 Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
 While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
 And lulls old HUMBER to his deep repose.

II.

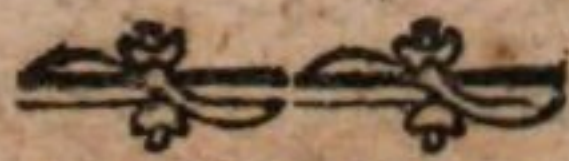
Come to thy Vot'ry's ardent prayer,
 In all thy graceful plainness drest;
 No knot confines thy waving hair,
 No zone thy floating vest.
 Unfullied Honour decks thine open brow,
 And Candour brightens in thy modest eye:
 Thy blush is warm Content's ethereal glow,
 Thy smile is Peace; thy step is Liberty:
 Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
 As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

III.

'As now o'er this lone beach I stray,
 Thy * fav'rite Swain oft stole along,
 And artless wove his Doric lay,
 Far from the busy throng.

Thou

* Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull in the year 1620.



Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender string,
 And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move:
 Strait these responsive shores forgot to ring,
 With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted Love;
 To loftier flights his daring Genius rose,
 And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

IV.

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,
 The shafts of Wit he darts around;
 Ev'n * mitred Dulness learns to feel,
 And shrinks beneath the wound.
 In awful poverty his honest Muse
 Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land:
 In vain Corruption sheds her golden dew,
 In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;
 He scorns them both, and, arm'd with Truth alone,
 Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

V.

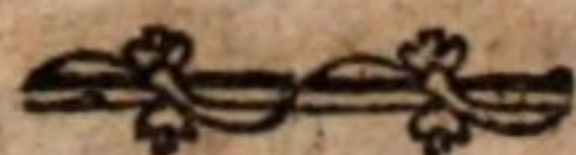
Behold, like him, immortal Maid,
 The Muse's vestal fires I bring;
 Here at thy feet the sparks I spread;
 Propitious wave thy wing,
 And fan them to that dazzling blaze of song,
 That glares tremendous on the sons of Pride.
 But hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
 In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
 Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
 As swells the Lark's meridian ecstasy.

VI.

„ Fond Youth! to MARVELL's patriot fame,
 „ Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
 „ Yet nourish still the lambent flame;
 „ Still strike thy blameless lyre:

„ Led

* Parker, bishop of Oxford.



„ Led by the moral Muse securely rove;
„ And all the vernal sweets that vacant Youth
„ Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
„ O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:
„ To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
„ And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's smile.”

VII.

„ 'Tis he, my son, alone shall cheer
„ Thy sick'ning soul; at that sad hour,
„ When o'er a much-lov'd Parent's bier,
„ Thy duteous sorrows shower:
„ At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline;
„ When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
„ And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd Vine,
„ Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.
„ At that sad hour shall D'ARCY lend his aid,
„ And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping
head.

VIII.

„ This fragrant wreath, the Muses meed,
„ That bloom'd those vocal shades among,
„ Where never Flatt'ry dared to tread,
„ Or Interest's servile throng;
„ Receive, my favour'd son, at my command,
„ And keep, with sacred care, for D'ARCY's
brow:
„ Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal hand,
„ I breath'd on every flower a purer glow;
„ Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine
„ To him, who calls thee HIS, yet makes thee
MINE.”





II) ODE on MELANCHOLY.

To a FRIEND.

By Mr. MASON.

I.

AH! cease this kind persuasive strain,
Which, when it flows from Friendship's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's song:
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muse upon my woe.
Why lure me from these pale retreats?
Why rob me of these pensive sweets?
Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand, supply
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft-tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
Whilst thro' the west, where sinks the crimson Day,
Meek Twilight slowly fails, and waves her banners
grey.

II.

Say, from Affliction's various source
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot Fancy clear their course?
For Fancy is the friend of Woe.
Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn state,
When yon poor Ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,
Inspir'd by anguish, and despair?
Ah no! fair Fancy rules the song:
She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;
She



She bids the waving Aspin-spray
Quiver in Cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed Osiers bow,
And rustle round the lake below,
To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,
And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn sym-
pathies.

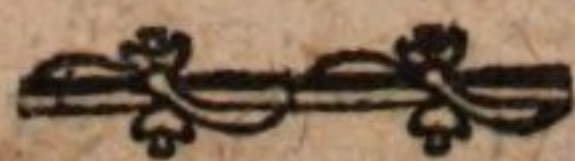
III.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow
The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;
Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon Abbey dank and lone,
Where Ivy chains each mould'ring stone
That nods o'er many a Martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom.
Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander thro' the cloysters drear,
Could rove each desolated isle,
Tho' midnight thunders shook the pile;
And dauntless view, or seem to view,
(As faintly flash the lightnings blue)
Thin shiv'ring ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults
along.

IV.

But such terrific charms as these,
I ask not yet: My sober mind
The fainter forms of sadness please;
My sorrows are of softer kind.
Thro' this still valley let me stray,
Wrapt in some strain of pensive GRAY:
Whose lofty Genius bears along
The conscious dignity of song;

And,



And, scorning from the sacred store
 To waste a note on pride, or power,
 Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,
 And warbles 'mid the rustic tombs:
 He too perchance (for well I know
 His heart would melt with friendly woe),
 He too perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,
 Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hov'ring
 Shade.



III) O D E.

By Mr. GRAY.

I. 1.
AWAKE, Aeolian lyre, awake
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
 Now rowling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour!
 The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the
 roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.

On



On Thracia's hills the Lord of war,
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terrour of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of
Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

H

Say,



Say, has he giv'n in vain the heavenly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her Spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky:
 'Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts
 of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 'To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather - cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
 flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rins creep,
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
 'Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour

Left



Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They fought, O Albion! next, thy sea-encircled
coast.

III. 1.

Far from the fun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

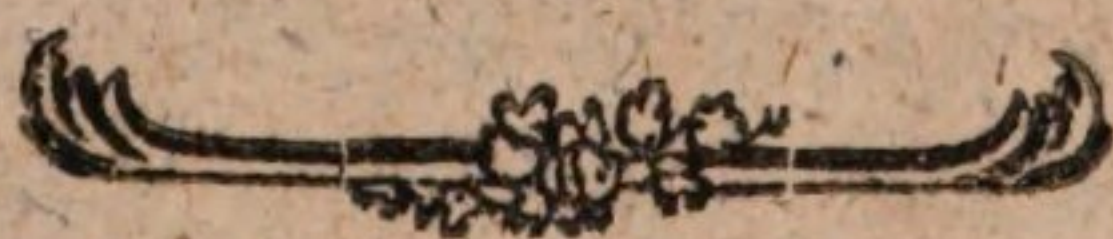
III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two couriers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resoun-
ding pace.

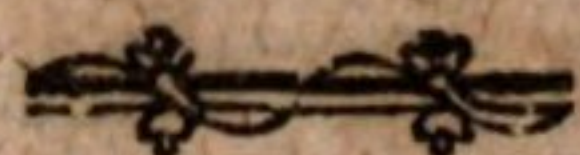


III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more ———
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban-eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far — but far above the
Great.



IV. ODE,



IV. ODE, ON THE WINTER - SOLSTICE.

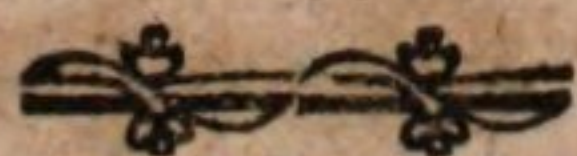
M, DCC, XL.

By D. MARK AKENSIDE.

I.
THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains;
Soon to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins,
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores:
While, in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.
But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun! how thick the air!
Mustering his storms, a fordid host,
Lo! winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their latest bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll.
But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
And, while great Nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

III.
Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire:
Harmonious dances, festive songs,
Against the spiteful heaven conspire.
Mean-time perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is sunk, and deep the road;
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.



IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the aerial waste,
Be earth with keener cold imbrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dews and streaming light
Already decks the new-born spring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How soon each hovering tempest fly,
Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To overwhelm the merchant's hopes of gain.

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Presume o'er Nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
The indulgence of the sovrain cause;
Secure that health and beauty springs
Thro' this majestic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that heaven's all-subduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every state below.

VII.



VII.

How pleasing wears the wint'ry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful scenes to tread
Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taste the Ionian song,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Resounding thro' the olive shade.

VIII.

But should some cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the studious page awhile,
Let mirth on wit then attend,
And social ease on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncared-for shrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
While absence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the slow-returning May!

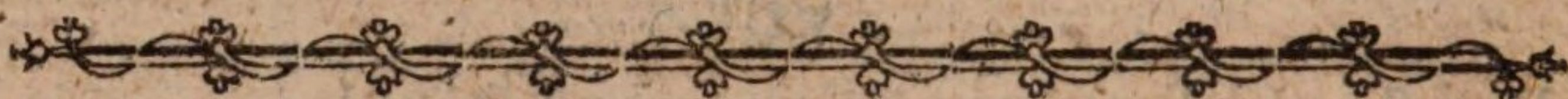
IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth!
When will thy genial star arise?
The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her sylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.



X.

And if believing love can read
 His better omens in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid!
 And every pain of absence die:
 Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
 To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
 Pursue the free Horatian song:
 Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
 And echo, down the bordering vale,
 The liquid melody prolong.



V. ODE, TO A FRIEND UNSUCCESSFUL
 IN LOVE.

By the SAME.

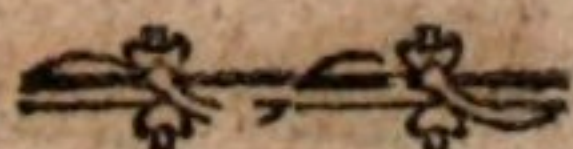
I.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
 That wealth can female wishes gain
 Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
 Or cost one serious moment's pain,
 I should have said that all the rules,
 You learn'd of moralists and schools,
 Were very useless, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case —
 Say, though with this heroic air,
 Like one that holds a nobler chace,
 You try the tender loss to bear,
 Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
 Seems not my censor strangely wrong
 To count it such a slight affair?

III.



III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love:
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

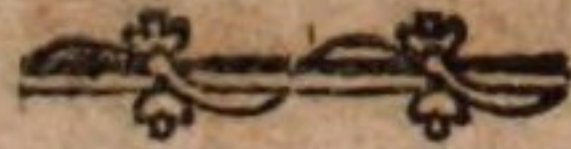
Then tell me, is your soul intire?
Does wisdom calmly held her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-starting from your eye?
No kindling blush you know not why;
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seiz'd the favorite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years:
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half-afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame!
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth! O tender charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty sold!



VII.

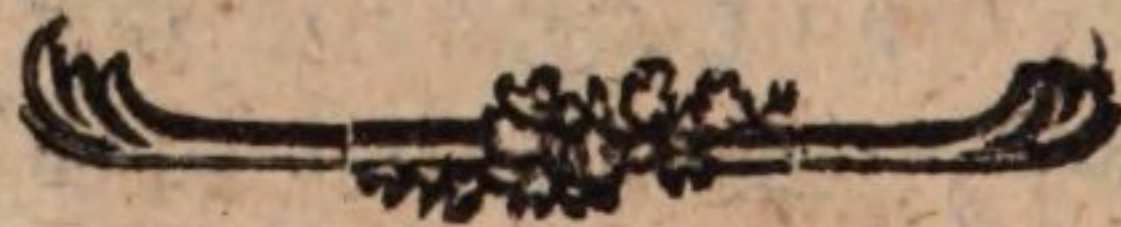
Cease then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy she your blifs to prove;
Then wherefore should she prove your care?
No: Lay your myrtle garland down;
And let awhile the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

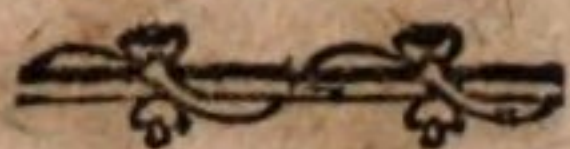
VIII.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Tho' driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favor'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to honor's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
And time, the fire of manly care,
Will fancy's dazzling colours tame,
A soberer drefs will beauty wear:
Then shall esteem by knowledge led
Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, some truer fair.





VI. ODE, AGAINST SUSPICION.

By the SAME.

I.
OH fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unseen,
The forcerefs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold — her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.
Fly far! Already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise;
And soon thro' every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

III.
Then many a demon will she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main
Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

IV.
No more can faith or candor move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reason would applaud,
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like injury and fraud.

V.



V.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: And where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'This thus to work her baleful power,
Suspicion waits the fullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When care the infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the seats of life.

VII.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
This tendernefs of mind?
What genius smiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

IX.



IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose wisdom our untoward frame
 With social love restrains!
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Giv'st us to double all our joys
 And half disarm our pains!

X.

Let universal candor still,
 Clear as yon heaven - reflecting rill;
 Preserve my open mind;
 Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
 One fordid doubt within me raise
 To injure human kind.



VII. ODE, HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

By the SAME.

How thick the shades of evening close!
 How pale the sky with weight of snows!
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire.
 — Alas, in vain I try within
 To brighten the dejected scene,
 While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins;
 While Winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is



Is there in Nature no kind power
To soothe affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please?
Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine thro' the hovering cloud of care:
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen,
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to spy.
He saw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou,

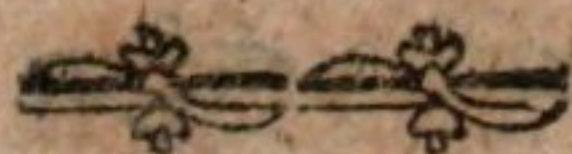


Thou, Cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;
Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And, joining Nature's general song,
Thro' many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor fullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs:
The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend;
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labors with Love's unpitied smart?
Tho' now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With flavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;

Yet



Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
 Canst yield him happier arts to please,
 Inform his mien with manlier charms,
 Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
 With more commanding passion move,
 And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
 For thee I court the Muse again:
 The Muse for thee may well exert
 Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
 Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
 Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
 Let melancholy's plentive tongue
 Repeat what later bards have sung;
 But thine was Homer's ancient might,
 And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
 Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd:
 Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd:
 Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
 Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom
 Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
 Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
 While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
 Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
 (A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
 Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
 Or glooms congenial to his breast)
 Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
 And bids the joyless world farewell.
 Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
 Alone beneath the mountain laid
 He sees the nightly damps ascend,
 And gathering storms aloft impend;

He

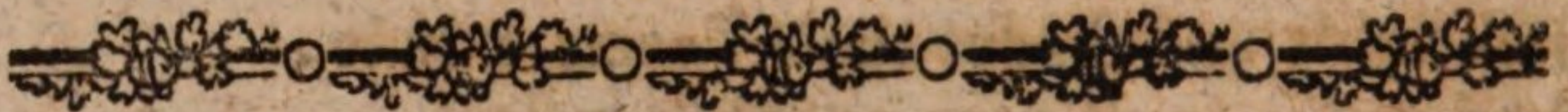


He hears the neighbouring furies roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole:
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for Nature's ways;
But evil haunts him thro' the maze:
He sees then thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And change and fate assume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
— O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be blest'd.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And soothe to peace intruding care.
But most exert thy pleasing power
On friendship's consecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in Freedom's ancient cause



Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
 Add thou o'er all the generous toil
 The light of thy unclouded smile.
 But, if by fortune's stubborn sway
 From him and friendship torn away,
 I court the Muse's healing spell
 For griefs that still with absence dwell,
 Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
 To such indulgent placid themes,
 As just the struggling breast may cheer
 And just suspend the starting tear,
 Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
 Which none but friends and lovers know.



VIII. ODE, ON LOVE, TO A FRIEND.

By the SAME.

I.
 No, foolish youth — To virtuous fame
 If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
 If true ambition's nobler flame
 Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
 Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
 His songs, his words, his looks beware,
 Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.
 By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
 The wreath of just renown is worn;
 Nor will ambition's awful spoils
 The flowery pomp of ease adorn:
 But love unbends the force of thought;
 By love unmanly fears are taught;
 And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.



III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of beauty's praise
In wisdom's lofty language dress'd;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And soothe and polish man's ungente heart.

IV.

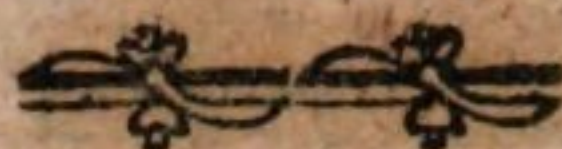
If then, from Love's deceit secure,
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go; see the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend:
Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung,
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the color of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.
But thou, my friend — I hear thy sighs:
Alas, I read thy downcast eyes;
And thy tongue falters; and thy color flies.



VII.

So soon again to meet the fair?
 So pensive all this absent hour?
 — O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
 While yet to think is in thy power.
 In vain with friendship's flattering name
 Thy passion veils its inward shame;
 Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once, I remember, new to love,
 And dreading his tyrannic chain,
 I sought a gentle maid to prove
 What peaceful joys in friendship reign:
 Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
 And pitying view the lovesick band,
 And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
 To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd:
 While I exulted to survey
 One generous woman's real mind:
 Till friendship soon my languid breast
 Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
 Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd.

X.

Fool that I was — And now, even now,
 While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
 Unless I shun Olympia's view,
 An hour unsays it all again.
 O friend! — when love directs her eyes
 To pierce where every passion lies,
 Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?





IX. ODE, ON LYRIC POETRY.

By the SAME.

I. 1.
ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste the inspiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain —
And lo! with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat;
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, listening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.
I see Anacreon smile and sing,
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me listen to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in smooth dance the light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.
Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulse and a threatening hand
The * Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords:

I 3

Ye

* Alcaeus.



Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curs'd of gods and freeborn men,
 Ye murderers of the laws,
 Tho' now ye glory in your lust,
 Tho' now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your
 dreadful cause.

II. 1.

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love:
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
 Why is my faithful maid distress'd?
 Who; Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
 Say, flies he? — Soon he shall pursue:
 Shuns he thy gifts? — He soon shall give:
 Slights he thy sorrows? — He shall grieve,
 And soon to all thy wishes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
 Awakes thy golden shell again?
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume
 To eccho that unbounded strain?
 Majestic in the frown of years,
 Behold, the * man of Thebes appears:
 For some there are, whose mighty frame
 The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
 With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
 As eagles drink the noontide flame,

II. 3.

* Pindar.



II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below. — Propitious Muse,
While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
Wilt thou for Albion's sons around
(Ne'er had'st thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from shore to shore
Thro' Greece the lyre's persuasive language bore,
Till towns and isles and seas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did pleasure's lawless throng,
Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade
May no foul discord here invade:
Nor let thy strings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
And heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The fairest flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy strings adapt their varied strain
To every pleasure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And strait our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.



III. 3.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,
 Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear:
 When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
 With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.

And ever watchful at thy side,
 Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide

The tenor of thy lay:

To her of old by Jove was given
 To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
 'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

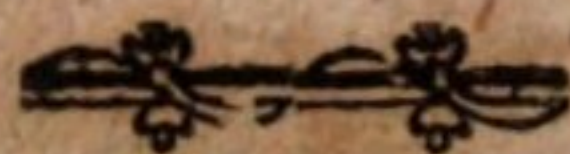
IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd ease resign'd,
 I quit the maze where science toils,
 Do thou refresh my yielding mind
 With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
 But, O indulgent, come not nigh
 The busy steps, the jealous eye
 Of wealthy care or gainful age;
 Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
 And hold as foes to reason's reign
 Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When friendship and when letter'd mirth
 Haply partake my simple board,
 Then let thy blameless hand call forth
 The music of the Teian chord
 Or if invok'd at softer hours,
 O! seek with me the happy bowers
 That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
 To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
 To love devoid of jealous pain,
 There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

IV. 3.



IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
 A hero bleeding for his native land;
 When to throw incense on the vestal flame
 Of liberty my genius gives command,
 Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
 From thee, O Muse, do I require;
 While my presaging mind,
 Conscious of powers she never knew,
 Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
 Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd.



X. ODE, TO SLEEP.

By the SAME.

T

I.

THOU silent power, whose welcome sway
 Charms every anxious thought away;
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
 Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
 Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
 And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound;
 Oh! whither hast thou flown, indulgent god?
 God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
 Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
 Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse?

II.

Lo! midnight from her starry reign
 Looks awful down on earth and main.
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food,
 With all that skim the crystal flood,

I 5

Or



Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
 No rushing winds disturb the dusted bowers;
 No wakeful sound the moon-light valley knows,
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound
 repose.

III.

Oh let not me alone complain,
 Alone invoke thy power in vain!
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes;
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the courtly statesman's down,
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies:
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest,
 Nor those the hireling soldier loves to see,
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast:
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams
 from me!

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present,
 For chiefs and heroes only meant:
 The figur'd bras, the choral song,
 The rescued people's glad applause,
 The listening senate, and the laws
 Fix'd by the counsels of * Timoleon's tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
 And tho' they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH.

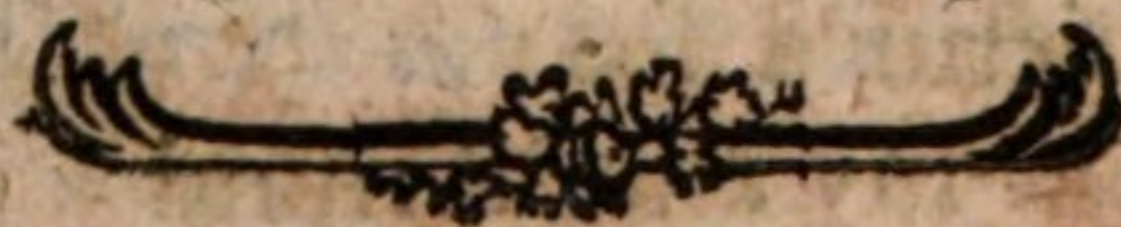


V.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
To banish Love's presentments fair:
Nor rosy cheek nor radiant eye
Can arm him with such strong command
That the young forcerer's fatal hand
Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile,
(A lighter phantom, and a baser chain)
Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according
strain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable visions bring,
As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he saw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treasures, by his art explor'd,
Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling fire his age's hope restor'd.





XI. LA LIBERTA, LIBERTY, AN ODE.

Newly translated from METASTASIO.

THANKS, Nice, to thy treacherous art,
At length I breathe again;
The pitying gods have ta'en my part,
And eas'd a wretch's pain:
I feel, I feel, that from its chain
My rescued soul is free,
Nor is it now I idly dream
Of fancied liberty.

Extinguish'd is my ancient flame,
All calm my thoughts remain;
And artful love in vain shall strive
To lurk beneath disdain.
No longer, when thy name I hear,
My conscious colour flies;
No longer, when thy face I see,
My heart's emotions rise.

I sleep, yet not in every dream
Thy image pictur'd see;
I wake, nor does my alter'd mind
Fix its first thought on thee:
From thee far distant when I roam,
No fond concern I know;
With thee I stay, nor yet from thence
Does pain or pleasure flow.



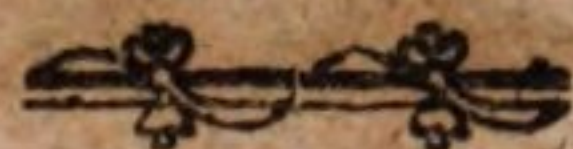
Oft of my Nice's charms I speak,
Nor thrills my stedfast heart;
Oft I review the wrongs I bore;
Yet feel no inward smart.
No quick alarms confound my sense,
When Nice near I see;
Even with my rival I can smile,
And calmly talk of thee.

Speak to me with a placid mien,
Or treat me with disdain;
Vain is to me the look severe,
The gentle smile as vain.
Lost is the empire o'er my soul,
Which once those lips possess;
Those eyes no longer can divine
Each secret of my breast.

What pleases now, or grieves my mind,
What makes me sad, or gay,
It is not in thy power to give,
Nor canst thou take away;
Each pleasant spot without thee charms,
The wood, the mead, the hill;
And scenes of dullness, even with thee,
Are scenes of dullness still.

Judge, if I speak with tongue sincere;
Thou still art wond'rous fair;
Great are the beauties of thy form,
But not beyond compare:
And, let not truth offend thine ear,
My eyes at length incline
To spy some faults in that lov'd face,
Which once appear'd divine.

When



When from its secret deep recess
I tore the painful dart,
(My shameful weakness I confess)
It seem'd to split my heart;
But, to relieve a tortur'd mind,
To triumph o'er disdain,
To gain my captive self once more,
I'd suffer every pain.

Caught by the birdlime's treacherous twigs,
To which he chanc'd to stray,
The bird his fasten'd feathers leaves,
Then gladly flies away:
His shorten'd wings he soon renews,
Of snares no more afraid;
Then grows by past experience wise,
Nor is again betray'd.

I know thy pride can ne'er believe
My passion's fully o'er,
Because I oft repeat the tale,
And still add something more: —
'Tis natural instinct prompts my tongue,
And makes the story last,
As all mankind are fond to boast
Of dangers they have past.

The warrior thus, the combat o'er,
Recounts his bloody wars,
Tells all the hardships which he bore,
And shews his ancient scars.
Thus the glad slave, by prosperous fate,
Freed from the servile chain,
Shews to ech friend the galling weight,
Which once he dragg'd with pain.

I speak,

I speak, yet speaking, all my aim
 Is but to ease my mind;
 I speak, yet care not if my words
 With thee can credit find;
 I speak, nor ask if my discourse
 Is e'er approv'd by thee,
 Or whether thou with equal ease
 Dost talk again of me.

I leave a light inconstant maid,
 Thou'st lost an heart since; —
 I know not which wants comfort most,
 Or which has most to fear:
 I'm sure, a swain so fond and true,
 Nice can never find;
 A nymph like her is quickly found,
 False, faithless, and unkind.



XII. ODE to the TIBER.

WRITTEN ABROAD.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

On entering the CAMPANIA of ROME, at OTRICOLI,
 M D C C L V.

I.
HAIL, sacred stream, whose waters roll
 Immortal thro' the classic page!
 To thee the Muse devoted soul,
 Tho' destin'd to a later age,
 And less indulgent clime, to thee,
 Nor thou disdain, in runic lays
 Weak mimic of true harmony,
 His grateful homage pays.

Far



Far other strains thine elder ear
 With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
 When he, who strung the Latian lyre,
 And he who led th' Aonian quire
 From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,
 Taught Echo from thy banks with transport to resound.
 Thy banks? — alas, is this the boasted scene,
 This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
 Where sick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
 And Desolation spreads her torpid reign?
 Is this the scene where Freedom breath'd,
 Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,
 And health at opening day
 Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
 To wake the sons of Industry,
 And make their fields more gay?

II.

Where is the villa's rural pride;
 The swelling domes imperial gleam,
 Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
 And tremble in thy golden stream?
 Where are the bold, the bushy throngs,
 That rush'd impatient to the war,
 Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
 And hail'd the passing car?
 Along the solitary * road,
 Th' eternal flint by Consuls trod,
 We muse, and mark the sad decays
 Of mighty works, and mighty days!
 For these vile wastes, we cry, had Fate decreed
 That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus
 bleed?

Did

* The Flaminian way.



Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?
They did. For this deserted plain
The Hero strove, nor strove in vain;
And here the shepherd saw
Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.

III.

Yes, thou and Latium once were great,
And still, ye first of human things,
Beyond the grasp of time or fate
Her fame and thine triumphant springs.
What tho' the mould'ring columns fall,
And strow the desert earth beneath,
Tho' ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine its fatal wreath,
Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast
The numerous glories thou hast lost?
Can ev'n Euphrates palmy shore,
Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,
Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
Ev'n now the Muse, the conscious Muse is here;
From every ruin's formidable shade
Eternal Music breathes on Fancy's ear,
And wakes to more than form th'illustrious dead.
Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos rise,
The great, the virtuous, and the wise,
In solemn state advance!
They fix the philosophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The light'ning of the lance.



IV.

But chief that humbler happier train
Who knew those virtues to reward
Beyond the reach of chance or pain
Secure, th' historian and the bard.
By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory still survives.
Thro' deep savannahs wild and vast,
Unheard, unknown, thro' ages past,
Beneath the sun's director beams
What copious torrents pour their streams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.
Whilst Thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brace'd,
Can'st tell the waves, can'st tell the passing wind
Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.
Tho' from his caves th' unfeeling North
Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,
Yet still thy laurels bloom:
One deathless glory still remains,
Thy stream has roll'd thro' LATIAN plains,
Has wash'd the walls of ROME.





XIII. ODE to MORNING.

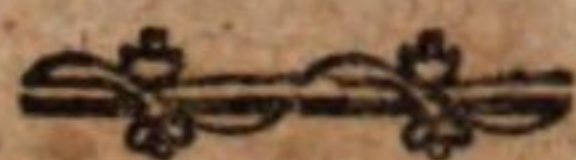
THE sprightly messenger of day,
To Heav'n ascending tunes the lay,
That wakes the blushing Morn:
Cheer'd with th'inspiring notes, I rise,
And hail the POW'R, whose glad supplies
Th'enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O NIGHT! thy praise,
Majestic queen! in nobler lays
Already has been sung:
When thine own spheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,
Immortalized by YOUNG.

See, while I speak, AURORA sheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The springing valleys smile;
With chearful haste, the village swain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets th'accustom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bless the year!
Wing'd ZEPHYRS wanton round his car,
Along th'æthereal road;
PLENTY and HEALTH attend his beams,
And TRUTH divinely bright, proclaims
The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view my soul reveres
The great FIRST CAUSE, that bade the spheres
In tuneful order move:
Thine is the sable-mantled night,
Unseen ALMIGHTY! and the light
The radiance of thy love.



Hark! th'awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
And echo spreads the strain;
The streams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks salute the sun,
And music glads the plain.

While nature thus her charms displays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,
The op'ning flow'rs diffuse;
TEMP'RANCE and INNOCENCE attend,
These are your haunts, your influence lend,
Associates of the MUSE!

RIOT and GUILT, and wasting CARE,
And fell REVENGE and black DESPAIR,
Avoid the morning's light;
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose
Their restless passions to compose,
Who VIRTUE's dictates flight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood,
The goddess walks confest;
She gives the landscape pow'r to charm,
The sun his genial heat, to warm
The wise and generous breast.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind
Sees nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole surveys;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.



The varying year may shift the scene,
 The sounding tempest lash the main,
 And Heav'ns own thunders roll;
 Calmly he views the bursting storm,
 Tempests nor thunder can deform
 The morning of his soul.

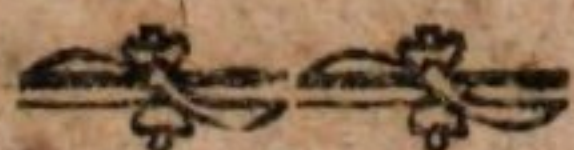


XIV. ODE to NIGHT.

THE busy cares of day are done;
 In yonder western cloud the sun
 Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
 And glad with light the nether skies.
 With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
 And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded
 spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
 Still shoots a gleam of fainter light:
 At length descends a browner shade;
 At length the glimm'ring objects fade;
 Till all submit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
 And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
 Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke.
 Now silence holds her solemn sway;
 Mute is each bush, and ev'ry spray:
 Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills is heard,
 Or from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's solitary
 bird.



Hail sacred hour of peaceful rest!
 Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast!
 By thee the captive slave obtains
 Short respite from his galling pains;
 Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil;
 But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry toil.

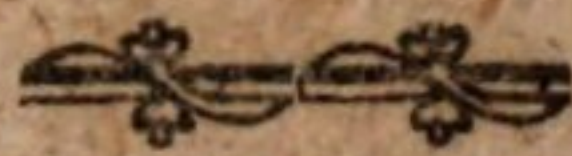
No horrors hast thou in thy train.
 No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
 When the pale murd'rer round him spies
 A thousand grisly forms arise,
 When shrieks and groans arouse his palsy'd fear,
 'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience wounds
 his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
 Whose breast the tender passion warms,
 Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
 To tell the fair his lovesick tale:
 Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
 She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
 LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid;
 Through foaming seas his passion bore,
 Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
 The conscious virgin from the sea-girt shore
 Hung out the faithful torch to guide him to her
 bow'r.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
 Pores on the fair instructive page;
 Or wrapt in musings deep his soul
 Mounts active to the starry pole:
 There pleas'd to range the realms of endless night,
 Numbers the stars, or marks the comets devious
 light.

Thine

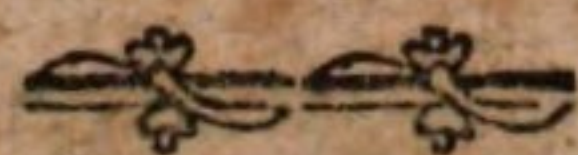


Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly wit and reason meet:
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
But fairer still with reason join'd.
Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
When eloquence and GRANVILLE join the friendly
board.

GRANVILLE, whose polish'd mind is fraught
With all that ROME or GREECE e'er taught;
Who pleases and instructs the ear,
When he assumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGYRITE or PLATO draws
The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and social joy!
And glean from GRANVILLE's learned store
Fair science and true wisdom's lore.
Then will I still implore thy longer stay,
Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine and the
day.





XV. An ODE on SCULPTURE.

LED by the Muse, my step pervades
 The sacred haunts, the peaceful shades,
 Where ART and SCULPTURE reign:
 I see, I see, at their command,
 The living stones in order stand,
 And marble breathe through ev'ry vein!
 TIME breaks his hostile scythe; he sighs
 To find his power malignant fled;
 „ And what avails my dart, he cries,
 „ Since these can animate the dead?
 „ Since wak'd to mimic life, again in stone
 „ The patriot seems to speak, the hero frown?“

There VIRTUE's silent train are seen,
 Fast fix'd their looks, erect their mien.
 Lo! while with more than stoic soul,
 The * ATTIC SAGE exhausts the bowl,
 A pale suffusion shades his eyes,
 Till by degrees the marble dies:
 See there the injur'd † POET bleed!
 Ah! see he droops his languid head!
 What starting nerves, what dying pain!
 What horror freezes ev'ry vein!
 These are thy works, O SCULPTURE! thine to show
 In rugged rock a feeling sense of woe.

Yet

* Socrates, who was condemned to die by poison.

† Seneca, born at Corduva, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philosopher. He bled to death in the bath.



Yet not alone such themes demand
The PHYDIAN stroke, the DAEDAL hand:

I view with melting eyes
A softer scene of grief display'd,
While from her breast the duteous maid
Her INFANT SIRE with food supplies.
In pitying stone she weeps, to see
His squalid hair, and galling chains;
And trembling, on her bended knee,
His hoary head her hand sustains;
While ev'ry look, and forrowing feature prove,
How soft her breast, how great her filial love.

Lo! there the wild * ASSYRIAN QUEEN,
With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien!
Revenge! revenge! the marble cries,
While fury sparkles in her eyes.
Thus was her awful form beheld,
When BABYLON's proud sons rebell'd!
She left the woman's vainer care,
And flew with loose dishevell'd hair;
She stretch'd her hand, imbru'd in blood,
While pale Sedition trembling stood:
In sudden silence the mad crowd obey'd
Her awful voice, and Stygian Discord fled.

With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,
The marble leaps, or shrinks, or burns,

K 5

As

* Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis sui occupatæ nunciatum esset Babylonem defecisse; altera parte crinium adhuc soluta protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit: nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in potestatem suam redegit: quocirca statua ejus Babylone posita est, &c.

VAL. MAX. de IRA.



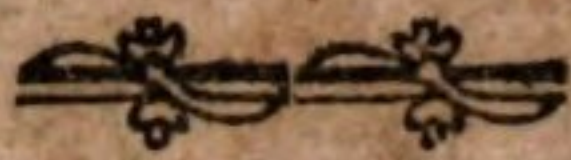
As SCULPTURE waves her hand:
 The varying passions of the mind,
 Her faithful handmaids are assign'd,
 And rise or fall by her command.
 When now life's wasted lamps expire,
 When sinks to dust this mortal frame,
 She, like PROMETHEUS, grasps the fire;
 Her touch revives the lambent flame;
 While, Phoenix-like, the statesman, bard, or sage,
 Spring fresh to life, and breathe through every age.

Hence, where the organ full and clear,
 With loud hosannas charms the ear,
 Behold (a prism within his hands)
 Absorb'd in thought, great * NEWTON stands!
 Such was his solemn, wonted state,
 His serious brow, and musing gait,
 When, taught on eagle wings to fly,
 He trac'd the wonders of the sky,
 The chambers of the sun explor'd,
 Where tints of thousand hues are stord';
 Whence ev'ry flow'r in painted robes is drest,
 And varying IRIS steals her gaudy vest.

Here, as DEVOTION, heav'nly queen,
 Conducts her best, her fav'rite train,
 At NEWTON's shrine they bow;
 And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,
 With VIRTUE's purest vestal rays,
 Behold their ardent bosoms glow!

Hail,

* A noble statue of Sir Isaac Newton erected in Trinity-college chapel, by Doctor Smith.



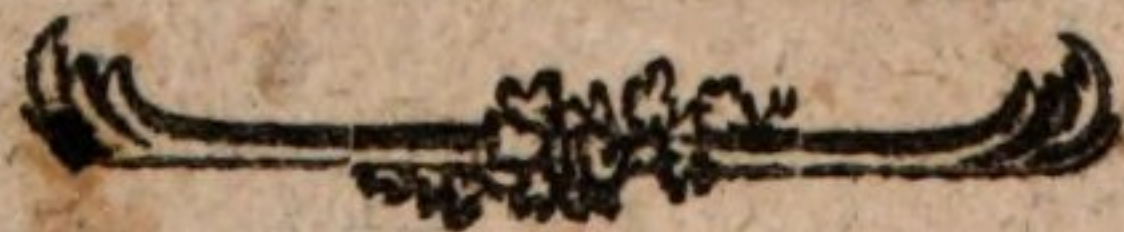
Hail, mighty mind! Hail, awful name!

I feel inspir'd my lab'ring breast;

And lo! I pant, I burn for fame!

Come, SCIENCE, bright ethereal guest,
Oh come, and lead thy meanest humblest son,
Through WISDOM's arduous paths, to fair re-
nown!

Could I to one faint ray aspire,
One spark of that celestial fire,
The leading Cynosure that glow'd
While SMITH explor'd the dark abode,
Where WISDOM sat on NATURE's shrine,
How great my boast! what praise were mine!
Illustrious sage! who first could'st tell
Wherein the pow'rs of MUSIC dwell;
And ev'ry magic chain untie,
That binds the soul of HARMONY!
To THEE, when mould'ring in the dust,
To THEE shall swell the breathing bust;
Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)
„Stand next in place to NEWTON, as in fame.”





XVI. The OLD ENGLISHMAN.

I.

I'LL tell you why I love my love;
 Because her thousand graces prove
 Her worth is very high:
 She's very fair, and very good,
 And not unwilling to be woo'd
 By one so plain as I.

II.

Wherever muse has fir'd the strain,
 On British or on Tuscan plain,
 Delighted has she rov'd;
 Has glow'd with all the gen'rous rage
 That animates the story'd page,
 By British bosoms lov'd.

III.

Oft has she sought, with careful feet,
 The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,
 And trac'd with thought profound
 Each precept of the wise and good;
 That ev'ry wish has she subdu'd
 To wisdom's narrow bound.

IV.

Has learn'd the flatt'ring paths to shun,
 Where folly's fickle vot'ries run,
 Deceiv'd by fortune's glare;
 Has learn'd that food, and clothes and fire,
 Are only nature's plain desire,
 Nor forms for more her pray'r.

V.



V.

Content with these, my GERALDINE
 Has promis'd to be ever mine,
 For well she knows my heart;
 She knows it honest and sincere;
 And much too open to appear
 Beneath the veil of art:

VI.

She knows it pants for her alone
 That not the splendor of a throne
 From her my steps could lure:
 To-morrow gives to these fond arms
 My GERALDINE in all her charms,
 And makes my bliss secure.



XVII. The MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

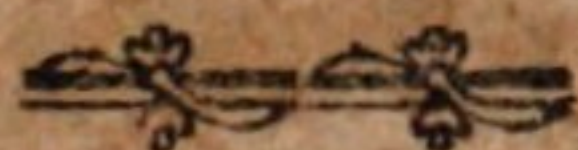
I.

No, no; by all the pow'rs above,
 My heart's as little touch'd by love
 As ever in my life.
 Full well, dear HAL, to thee is known
 Whom Fortune to my lot has thrown,
 To be my wedded wife.

II.

But why I wed? should any ask,
 To answer is an easy task,
 Want, want! my honest HARRY:
 What can a man, whose fortune's spent,
 Who's mortgag'd to his utmost rent,
 But drown, or shoot, or marry?

III



III.

Of these the best is fure the bride;
 For when once plung'd beneath the tide;
 Adieu to all our figure.
 Full sudden is the pistol's fate,
 When once tis touch'd, alas! too late
 We wish undrawn the trigger.

IV.

'Tis thus resolv'd then, honest boy,
 To-morrow thou may'st with me joy,
 Joy will I buy by wiving:
 Soon to her mansion, far from town,
 Six rapid Bays shall whirl us down,
 As if the devil were driving.

V.

There shall the brisk capacious bowl
 Drown ev'ry care that haunts the soul,
 And rouse me to new life:
 And, HAL, for all that she can say,
 Some blooming village queen of May
 Shall—wait upon my wife.

VI.

When all the tedious farce is o'er,
 And spouse has crown'd me with her dow'r,
 Should sudden ruin meet her,
 Ev'n though her coachman broke her neck,
 Unmov'd I'd stand amidst the wreck,
 Nor swear at heedless PETER.





XVIII. O D E , to MÆCENAS.

Translated from HORACE , by Dr. FRANCIS.

DESCENDED from an ancient line,
That once the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Haste thee to meet the gen'rous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
For thee the fragrant essence flows,
For thee, Mæcenas, breathes the blooming rose.

From the delights, oh! break away,
Which Tibur's marshy prospect yields,
Nor with unceasing joy survey
Fair Æsula's declining fields;
No more the verdant hills admire
Of Telegon, who kill'd his aged fire.

Instant forsake the joyless feast,
Where appetite in surfeit dies,
And from the tow'red structure haste,
That proudly threatens to the skies;
From Rome and its tumultuous joys,
Its crowds, and smoke, and opulence, and noise.

Where health-preserving plainness dwells,
Nor sleeps upon the Tyrian dye,
To frugal treats, and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly.
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.

Andromeda's conspicuous fire
Now darts his hidden beams from far;
The lion shews his mad'ning fire,
And barks fierce Procyon's raging star,
While Phœbus, with revolving ray,
Brings back the burnings of the thirsty day.

Fain.



Fainting beneath the swelt'ring heat,
To cooling streams and breezy shades
The shepherd and his flocks retreat,
While rustic sylvans seek the glades,
Silent the brook its borders laves,
Nor curls one vagrant breath of wind the waves.

But you for Rome's imperial state
Attend with ever-watchful care,
Or, for the world's uncertain fate
Alarm'd, with ceaseless terrors fear;
Anxious what eastern wars impend,
Or what the Scythians in their pride intend.

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,
Hath hid, in clouds of depthless night,
All that in future prospect lies,
Beyond the ken of mortal sight,
And laughs to see vain man oppress'd
With idle fears, and more than man distress'd.

Then wisely form the present hour;
Enjoy the bliss that it bestows;
The rest is all beyond our pow'r,
And like the changeful Tiber flows,
Who now beneath his banks subsides,
And peaceful to his native ocean glides;

But when descends a sudden show'r,
And wild provokes his silent flood,
The mountains hear the torrent roar,
And echoes shake the neighb'ring wood,
Then, swell'n with rage, he sweeps away
Uprooted trees, herds, dwellings to the sea.

Happy the man, and he alone,
 Who, master of himself, can say,
 To-day at least hath been my own,
 For I have clearly liv'd to-day:
 Then let to morrow's clouds arise,
 Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies.

Not Jove himself can now make void
 The joy that wing'd the flying hour;
 The certain blessing, once enjoy'd,
 Is safe beyond the Godhead's pow'r;
 Nought can recal the acted scene;
 What hath been, spite of Jove himself, hath been.

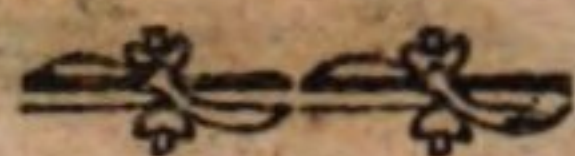
But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
 Indulges her malicious joy,
 And constant plays her haughty game,
 Proud of her office to destroy;
 To-day to me her bounty flows,
 And now to others she the bliss bestows.

I can applaud her while she stays,
 But if she shake her rapid wings,
 I can resign, with careless ease,
 The richest gifts her favour brings,
 Then folded lie in Virtue's arms,
 And honest Poverty's undower'd charms.

Though the mast howl beneath the wind,
 I make no mercenary pray'rs,
 Nor with the gods a bargain bind
 With future vows, and streaming tears,
 To save my wealth from adding more
 To boundless ocean's avaricious store.

L

Then



Then in my little barge I'll ride,
 Secure amid the foamy wave,
 Calm will I stem the threat'ning tide,
 And fearless all its tumults brave;
 Ev'n then perhaps some kinder gale,
 While the twin stars appear, shall fill my joyful sail.



XIX. O D E. *

By Mr. GRAY.

I. 1.
RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait,
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'-
 ring lance.

I. 2.

* The above Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD the First, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.



„ I see them fit, they linger yet,
 „ Avengers of their native land:
 „ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 „ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
 line.

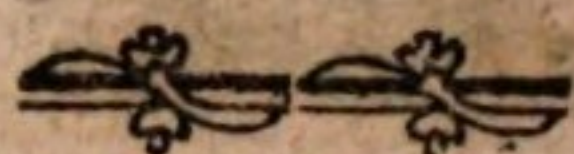
II. 1.

„ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 „ The winding-sheet of Edward's race,
 „ Give ample room, and verge enough
 „ The characters of hell to trace.
 „ Mark the year, and mark the night,
 „ When Severn shall re-ech with affright
 „ The shrieks of death, thro' Berkly's roofs that
 ring,
 „ Shrieks of an agonizing King!
 „ She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 „ That tear't the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 „ From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 „ The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round
 him wait!
 „ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
 „ And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

„ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 „ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 „ No pitying heart, no eye afford
 „ A tear to grace his obsequies.
 „ Is the fable Warriour fled?
 „ Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 „ The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were
 born,
 „ Gone to salute the rising Morn.

„ Fair



„ Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
„ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
„ In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
„ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
„ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
„ That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his eve-
ning-prey.

II. 3.

„ * Fill high the sparkling-bowl,
„ The rich repast prepare,
„ Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
„ Close by the regal chair
„ Fell Thirst and Famine fowl
„ A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
„ Heard ye the din of battle bray?
„ Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
„ Long Years of havock urge their destined course,
„ And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
„ Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
„ With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
„ Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
„ And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.
„ Above, below, the rose of snow,
„ Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
„ The bristled Boar in infant-gore
„ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
„ Now, Brothers, bending o'er th'accursed loom,
„ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
doom.

L 3

III. 1.

* Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers,) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.



III. I.

„ Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 „ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
 „ Half * of thy heart we consecrate,
 „ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”
 „ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 „ Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
 „ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 „ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 „ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 „ Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
 „ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 „ Ye unborn Ages; crowd not on my soul!
 „ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 „ All-hail †, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue
 „ hail!

III. 2.

„ Girt with many a Baron bold,
 „ Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 „ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 „ In bearded majesty, appear.
 „ In the midst a Form divine!
 „ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 „ Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
 „ Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace,
 „ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 „ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 „ Hear

* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen in several parts of England.

† Accession of the line of Tudor.



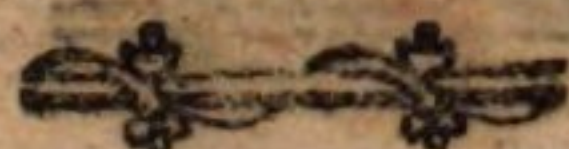
„ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin *, hear;
 „ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 „ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 „ Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd
 wings.

III. 3.

„ The verse adorn again
 „ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 „ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
 „ In buskin'd measures move
 „ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 „ With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 „ A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
 „ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 „ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 „ That lost in long futurity expire.
 „ Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine
 cloud,
 „ Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
 „ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 „ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 „ Enough for me: With joy I see
 „ The different doom our Fates assign.
 „ Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care,
 „ To triumph, and to die are mine.”
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
 night.

* Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.





XX. ODE to GENIUS.

I.

Thou Child of Nature, Genius strong,
 Thou Master of the Poet's Song;
 Before whose Light, Art's dim and feebly Ray
 Gleams like the Taper in the Blaze of Day:
 Thou lov'st to steal along the secret Shade,
 Where Fancy, bright ærial Maid!
 Awaits thee with her thousand Charms,
 And revels in thy wanton Arms.
 She to thy Bed, in Days of Yore,
 The sweetly-warbling SHAKESPEARE bore;
 Whom every Muse endow'd with every Skill,
 And dipt him in that sacred Rill,
 Whose silver Streams flow musical along,
 Where PHOEBUS' hallow'd Mount resounds with
 raptur'd Song.

II.

Forsake not Thou the vocal Choir,
 Their Breasts revisit with thy genial Fire,
 Else vain the studied Sounds of mimic Art,
 Tickle the Ear, but come not nigh the Heart.
 Vain every Phrase in curious Order set,
 On each Side leaning on the (stop-gap) Epithet.
 Vain the quick Rime still tinckling in the Close,
 While pure Description shines in measur'd Prose.
 Thou bear'st a-loof, and look'st with high
 Disdain,
 Upon the dull mechanic Train;
 Whose nerveless Strains flag on in languid Tone,
 Lifeless and lumpish as the Bag-pipe's drowzy
 Drone.

III.

III.

No longer now thy Altars blaze,
No Poet offers up his Lays;
Inspir'd with Energy divine,
To worship at thy sacred Shrine.
Since TASTE * with absolute Domain,
Extending wide her leaden Reign,
Kills with her melancholy Shade,
The blooming Scyons of fair Fancy's Tree;
Which erst full wantonly have stray'd,
In many a Wreath of richest Poésie.
For when the Oak denies her Stay,
The creeping Ivy winds her humble Way;
No more she twists her Branches round,
But drags her feeble Stem along the barren Ground.

IV.

Where then shal' d Genius go?
Since only those the Laurel claim,
And boast them of the Poet's Name,
Whose sober Rimes in even Tenour flow;
Who prey on Words, and all their Flowrets cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull
Why sleep the Sons of Genius now?
Why WARTONS rests the Lyre unstrung?
† And thou, blest Bard! around whose sacred
Brow,
Great PINDAR's delegated Wreath is hung;
Arise, and snatch the Majesty of Song,
From Dullness' servile Tribe, and Art's unhallow'd
Throng.

* By TASTE, is here meant the modern Affectation of it.

† The spirited and truly poetical Dr. AKENSIDE.



XXI. RURAL ELEGANCE:

An Ode to the late Duchess of SOMERSET.

By W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

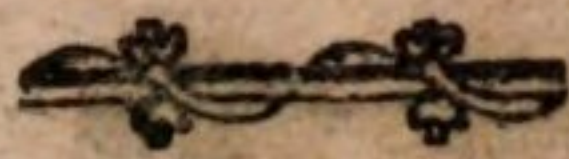
WHILE orient skies restore the day,
 And dew - drops catch the lucid ray;
 Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
 Will aught the Muse inspire?
 Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
 That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes, that o'er the mossy down
 Some panting, tim'rous hare pursue;
 Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown?
 Say, does she smoothe her lawns for you?
 For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
 And, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial
 cry?

See, from the neighb'ring hill, forlorn,
 The wretched swain your sport survey;
 He finds his faithful fences torn,
 He finds his labour'd crops a prey:
 He sees his flock — no more in circles feed;
 Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
 And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude,
 That Nature smiles for you alone;
 Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
 The proud, the selfish boast disown:
 Yours be the produce of the soil;
 O may it still reward your toil!
 Nor ever the defenceless train
 Of clinging infants, ask support in vain!

But



But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Acriconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But tho', the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the spring her flow'ry robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile.
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense ac-
cuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk, before you cry,
'tis fair.

Nor yet, ye learn'd, nor yet, ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
'Tis Nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases, kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

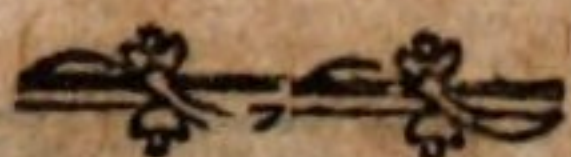
Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refin'd;



Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
 Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
 For such the rivers dash their foaming tides,
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides:
 Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wand'ring sight,
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with
 delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
 The fordid wretch secures his claim,
 If haply some luxurious heir
 Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
 What scruples lest some future birth
 Should litigate a span of earth!
 Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for
 prose,
 The tow'ring Muse endures not to disclose;
 Alas her unrevers'd decree,
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,
 When, to confirm his lofty plea;
 In nuptial fort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the sea:
 Each laughing Muse derides the vow;
 Ev'n ADRIA scorns the mock embrace,
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
 Allotted, from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dow'r:
 His breast to admiration prone,
 Enjoys the smiles upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant ev'ry grace,
 And finds her more his own.

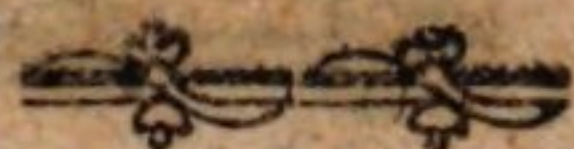


Fatigu'd with Form's oppressive laws,
When SOMERSET avoids the great;
When, cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat;
Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon thro'ble chaunt the rising year?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primrose of the plains?
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of pow'r, unknown to half man-
kind?

Ah! can she cover there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires:
While, studious of the moral theme,
She to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flow'ry margin to survey,
How cool, serene, and clear the current glides
away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind:
Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind!
On whose fair birth the graces mild,
And ev'ry muse prophetic smil'd.

Not



Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell;
Or, on the music of his lyre,
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet these the spirits form'd to judge and
 prove
All nature's charms immense, and Heaven's un-
 bounded love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
And bid ARCADIA bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smooth below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or thro' meand'ring mazes lead;
Or, in the horrid bramble's room,
Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten
all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!

O beauties never known to cloy!

While worth and genius haunt the favour'd
bow'r,

And ev'ry gentle breast partakes the joy !

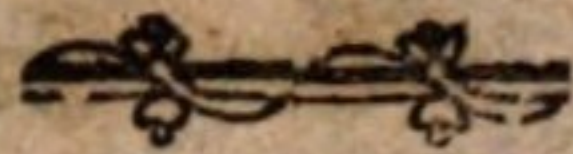
While Charity at eve surveys the swain,

Enabled by these toils to cheer.

A train of helpless infants dear,

Speed whistling home across the plain;

See



See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with
her own.

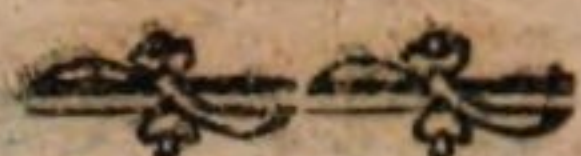
Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the
smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?
For sustenance alone? for use?
For preservation? Ev'ry sphere
Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear.

And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To sooth the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands, from the view
Of rural Nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the sons of Fancy flew;

There



There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat;
 There had she lavish'd all her care
 To form a scene more dazzling fair,
 And call'd them from their green retreat

To share her proud control;
 Had giv'n the robe with grace to flow,
 Had taught exotic gems to glow;
 And, emulous of Nature's pow'r,
 Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
 Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each rustic limb anew,
 And warp'd the very soul!

A while her magic strikes the novel eye,
 A while the fairy forms delight;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions thro' a purer sky;
 Where all is wond'rous, all is bright:
 Now landed on some spangled shore,
 A while each dazzled maniac roves
 By sapphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves.
 Paternal acres please no more;
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight —
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away!
 'Tis Nature only bears perpetual sway.
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,
 Fatigu'd with splendor's irksome beams.
 Fancy again demands the sight
 Of native groves, and wonted streams,



Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful
eyes,
Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes
Disguise.

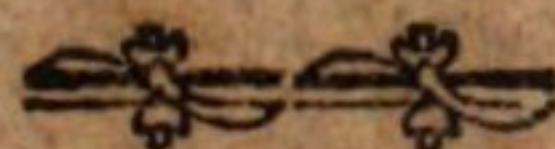
Then hither oft, ye senators, retire;
With Nature here high converse hold;
For who like STAMFORD her delights admire,
Like STAMFORD shall with scorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,
Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid,
Friendship in artless guise array'd,
Honour, and Moral Beauty, shine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more
divine.

Yes, here alone did highest Heav'n ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever Fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain —
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, row'rs,
'Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,
Or shrubs fuliginously grim;
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far distant grove,
Where, smit with undissembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd fair.

M

But

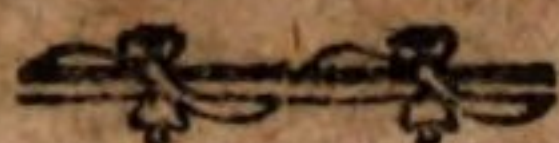


But how must faithless Art prevail,
 Should all who taste our joy sincere,
 To Virtue, Truth, or Science dear,
 Forego a court's alluring pale,
 For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
 For that rich luxury of thought they love!
 Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
 Example for its giddy bands;
 From these impartial Heav'n demands
 To spread the flame itself inspires;
 To sift Opinion's mingled mass,
 Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
 Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
 Round the gay precincts of a throne,
 With mild effective beams!
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,
 By solemn grot, or shady spring
 To join their pleasing dreams!
 Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
 They only that deserve, enjoy.
 What tho' nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
 Nor Naiad near their fountains rove,
 Yet all embody'd to the mental fight,
 A train of smiling Virtues bright
 Shall there the wise retreat allow,
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wand'-
 rer's brow.

And tho' by faithless friends alarm'd,
 Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous war;
 By SEYMOUR's winning influence charm'd,
 In whom their gifts united shine,
 No longer shall their counsels jar.

'Tis



'Tis hers to mediate the peace:
Near PERCY - LODGE, with awe - struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havock and contention cease.
I see the rival pow'rs combine,
And aid each other's fair design;
Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build;
Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the
field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay;
Where SOMERSET vouchsafes to rove,
Ye lev'rets freely sport and play.
— Peace to the strepent horn
Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane!
Unless her candor not exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
Fearful, yet not averse, that SOMERSET should
hear.





XXII. ODE to MEMORY, 1748.

By the SAME.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
 Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by Time;
 And, suff'ring not a leaf to fade,
 Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
 Bring, bring those moments to my mind,
 When life was new, and LESBIA kind.

 And bring that garland to my sight,
 With which my favour'd crook she bound;
 And bring that wreath of roses bright,
 Which then my festive temples crown'd.
 And to my raptur'd ear convey
 The gentle things she deign'd to say.

 And sketch with care the Muse's bow'r,
 Where ISIS rolls her silver tide;
 Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
 That shines on CHERWELL'S verdant side;
 If so thou mayst those hours prolong,
 When polish'd LYCON join'd my song.

 The song it 'vails not to recite —
 But sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
 Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
 Than other banks, than other streams:
 Or, by thy soft'ning pencil shown,
 Assume they beauties not their own?

 And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
 When, all beneath the poplar bough,
 My spirits light, my soul serene,
 I breath'd in verse one cordial vow;
 That nothing should my soul inspire,
 But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull



Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive pow'r depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away,
Which at Ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While Innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.





XXIII. ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

By the SAME.

AH! why for ever on the wing
Persists my weary'd soul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
Or pleasure or contentment home?

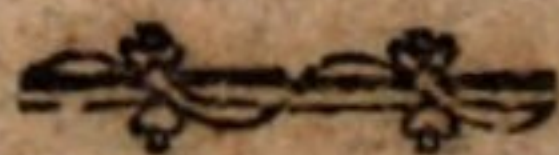
Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From Paradise's honour'd groves,
Careless fatigues his little frame,
Nor finds the resting-place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
The same soft bondage o'er my mind!

For why should ling'ring thought invade,
Yet ev'ry worldly prospect cloy?
Lend me, soft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempestuous wind that blows.

An altar on its bank shall rise,
Where oft thy vot'ry shall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the skies,
And sickning verdure fades around.



Ye busy race, ye factious train,
That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r;
If e'er I sway'd my active mind,
To weave for thee the rural bow'r:

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing sigh remove;
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.



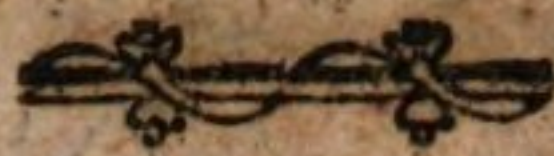
XXIV. TO A LADY OF QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

By the SAME.

AH! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart?
Ye trophies, which the learn'd pursue
Thro' endless, fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
To sooth the miseries they show?
What, like the bliss for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed?



Say, wretched Fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the simplest hind,
How rare that object which supplies
A charm for too discerning eyes!

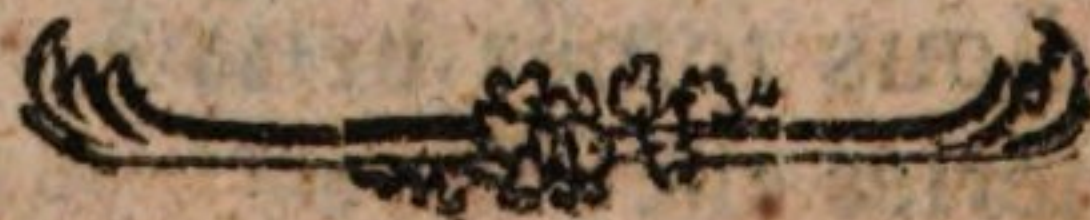
The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain;
As each invading blast devours
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of knowledge climb;
Then, from the tow'ring heights they scale,
Behold Contentment range — the vale!

Yet why, ASTERIA, tell us why
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh?
Why then does reason seem so fair?
Why learning then deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,
While you so fair a proof unfold,
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What strange perfection bids us own,
That bliss with toilsome science dwells,
And happiest he who most excels?





XXV. An Irregular ODE after SICKNESS, 1749.

By the SAME.

— Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus.

Too long a stranger to repose,
At length from Pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with tansies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The sun's forgotten beams:
O sun! how pleasing were thy rays,
Reflected from the polish'd face
Of yon refulgent streams!

Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue
Essay'd again the sweets of song:
And thus, in feeble strains and slow,
The loit'ring numbers 'gan to flow:

„ Come, gentle Air! my languid limbs restore,
„ And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore:
„ For sure I heard the tender sighs,
„ I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
„ Of hapless youths, who thro' the myrtle grove
„ Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love:
„ To that unjoyous clime,
„ Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies;
„ Debarr'd the lustre of their DELIA's eyes;
„ And banish'd in their prime.



„ Come, gentle Air ! and, while the thickets bloom,
 „ Convey the jess'mine's breath divine,
 „ Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
 „ Nor spare the sweet-leaft eglantine.
 „ And mayst thou shun the rugged storm,
 „ Till Health her wonted charms explain,
 „ With rural pleasure in her train,
 „ To greet me in her fairest form.
 „ While, from this lofty mount, I view
 „ The sons of earth, the vulgar crew,
 „ Anxious for futile gains beneath me stray,
 „ And seek with erring step Contentment's obvious way.

„ Come, gentle Air! and thou, celestial Muse,
 „ Thy genial flame infuse;
 „ Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
 „ And gild Retirement's gloomy shade;
 „ Enough to rear such rustic lays
 „ As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise.”

The gentle Air allow'd my claim;
 And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
 She mix'd the balm of op'ning flow'rs;
 Such as the bee, with chymic pow'rs,
 From HYBLA's fragrant hills inhales,
 Or scents SABEA's blooming vales.
 But ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
 By prescripts more refin'd,
 Neglects their vot'ry's anxious moan:
 Oh, how should they relieve?— the muses all were flown.



By flow'ry plain, or woodland shades,
I fondly sought the charming maids;
By woodland shades, or flow'ry plain,
I sought them, faithless maids! in vain!

When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where zeal and friendship lead,

To visit L****'s honour'd bow'r.

Ah, foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near less verdant shades!

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd
ground,

When sounds ethereal strike my ear;

At once celestial forms appear;

My fugitives are found, are found!

The muses here attune their lyres,

Ah partial! with unwonted fires;

Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,

The sportive graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,

Too well at one survey I trace,

How every muse, and every grace,

Had long employ'd their care.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,

Blooms not a flow'r amid the vernal store,

Falls not a plume on INDIA's distant plain,

Glow's not a shell on ADRIA's rocky shore,

But torn, methought, from native lands or seas,

From their arrangement, gain fresh pow'r to please.

And some had bent the wild'ring maze,

Bedeck'd with every shrub that blows;

And some entwin'd the willing sprays,

To shield th' illustrious dame's repose:

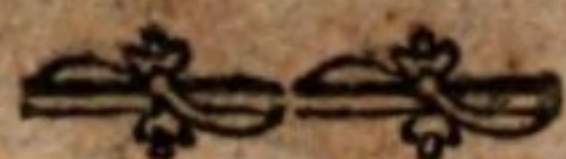
Others



Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
 And taught the portrait where to glow;
 Others arrang'd the curious tome;
 Or, 'mid the decorated space,
 Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,
 And given to learning all the pomp of show.
 And now, from ev'ry task withdrawn,
 They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! wo is me, said I;
 And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry;
 Have I for this with labour strove,
 And lavish'd all my little store
 To fence for you my shady grove,
 And scollop every winding shore;
 And fringe with every purple rose,
 The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treach'rous maids!
 To quit unseen my votive shades,
 When pale disease and tort'ring pain
 Had torn me from the breezy plain,
 And to a restless couch confin'd,
 Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd;
 She needs not your officious aid
 To swell the song, or plan the shade:
 By genuine fancy fir'd,
 Her native genius guides her hand,
 And, while she marks the sage command,
 More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
 Her lyre resound with nobler lays
 Than ever you inspir'd.
 Thus I my rage and grief display;
 But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
 Nor will a grace or muse return
 Till LUXBOROUGH lead the way.



XXVI. THE PASSIONS,
AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair —
Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But



But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bad the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every
 close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden
 hair.

And longer had she sung, — but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing-trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
 from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
 Hate.

With



With eyes up-rai's'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Chearfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed
queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,

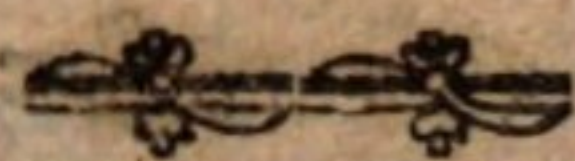
To



To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why to us denied?
 Lay'st thou thy antient lyre aside?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page —
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Even all at once together found
 Cæcilia's mingled world of sound —
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!





XXVII. A LAPLANDER'S ODE.

I.

HASTE, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey through this dreary waste;
Haste my rain-deer! still, still thou art too slow.
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

II.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread:
Soon will the sun withdraw his chearful ray:
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

III.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell.

IV.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rain-deer, fly swifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

V.

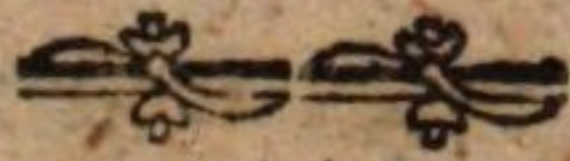
Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

VI.

But lo! with graceful motion there she swims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave;
The crouding waves transported clasp her limbs:
When, when, oh when shall I such freedom have!

N

VII.



VII.

In vain, ye envious streams, so fast ye flow,
 To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze:
 From every touch you more transparent grow,
 And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.



XXVIII. ANOTHER ODE, translated from
 the Laplandish Original.

I.
THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.

II.
 Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
 Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.

III.
 My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
 Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

IV.
 Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise:
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
 And waft a lover on his way.

V. My



V.

My blifs too long my bride denies,
 Apace the waſting ſummer flies:
 Nor yet the wintry blaſts I fear,
 Not ſtorms or night ſhall keep me here.

VI.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
 Oh! love has fetters ſtronger far:
 By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

VII.

No longer then perplex thy breaſt,
 When thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt;
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay,
 Away to Orre, haſte away.



XXIX. To the Right-Honourable the Counteſs of DERBY, on her leaving Brunſwick.

July 24. 1782.

The people whoſe unchequered Day
 Ends in a joyleſs Half-Year's Night,
 Look wiſtful on the ſetting Ray
 That glitters on Spitzbergen's Height:

Thus, when our Day of Pleaſure o'er,
 To us Thou ſetteſt, each wiſtful Eye,
 Shall look till it can ſee no more,
 Then weep the Springs of Sorrow dry.



But, Derby, say what magick charms,
 Or rather say what pow'r divine,
 Each churlish envious Soul disarms,
 And makes all Hearts and Voices thine?

For not ador'd by Men alone,
 The Females thy full Worth admit;
 And, strange! Thy Beauty Beauties own,
 And, stranger! Wits applaud Thy Wit!

Say, does Thy Form or beauteous Face
 Such universal Love impart?
 Is it Thy Sense, Thy Ease, Thy Grace,
 Thy Wit? — No, Derby, 'tis Thy Heart.

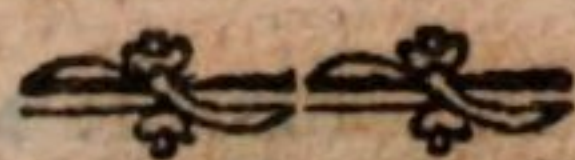
'Tis that good Humour chaste as free,
 That with an artless Charm endears;
 Mankind all meet a Friend in Thee,
 Yet no Man hopes, nor Woman fears.

But all things here, me thinks, combine,
 Thy Influence fuller to express;
 The Sun itself seems more benign,
 And Nature wears her Gala-Dress.

Ah! why then hurry hence so soon?
 Why haste to tempt the fickle Main?
 It gave a Venus — such a Boon
 It may wish to take back again.

Why wilt Thou seek a greater Court?
 There no such social Pleasure springs;
 What though no Monarchs here resort,
 Yet are not Heroes more than Kings?

But,



But since to our dear Isle You go,
 Whate'er we feel, I'll not complain?
 No Patriot must, (I'm out, You know)
 Whene'er his Loss is Britains Gain.

J. J.



XXX. THE RECANTATION, AN ODE.

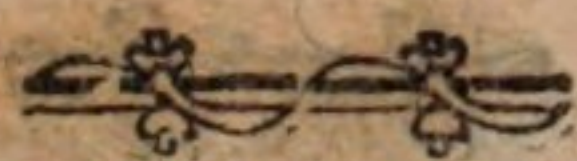
By love too long depriv'd of rest,
 (Fell tyrant of the human breast!)
 His vassal long, and worn with pain,
 Indignant late I spurn'd the chain;
 In verse, in prose, I sung and swore,
 No charms should e'er enslave me more,
 Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
 Again should force one tender sigh.

As, taught by heaven's informing power,
 From every fruit and every flower,
 That nature opens to the view,
 The bee extracts the nectar-dew;
 A vagrant thus, and free to change
 From fair to fair I vow'd to range,
 And part from each without regret
 As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
 With Freedom's praise the vallies rung,
 And every night and every day,
 My heart thus pour'd th'enraptur'd lay:

N 3

„ My



„ My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
 „ My breast regains its wonted peace,
 „ And joy and hope returning prove,
 „ That Reason is too strong for Love.”

Such was my boast — but, ah! how vain!
 How short was Reason's vaunted reign!
 The firm resolve I form'd ere-while
 How weak, oppos'd to Clara's smile!
 Chang'd is the strain. — The vallies round
 With Freedom's praise no more resound,
 But every night and every day
 My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

Offended deity, whose power
 My rebel tongue but now forswore,
 Accept my penitence sincere,
 My crime forgive, and grant my prayer!
 Let not thy slave, condemn'd to mourn,
 With unrequited passion burn;
 With Love's soft thoughts her breast inspire,
 And kindle there an equal fire!

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
 (The empty triumph of an hour)
 Nor practis'd wiles of female art
 That now subdue my destin'd heart:
 O no! — 'Tis heav'n, whose wondrous hand
 A transcript of itself hath plann'd,
 And to each outward grace hath join'd
 Each lovelier feature of the mind,

These charms shall last, when others fly,
 When roses fade, and lillies die;
 When that dear eye's declining beam
 Its living fire no more shall stream:

Blest



Blest then, and happy in my chain,
The song of Freedom flows in vain;
Nor Reason's harsh reproof I fear,
For Reason's self is Passion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
My daily thought, my nightly dream,
If yet no youth's successful art
(Sweet hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,
If yet no swain hath bless'd thy choice;
Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice;
From doubts, from fears his bosom free,
And bid him live — for love and thee!



XXXI. ODE to DELLIUS*.

Translated from Horace by Dr. FRANCIS.

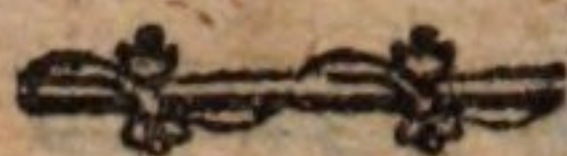
IN adverse hours an equal mind maintain,
Nor let your spirit rise too high,
Though Fortune kindly change the scene —
Remember, Dellius, you were born to die.

N 4

Whe-

* Dellius was a true picture of inconstancy. After Cæsar's death he changed his party four times in the space of twelve years. Horace in this ode instructs him in the purest maxims of Epicurean philosophy.

The soul and body, in the opinion of Epicurus, were two parts, composed of the same matter, which ought to unite, in the harmony and agreement of their pleasures



Whether your life in sorrows pass,
 And sadly joyless glide away;
 Whether, reclining on the grass,
 You bless with choicer wine the festal day,

Where the pale poplar and the pine
 Expel the sun's intemp'rate beam;
 In hospitable shades their branches twine,
 And winds with toil, tho' swift, the trem'lous
 stream.

Here pour your wines, your odours shed,
 Bring forth the rose's short-liv'd flow'r,
 While Fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
 While youth and fortune give th' indulgent hour.

Your purchas'd woods, your house of state,
 Your villa, wash'd by Tiber's wave,
 You must, my Dellius, yield to Fate,
 And to your heir these high-pil'd treasures leave.

Whe-

res, for the happiness of man. Horace therefore, after advising Dellius to possess his soul in tranquillity by the moderation of his passions, allows him to indulge his senses with innocent diversions. This is all that an Epicurean can reasonably say, according to his own principles. SANADON.

Ver. 1. An equal mind.) Virtue finds dangers and difficulties in all extremes of life. Prosperity exalteth us too high; adversity depresseth us too low. The last effort, therefore, of reason is to support us equally between presumption and despair; nor is any reflection more capable of producing this equality of soul than the thoughts of death, which shall one day put an end to all the changes of fortune.



Whether you boast a monarch's birth,
 While wealth unbounded round you flows,
 Or poor, and sprung from vulgar earth,
 No pity for his victim Pluto knows;

We all must tread the paths of Fate,
 And ever shakes the mortal urn,
 Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
 On Charon's boat, ah! never to return.



XXXII. ODE to SEPTIMIUS*.

Translated from Horace by Dr. FRANCIS.

SEPTIMIUS, who hast vow'd to go
 With Horace ev'n to farthest Spain,
 Or see the fierce Cantabrian foe,
 Untaught to bear the Roman chain,
 Or the barbaric Syrts, with mad recoil
 Where Mauritanian billows ceaseless boil:

N 5

May

Ver. 26. And ever shakes the mortal urn, &c.)
 As it was customary among the ancients to decide affairs of utmost consequence by lot, they feigned, that the names of all mankind were written upon billets, and thrown into an urn, which was perpetually in motion; and that they, whose billets were first drawn, should die first.

* Septimius, in his professions of friendship to Horace, assured him, that he would run all future hazards of his fortune, and that nothing should ever separate them



May Tibur to my latest hours
 Afford a kind and calm retreat;
 Tibur, beneath whose lofty tow'rs
 The Grecians fix'd their blisful seat;
 There may my labours end, my wand'rings cease,
 There all my toils of warfare rest in peace.

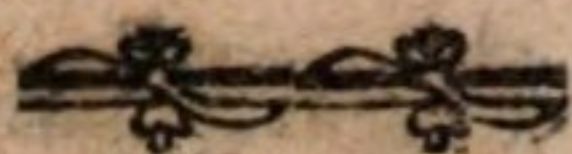
But should the partial Fates refuse
 That purer air to let me breathe,
 Galefus, thy sweet stream I'll chuse,
 Where flocks of richest fleeces bathe:
 Phalantus there his rural sceptre sway'd,
 Uncertain offspring of a Spartan maid.

No spot so joyous smiles to me
 Of this wide globe's extended shores;
 Where nor the labours of the bee
 Yield to Hymettus' golden stores,
 Nor the green berry of Venafrian soil
 Swells with a riper flood of fragrant oil.

There

them again. The poet declares to him, that, tired of the fatigues of war, he now only wishes to pass the remainder of his days in tranquillity, either at his own seat near Tibur, or with Septimius at Tarentum.

Ver. 8. A calm retreat.) The poet says in general, that whether he should be obliged to travel by sea or land, or to bear arms again, he wishes that Tibur may be the retreat of his old age. He had not only served under Brutus, but attended Mæcenas to the second congress at Brundisium; and through all the war of Sicily. These violent motions were by no means agreeable to his humour and complexion. He was a poet, a philosopher, and of a constitution too delicate to bear such fatigues.



There Jove his kindest gifts bestows,
 There joys to crown the fertile plains,
 With genial warmth the Winter glows,
 And Spring with lengthen'd honours reigns,
 Nor Aulon, friendly to the clust'ring vine,
 Envies the vintage of Falernian wine,
 That happy place, that sweet retreat,
 The charming hills that round it rise,
 Your latest hours and mine await,
 And when at length your Horace dies,
 There the deep sigh thy poet-friend shall mourn,
 And pious tears bedew his glowing urn.



XXXIII. ODE to POMPEIUS GROSPHUS*.

Translated from Horace by Dr. FRANCIS.

CAUGHT in the wild Ægean seas,
 The sailor bends to heav'n for ease,
 While clouds the moon's fair lustre hide,
 And not a star his course to guide.

Fu.

Ver. 36. And pious tears, &c.) The poet here requires the last office of friendship from Septimius, that he would sprinkle his ashes with a tear.

Horace, more strongly to mark the friendship of Septimius, says, that he shall perform this last pious office, before his ashes shall be cold, while they shall be yet glowing from the funeral pile.

* When Horace draws the morals of Epicurus at their source, it must be confessed, that human wisdom never produced any system more reasonable. The pleasure



Furious in war the Thracian prays,
 The quiver'd Mede, for ease, for ease,
 A blessing never to be sold
 For gems, for purple, or for gold.
 Nor can the consul's pow'r controul
 The sickly tumults of the soul,
 Or bid the Cares to stand aloof,
 That hover round the vaulted roof.

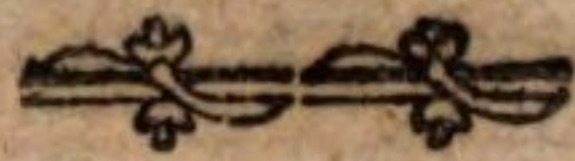
Happy the man, whose frugal board
 His father's plenty can afford;
 His gentle sleep nor anxious fear
 Shall drive away, nor sordid care.

Why do we aim with eager strife
 At things beyond the mark of life?
 To climates warm'd by other suns
 In vain the wretched exile runs;
 Flies from his country's native skies,
 But never from himself he flies;

Corro-

sure of that philosopher, a pleasure abused by libertinism, and condemned by ignorance, consisted in a tranquillity of mind, resulting from the practice of virtue. From this principle are derived all those beautiful maxims, which our poet hath dispersed through his whole works, and which appear particularly in this ode, where he gives such counsel to his friend, as seems to be dictated by reason itself. After having spoken of the repose of the body in the first eight lines, he proposeth, as an object more worthy of our desires, the repose of the soul: but the transition is so lightly marked, that it hath escaped the commentators. SAN.

Ver. 18. — beyond the mark of life.) This is happily expressed. Our desires are the arrows of our hearts, which we are always aiming beyond the mark of life, and, as it were, shooting out of sight. SANADON.



Corroding cares incessant charge
His flight, and climb his armed barge;
Or though he mount the rapid steed,
Care follows with unerring speed,
Far fleetier than the tim'rous hind,
Far fleetier than the driving wind.
The spirit, that, serenely gay,
Careless enjoys the present day,
Can with an easy, cheerful smile,
The bitterness of life beguile;
Nor fears th' approaching hour of Fate,
Nor hopes for human bliss complete.

Achilles perish'd in his prime,
Tithon was worn away by time,
And Fate, with lavish hand, to me
May grant what it denies to thee.
An hundred bleating flocks are thine,
Around thee graze thy lowing kine;
Neighing thy mares invite the reins,
Thy robes the twice-dy'd purple stains;
On me, not unindulgent Fate
Bestow'd a rural, calm retreat,
Where I may tune the Roman lyre,
And warm the song with Grecian fire,
Then scorn, in conscious virtue proud,
The wortless malice of the crowd.

Ver. 35. Achilles.) Achilles was famed for his military glories; yet he died in prime of life. Tithonus was the favourite of a goddess; but even her present of immortality became a burden to him, and, after lingering in a miserable old age, he was changed into a grasshopper. Such are the instances by which Horace would prove, that mortals never can be completely happy.





XXXIV. ODE. Translated from Horace*.

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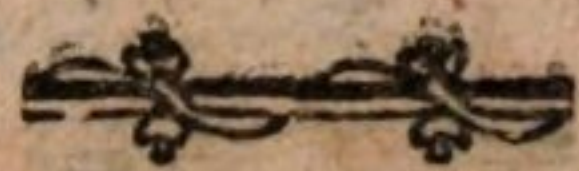
MONARCHS on earth their pow'r extend,
 Monarchs to Jove submissive bend,
 And own the sov'reign God,
 With glorious triumph who subdu'd
 The Titan race, gigantic brood!
 And shakes whole nature with his nod.

When rival candidates contend,
 And to the field of Mars descend,
 To urge th' ambitious claim,
 Some of illustrious birth are proud,
 Some of their clients, vassal croud,
 And some of virtue's fame.

Others the rural labour love,
 And joy to plant the spreading grove,
 The furrow'd glebe to turn;
 Yet with impartial hand shall Fate,
 Both of the lowly and the great,
 Shake the capacious urn.

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* Horace in this and the next book shews forth all his poetical abilities. Poetry itself appears in its native, original character, employed in celebrating the power of the gods, and the praises of men; in supporting the sacred truths of religion, and encouraging the practice of moral virtue. In this ode the poet asserts the sovereignty of Jupiter, and descending from him, upon whom they all depend, through the various degrees of life, he teaches us, that true happiness can only be found in a contented and frugal enjoyment of the blessings we possess.



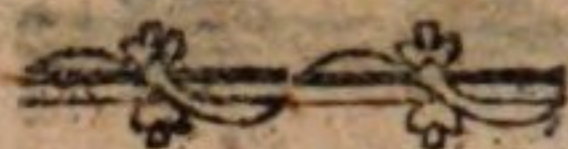
Behold the wretch, with conscious dread,
In pointed vengeance o'er his head
Who views th'impending sword;
Nor dainties force his pall'd desire,
Nor chaunt of birds, nor vocal lyre
To him can sleep afford;

Heart-soothing sleep, which not disdains
The rural cot, and humble swains,
And shady river fair;
Or Tempe's ever-blooming spring,
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Who nature's frugal dictates hears,
He nor the raging ocean fears,
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Whether in gloomy storms they rise,
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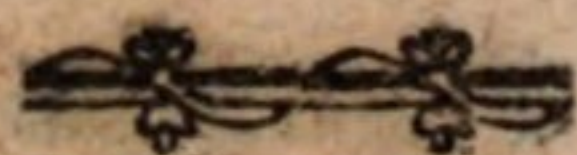
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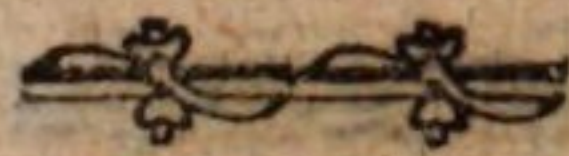
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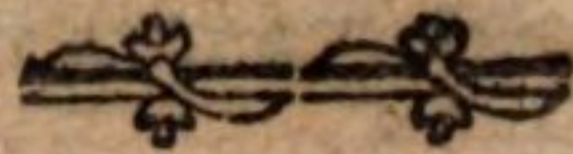
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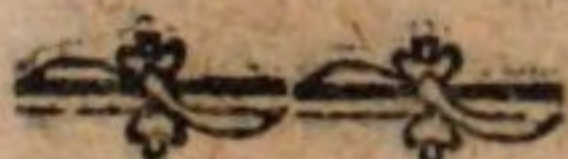


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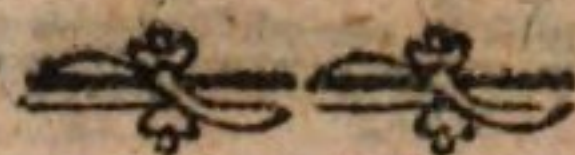
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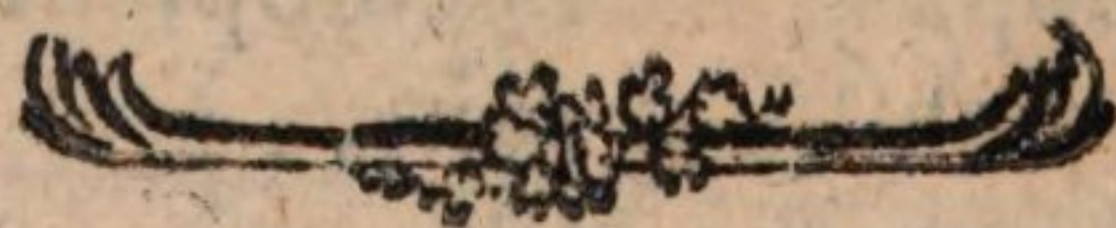
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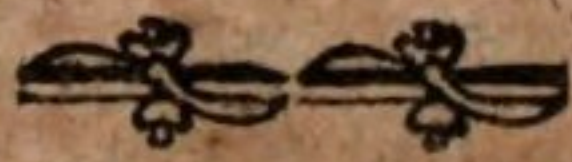


High though his structures rise in air,
Pale menaces and black despair
This haughty lord shall find,
O'ertake his armed galley's speed,
And when he mounts the flying steed,
Sits gloomy care behind.

If purple, which the morn outshines,
Or marble from the Phrygian mines,
Though labour'd high with art,
If essence, breathing sweets divine,
Or flowing bowls of gen'rous wine,
Ill sooth an anxious heart:

On columns, rais'd in modern style,
Why should I plan the lofty pile
To rise with envy'd state?
Why, for a vain, superfluous store,
Which would encumber me the more,
Resign my Sabine seat?





XXXV. ODE on a STORM.

WITH gallant pomp, and beauteous pride
The floating pile in harbour rode,
Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
Reluctant left the vessel's side,
And rais'd it as she flow'd.

The waves with Eastern breezes curl'd,
Had silver'd half the liquid plain;
The anchors weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
And stretch'd along the main.

The scaly natives of the deep,
Press to admire the vast machine,
In sporting gambols round it leap,
Or swimming low, due distance keep,
In homage to their queen.

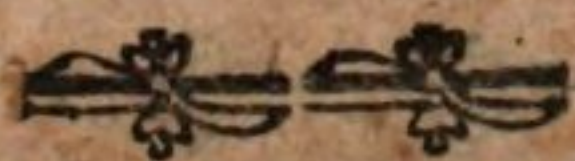
Thus, as life glides in gentle gale
Pretended friendship waits on power,
But early quits the borrow'd veil
When adverse fortune shifts the sail,
And hastens to devour.

In vain we fly approaching ill,
Danger can multiply its form;
Expos'd we fly like Jonas still,
And Heaven, when 'tis Heaven's will,
O'ertakes us in a storm.

The distant surges foamy white
Foretell the furious blast;
Dreadful, tho' distant, was the sight,
Confed'rate winds and waves unite,
And menace ev'ry mast.

O

Winds



Winds whistling thro' the shrouds, proclaim
A fatal harvest on the deck,
Quick in pursuit as active flame,
Too soon the rolling ruin came,
And ratify'd the wreck.

Thus, Adam smil'd with new-born grace,
Life's flame inspir'd by heavenly breath;
Thus the same breath sweeps off his race,
Disorders Nature's beauteous face,
And spreads disease and death.

Stripp'd of her pride, the vessel rolls,
And as by sympathy she knew
The secret anguish of our souls,
With inward deeper groans condoles
The danger of her crew.

Now what avails it to be brave,
On liquid precipices hung?
Suspended on a breaking wave,
Beneath us yawn'd a sea-green grave,
And silenced ev'ry tongue.

The faithless flood forsook her keel,
And downward launch'd the lab'ring hull,
Stunn'd she forgot a while to reel
And feel almost, or seem'd to feel
A momentary lull.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
Nor light, nor comfort found us there,
Lost in the gulph and floods of spray
No sun to cheer us, nor a ray
Of hope, but all despair.

The



The nearer shore, the more despair,
 While certain ruin waits on land;
 Should we pursue our wishes there,
 Soon we recant the fatal prayer,
 And strive to shun the strand.

At length, the Being whose behest
 Reduced this Chaos into form,
 His goodness and his power express'd,
 He spoke — and, as a God, suppress'd
 Our troubles, and the storm.



XXXVI. ODE on the Death of MATZEL,
 a favourite Bull-finch, address'd to Mr. STAN-
 HOPE, to whom the Authour had given the
 Reversion of it when he left Dresden.

By the Honourable

Sir CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS, Kt. of the Bath.

I.

TRY not, my STANHOPE, 'tis in vain
 To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
 Or check your honest rage;
 Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
 My present joy, your future hope,
 Lies murder'd in his cage.



II.

Matzel's no more, ye graces, loves,
 Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,
 Attend th' untimely bier;
 Let ev'ry sorrow be exprest,
 Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
 And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
 By fell Grimalkin's claws he died —
 But vengeance shall have way:
 On pains and tortures I'll refine;
 Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,
 His nine will ill repay.

IV.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
 Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
 In thy funereal verse:
 My painful task shall be to write
 Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
 And hang it on thy hearse.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
 My bird, who never to return
 Is fled to happier shades,
 Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
 The place most charming, and most fair
 Of all th' Elysian glades.

VI.



VI.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
 Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love;
 There shall thy plaintive strain
 Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
 To Procris yield some short relief,
 And soften Dido's pain.

VII.

Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
 Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
 And love thee with my love;
 While each attendant's soul shall praise
 The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
 And all his songs approve.



XXXVII. SAPPHO'S HYMN to VENUS.

Translated from the Greek Original.

I.
O Venus, beauty of the skies,
 To whom a thousand temples rise,
 Gaily false in gentle smiles,
 Full of love-perplexing wiles;
 O goddess! from my heart remove
 The wasting cares and pains of love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
 A song in soft distress prefer'd,
 Propitious to my tuneful vow,
 O gentle goddess! hear me now.
 Descend thou bright, immortal guest,
 In all thy radiant charms confest.



III.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way,
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

IV.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

V.

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what cure to be asswag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me, who?

VI.

Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Tho' now thy off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

VII.



VII.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.



XXXVIII. SAPPHO'S FRAGMENT.

Translated from the Greek Original.

I.

BLEST as th'immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

III.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.



IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.



VI.

ORIENTAL ELOGUES.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

E C L O G U E I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
 Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
 Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
 Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
 What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When



When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat; and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermin beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Blest were the days, when wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters blest'd their love.



IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
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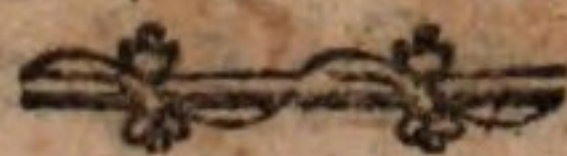
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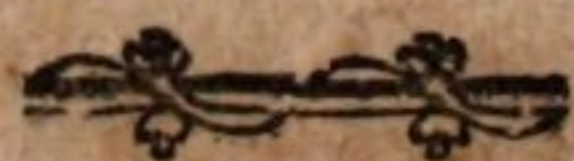
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With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bless'd their love.



O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Loft to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are
clear,
To lead the train, sweet modesty appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most — not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
And love the last: by these your hearts approve,
These are the virtues that must lead to love.
Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.



E C L O G U E II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

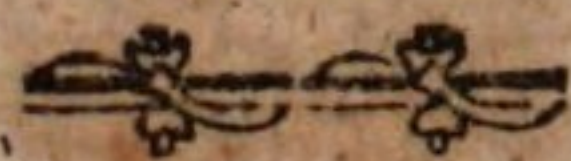
I
IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus
began:

„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
„When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall Thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:

Here



Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
„When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!”

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!

The lilly peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:

Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.

Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:

And are we only yet repay'd by thee?

Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,

Or why fond man so easily betray'd?

Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,

The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?

Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,

The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,

Why think we these less pleasing to behold,

Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?

„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

„When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!”

O cease, my fears! — all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet! —

Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:

And fearful! oft, when day's declining light

Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,

By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,

Gaunt wolves and fullen tygers in his train:

Before them death with shrieks directs their way,

Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

„When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!”

At



At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
„When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!”

O hapless youth! for she thy love had won,
The tender Zara will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
„Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
„Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
„Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
„Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
„Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
„No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like
me.”

O let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day.
When back to Shiraz' walls he bent his way.



E C L O G U E III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

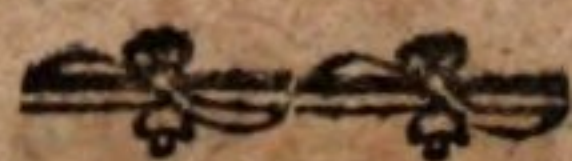
IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' towers are seen,
 In distant view along the level green,
 While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra fung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
 At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lillies rear them in the watery mead;
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 'Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
 Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
 All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
 The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chace away;
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And fought the vales and echoing groves among:
 At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

„ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 „ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!“

The



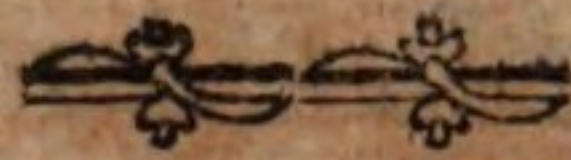
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
„ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
„ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.
„ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
„ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
„ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
„ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.

What



What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 O happy days! the maids around her say;
 O haste, profuse of blessing, haste away!
 „ Be every youth, like royal Abbas, mov'd;
 „ And every Georgian maid, like Abra, lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
 Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
 At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
 And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And past in radiance thro' the cloudless sky;
 Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
 Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
 Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
 'Till faint and weak Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.

Friend



Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain!
And yon wide groves, already past, with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried!
And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

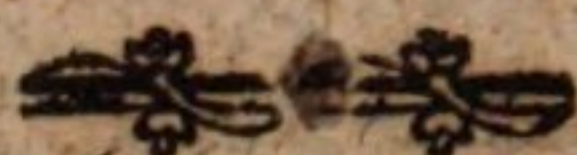
Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind:
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And one by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove



By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove,
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
 Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possest,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eye's blue languish, and their golden hair!
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
 Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

Ode,

O D E,

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F. R. S.

AUTHOR OF

“The State of English and Foreign Prisons,”

by

William Hailey, Esq.

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F. R. S.

AUTHOR OF

"The State of English and Foreign Prisons,"

by

William Hailey, Esq.

Advertisement.

The Hero of this excellent Ode, Mr. JOHN HOWARD, a Gentleman of a very affluent fortune, and born of one of the noblest families of England, having in the last war but one, undertaken a Voyage for his health, happened to be taken by a French privateer, and conducted to France. During a tedious passage on board of the privateer crowded with prisoners, sick and wounded people, and wanting almost all the necessaries of life, especially water and wholesome air, he became thoroughly sensible of the misery of confinement. In France he observed the Situation of his starving English fellow-prisoners, and having ransomed himself, hastened to England, and by his zealous and forcible representations, greatly contributed to relieve and abridge their sufferings.



Some Years after, he was named Sheriff of one of the English Counties, when assisting at an Assize, he observed the Gaoler preparing to take several of the prisoners who had been tried, found, "Not guilty" and discharged, back to prison, until the discharge of the Gaol-fees &c. Deeply affected by the peculiar hardships of these guiltless sufferers, he instantly paid the Gaoler's demands, and resolved on the strictest personal Inquiry into the state of the County-Gaol, where he found such instances of abuse, misery, and oppression, as prevailed on him to continue his inquiries through all the prisons of Great Britain and Ireland, and of almost all Europe. For this godlike purpose he left every domestic endearment, all the enjoyments of a very affluent fortune, entered into the minutest details, ventured into every accessible subterraneous dungeon, however loathsome and pestilential, examined the situation of every prisoner, relieved every distress to the utmost of his power, and collected the materials for his "State of English and Foreign Prisons," a Work, which, considering its purpose and salutary effects, must endear him to mankind as long as they shall retain any sense of the merits of a pursuit and a conduct in the highest,



highest degree original, generous, spirited, steady, persevering; of the merits of a wise and heroical champion of distressed humanity.

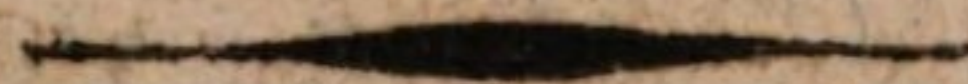
On his return to London, from his First Series of Voyages and Travels, (for he undertook and performed several) he digested his Materials, printed his Book, and inscribed it to the Parliament of Great-Britain. A Committee was soon chosen, to examine its allegations, and to propose and prepare the Laws necessary for the relief of the Sufferers. Parliament struck with the transcendent Merits of his performance, unanimously, and, as it were, by acclamation, voted him their warmest Thanks; a reward never better earned, nor better bestowed, than on a man and a conduct that reflect honour not only on England but on Human Nature.

His Book has since been severally reprinted, and translated into several Languages. A German Abstract, entitled: „Howard, über Gefängnisse und Zuchthäuser“, was published at Leipzig, in 1780. in 8vo. The number of unfortunate sufferers hitherto relieved by his Toils, amounts in Gr. Britain & Ireland, already to many Thousands; and since



the attention of many European Governments has now been roused on this Subject, the effects of Mr. Howard's humanity, must in time, directly and indirectly, extend to Millions of unhappy sufferers! —

J. F. S.



ODE,

O D E,

inscribed to

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F.R.S.

Author of

“The State of English and Foreign Prisons,”

by

William Hailey, Esq;

I.
FAV’RITE of Heaven, and friend of Earth!
 Philanthropy, benignant Power!
 Whose sons display no doubtful worth,
 The pageant of the passing hour!
 Teach me to paint, in deathless song,
 Some darling from thy filial throng,
 Whose deeds no party-rage inspire,
 But fill th’ agreeing world with one desire,
 To echo his renown, responsive to my lyre!

2.

Ah! whither lead’st thou? whence that sigh?
 What sound of woe my bosom jars?
 Why pass, where Misery’s hollow eye
 Glares wildly thro’ those gloomy bars?
 Is Virtue sunk in these abodes,
 Where keen Remorse the heart corrodes;
 Where Guilt’s base blood with frenzy boils,
 And Blasphemy the mournful scene embroils?—
 From this infernal gloom my shudd’ring soul recoils.

3.



3.

But whence those sudden sacred beams?
 Oppression drops his iron rod!
 And all the bright'ning dungeon seems
 To speak the presence of a God.
 Philanthropy's descending ray
 Diffuses unexpected day!
 Loveliest of angels!— at her side
 Her favourite votary stands;— her English pride,
 Thro' Horror's mansions led by this celestial guide.

4.

Hail! generous HOWARD! tho' thou bear
 A name which Glory's hand sublime
 Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,
 In characters that fear not Time;
 For thee she fondly spreads her wings,
 For thee from Paradise she brings,
 More verdant than her laurel bough,
 Such wreaths of sacred Palm, as ne'er till now
 The smiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal brow.

5.

That Hero's * praise shall ever bloom,
 Who shielded our insulted coast;
 And launch'd his light'ning to consume
 The proud Invader's routed host.
 Brave perils rais'd his noble name:
 But thou deriv'st thy matchless fame
 From scenes, where deadlier danger dwells;
 Where fierce Contagion, with affright, repels
 Valour's advent'rous step from her malignant cells.

6.

* Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High-Admiral and Commander in Chief of the English Fleet, who in Queen Elizabeth's Reign, defeated and with Admiral Drake, nearly destroyed the famous Spanish „invincible” Armada.



6.

Where in the dungeon's loathsome shade,
 The speechless Captive clanks his chain,
 With heartless hope to raise that aid
 His feeble cries have call'd in vain:
 Thine eye his dumb complaint explores;
 Thy voice his parting breath restores;
 Thy cares his ghastly visage clear
 From death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
 And to his thankful soul returning life endear.

7.

What precious Drug, or stronger Charm,
 Thy constant fortitude inspires
 In scenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
 Med'cine *, with selfish dread, retires?
 Nor Charm, nor Drug, dispel thy fears:
 Temperance, thy better guard, appears:
 For thee I see her fondly fill
 Her crystal cup from Nature's purest rill;
 Chief nourisher of life! best antidote of ill!

8.

I see the hallow'd shade of H A L E S †,
 Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
 And taught the health-diffusing gales
 Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,
 As thy protecting angel wait,
 To save thee from the snares of Fate,
 Commission'd from th' Eternal Throne:
 I hear him praise, in wonder's warmest tone,
 The virtues of thy heart, more active than his own.

9.

* Mussabat tacito Medicina timore.

LUCRETIVS.

† STEPHEN HALES, minister of Teddington: he died at the age of 84, 1761; and has been justly called "An ornament to his profession, as a clergyman, and to his



9.

Thy soul supplies new funds of health
 That fail not, in thy trying hour,
 Above Arabia's spicy wealth
 And Pharmacy's reviving power.
 The transports of the generous mind,
 Feeling its bounty to mankind,
 Inspirit every mortal part;
 And, far more potent than precarious art,
 Give radiance to the eye, and vigour to the heart.

10.

Blest HOWARD! who like thee can feel
 This vital spring in all its force?
 New star of philanthropic zeal:
 Enlight'ning nations in thy course!
 And shedding Comfort's heavenly dew
 On meagre Want's deserted crew!
 Friend to the wretch, whom friends disclaim,
 Who feels stern Justice, in his famish'd frame,
 A persecuting fiend beneath an angel's name.

11.

"his country, as a philosopher." I had the happiness of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young; and well remember the warm glow of benevolence which used to animate his countenance, in relating the success of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleasure on the fortunate incident which led him to the discovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded.—He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms; his carpenter not having prepared the work so soon as he expected, he thought the season improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his house, and gave orders for their being deposited in his barn;—from their accidental position in that place, he caught his first idea of this useful invention.



II.

Authority! unfeeling power,
Whose iron heart can coldly doom
The Debtor, dragg'd from Pleasure's bower,
To sicken in the dungeon's gloom!
O might thy terror - striking call,
Profusion's sons alone inthrall!
But thou canst Want with Guilt confound:
Thy bonds the man of virtuous toil surround,
Driven by malicious Fate within thy dreary bound.

I2.

How savage are thy stern decrees?
Thy cruel minister I see
A weak, laborious victim seize,
By worth entitled to be free!
Behold, in the afflicting strife,
The faithful partner of his life,
In vain thy ruthless servant court,
To spare her little children's sole support
Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their
sport.

I3.

Nor weeps she only from the thought,
Those infants must no longer share
His aid, whose daily labour bought
The pittance of their scanty fare.
The horrors of the loathsome jail
Her inly - bleeding heart assail:
E'en now her fears, from fondness bred,
See the lost partner of her faithful bed
Drop, in that murd'rous scene, his pale, expiring head.



14.

Take comfort yet in these keen pains,
 Fond mourner! check thy gushing tears!
 The dungeon now no more contains
 Those perils which thy fancy fears:
 No more Contagion's baleful breath
 Speaks it the hideous cave of Death:
 HOWARD has planted safety there;
 Pure minister of light! his heavenly care
 Has purg'd the damp of Death from that polluted air.

15.

His Care, exulting BRITAIN found
 Here first display'd, not here confin'd!
 No single tract of earth could bound
 The active virtues of his mind.
 To all the lands, where'er the tear,
 That mourn'd the Prisoner's wrongs severe,
 Sad Pity's glist'ning cheek impearl'd,
 Eager he steer'd, with every sail unfurl'd,
 A friend to every clime! a Patriot of the World!

16.

Ye nations thro' whose fair domain
 Our flying sons of joy have past,
 By Pleasure driven with loosen'd rein,
 Astonish'd that they flew so fast!
 How did the heart-improving sight
 Awake your wonder and delight,
 When, in her unexampled chace,
 Philanthropy outstript keen Pleasure's pace,
 When with a warmer soul she ran a nobler race!

17.



17.

Where'er her generous Briton went,
Princes his supplicants became:
He seem'd the enquiring angel, sent
To scrutinize their secret shame.*
Captivity, where he appear'd,
Her languid head with transport rear'd;
And gazing on her godlike guest,
Like those of old, whom Heaven's pure servant blest,
E'en by his shadow seem'd of demons dispossess.

18.

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,
Seeing their patron pass along;
"O! who is he, whose daring eye
Can search into our hidden wrong?
What monarch's Heaven-directed mind,
With royal bounty unconfin'd,
Has tempted Freedom's son to share
These perils; searching with an angel's care
Each cell of dire Disease, each cavern of Despair?"

19.

No monarch's word, nor lucre's lust,
Nor vain ambition's restless fire,
Nor ample power, that sacred trust!
His life-diffusing toils inspire:
Rous'd by no voice, save that whose cries
Internal bid the soul arise,
From joys, that only seem to bless,
From low pursuits, which little minds possess,
To Nature's noblest aim, the Succour of Distress!

20.

* Mr. Howard was several times on his Travels, requested by persons in authority not to publish a minute account of some prisons, which reflected disgrace on their government.



20.

Taught by that God, in Mercy's robe,
 Who his celestial throne resign'd,
 To free the prison of the globe
 From vice, th' oppressor of the mind!
 For thee, of misery's rights bereft,
 For thee, Captivity! he left
 Fair Fortune's lap, who, far from coy,
 Bade him with smiles his golden hours employ
 In her delicious bower, the festive scene of joy!

21.

While to thy virtue's utmost scope
 I boldly strive my aim to raise
 As high as mortal hand may hope
 To shoot the glittering shaft of Praise!
 Say! HOWARD, say! what may the Muse,
 Whose melting eye thy merit views,
 What guerdon may her love design?
 What may she ask for thee, from Power Divine,
 Above the rich rewards which are already thine?

22.

Sweet is the joy when Science flings
 Her light on philosophic thought;
 When Genius, with keen ardour, springs
 To clasp the lovely truth he sought:
 Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
 Flows from the spirit of the lyre;
 When Liberty and Virtue roll
 Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,
 That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the pole.

23.



26.

And when the Power, who joys to save,
Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven;
And calls the prisoners of the grave
To all the liberty of Heaven:
In that bright day, whose wonders blind
The eye of the astonish'd mind;
When life's glad angel shall resume
His ancient sway, announce to Death his doom,
And from existence drive that tyrant of the tomb:

27.

In that blest hour, when Seraphs sing
The triumphs gain'd in human strife;
And to their new associates bring
The wreaths of everlasting life:
May'st thou, in Glory's hallow'd blaze,
Approach the Eternal Fount of Praise,
With those who lead the angelic van,
Those pure adherents to their Saviour's plan,
Who liv'd but to relieve the Miseries of Man!

VII.

BALLADS.

I. THE PRINCESS ELISABETH.

A ballad alluding to a story recorded of her, when
she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

By Wm. Shenstone, Esq;

Will you hear how once repining
Great ELIZA captive lay?
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted,
Tript around in all their pride;
Envyng joys by others flighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

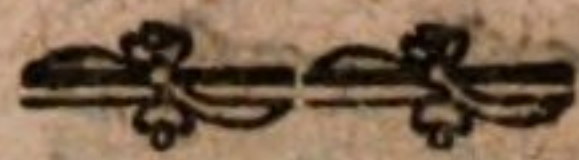
"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
"Who would bid those scenes adieu?
"Stranger to the arts of malice,
"Who would ever courts pursue?

"Malice never taught to treasure;
"Censure never taught to bear;
"Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
"Love is all the damsel's care.

"How can they of humble station
"Vainly blame the Pow'rs above?
"Or accuse the dispensation,
"Which allows them all to love?



“Love like air is widely given;
“Pow’r nor chance can these restrain;
“Truest, noblest gifts of Heaven!
“Only purest on the plain!
“Peers can no such charms discover,
“All in stars and garters drest,
“As, on Sundays, does the lover
“With his nosegay on his breast.
“Pinks and roses in profusion,
“Said to fade when CHLOE’S near;
“Fops may use the same allusion;
“But the shepherd is sincere.
“Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
“Cheerly o’er the brimming pail;
“Cowslips, all around her springing,
“Sweetly paint the golden vale.
“Never yet did courtly maiden
“Move so sprightly, look so fair;
“Never breast with jewels laden
“Pour a song so void of care,
“Would indulgent Heav’n had granted
“Me some rural damsel’s part!
“All the empire I had wanted
“Then had been my shepherd’s heart.
“Then, with him, o’er hills and mountains,
“Free from fetters, might I rove:
“Fearless taste the crystal fountains;
“Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.
“Rustics had been more forgiving;
“Partial to my virgin bloom:
“None had envy’d me when living;
“None had triumph’d o’er my tomb.”



II. NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

By the Same.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
Candidior cygnis, hederæ formosior alba!

The western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray;
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day;

When from an hazle's artless bow'r
Soft-warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

"Let fops with fickle falsehood range
"The paths of wanton love,
"While weeping maids lament their change,
"And sadden ev'ry grove:

"But endless blessings crown the day
"I saw fair Esham's dale!
"And ev'ry blessing find its way
"To Nancy of the Vale,

"'Twas from Avon's banks the maid
"Diffus'd her lovely beams;
"And ev'ry shining glance display'd
"The Naiad of the streams.

"Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
"That float on Avon's tide;
"Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
"And glittering near it's side.



“Fresh as the bord’ring flow’rs, her bloom;
“Her eye all mild to view;
“The little halcyon’s azure plume
“Was never half so blue.

“Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
“So taper, strait, and fair;
“Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
“How charming sweet they were!

“Far in the winding vale retir’d,
“This peerless bud I found,
“And shad’wing rocks, and woods, conspir’d
“To fence her beauties round.

“That Nature, in so lone a dell,
“Should form a nymph so sweet!
“Or Fortune to her secret cell
“Conduct my wand’ring feet!

“Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
“But she would ne’er incline:
“Prove to your equals true,” she cry’d,
“As I will prove to mine.

“’Tis Strephon, on the mountain’s brow,
“Has won my right good-will;
“To him I gave my plighted vow,
“With him I’ll climb the hill.”

“Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
“I clasp’d the constant fair;
“To her alone I gave my youth,
“And vow my future care.

“And when this vow shall faithless prove,
“Or I those charms forego;
“The stream that saw our tender love,
“That stream shall cease to flow.”



III. JEMMY DAWSON.

A BALLAD, written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745.

By the Same.

Come, listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at ev'ry woe;
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on Party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours, and their faith he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.



How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With falt'ring voice, she weeping said,
Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a pray'r for thee,
My orison should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And ev'ry tender babe I bore,
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend,
To share the cruel fate's decree.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And



And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to ev'ry heart prefer;
For tho' it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew
The pure, the lasting love I bore;
Accept, O Heav'n! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.



IV. WINIFREDA.

A way; let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood?
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:
 And all the great ones, they shall wonder
 How they respect such little folk.

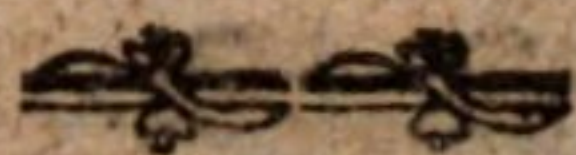
What though from fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.

Still shall us each returning season
 Sufficient for our wishes give;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread;
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 While round my knees they fondly clung;
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go a wooing in my boys.



V. ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

By Mr. Glover, Author of Leonidas.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon fate all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
Rising from their watry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts besides him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory,
At this place where I was lost;

Tho'



Tho' in Porto - Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying
I had met a traitor's doom,

To



To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul cline to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.





VI. BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A West Indian Ballad;

Founded on a real Fact, that happened a few Years ago in
the Island of St. Christopher.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And who so his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stray,
Though ladies fought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world never saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon



Soon as his well known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

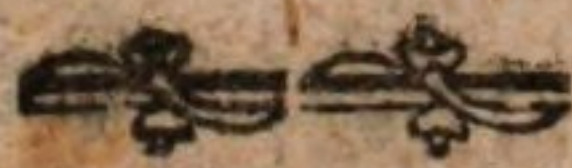
Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she falls, she dyes away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb
Ye fair, fresh flowrets strow:
So may your lovers scape his doom!
Her hapless fate scape you!



VII. THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD
TO HIS LOVE.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroidered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd - swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.



VIII. MY MIND TO ME A
KINGDOM IS.

An old Ballad.

My mind to me a kingdome is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or Nature hath assignde:
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Misshap doth threaten most of all:
These geth with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
No force to winne a victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a fore,
No shape to winne a lovers eye;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind dispiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I give.

R

I laugh



I laugh not at anothers losse,
 I grudge not at anothers gaine;
 No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
 I brooke that is another's bane:
 I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
 I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;
 My conscience clere my chiefe defence:
 I never seeke by brybes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence:
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

IX. CUPID'S PASTIME.

An old Sonnet.

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
 That went to seek his straying sheep,
 Within a thicket on a plain
 Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face;
 Her careless arms abroad were cast;
 Her quiver had her pillows place;
 Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill;
 Nought durst he do; nought durst he say;
 Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
 Did guide the god of love that way.

The



The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see;
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by:
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain:
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
Alas! thou know'st not Cupid's craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.



That breast she pierc'd; and through that breast
 Love found an entry to her heart;
 At feeling of this new-come guest,
 Lord! how this gentle nymph did start.

She runs not now; she shoots no more;
 Away she throws both shaft and bow:
 She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
 She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may:
 What other lovers do, did they:
 The god of love sate on a tree,
 And laught that pleasant fight to see.

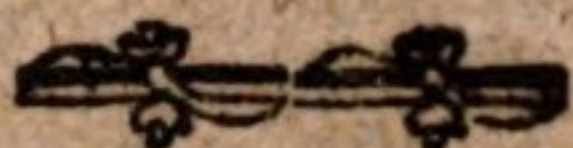
X. THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

AN OLD BALLAD.

By George Wither.

Shall I, wasting in dispaire,
 Dye because a woman's faire?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosie are?
 Be shee fairer than the day,
 Or the flowry meads in May;
 If she think not well of me,
 What care I how faire shee be!

Shall



Shall my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be shee meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's wirtues move
Me, to perish for her love?
Or, her well deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget my owne?
Be she with that goodnesse blest,
Which may merit name of Best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good shee be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the foole and dye?
Those that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches find,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to woe;
And, unlesse that minde I see,
What care I, though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
I will ne'er the more dispaire:
If she love me, this beleve,
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me, when I wooe:
I can scorne and let her goe:
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom shee be?



XI. THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

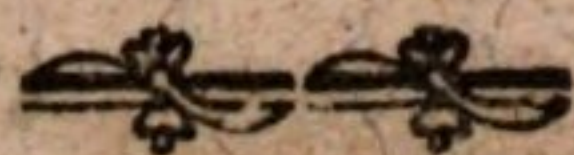
By the same.

Hence away, you Syrens, leave me,
 And unclaspe your wanton armes;
 Sugred words shall ne'er deceive me,
 (Though 'you' prove a thousand charmes).
 Fie, fie, forbear;
 No common snare
 Could ever my affection chaine:
 Your painted baits
 And poore deceits,
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'm no slave to such, as you be;
 Neither shall a snowy brest,
 Wanton eye, or lip of ruby
 Ever robb me of my rest;
 Goe, goe, display
 Your beautie's ray
 To some ore-soone enamour'd swaine:
 Those common wiles
 Of sighs and smiles
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie;
 Turn away 'your' tempting eyes;
 Shew not me a naked beautie;
 Those impostures I despise:
 My spirit lothes
 Where gawdy clothes
 And fained othes may love obtaine:
 I love her so,
 Whose looke swears No;
 That all your labours will be vaine.

Can

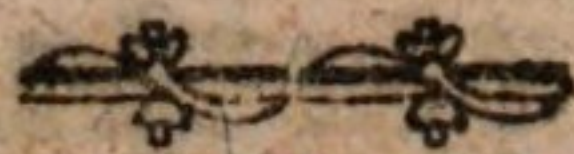


Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every brest are worne;
That may plucke the spotlesse roses
From their never-touched thorne;
I can goe rest
On her sweet brest,
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
Then hold your tongues;
Your mermaid songs
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him;
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe?
No, no, though clowns
Are skare'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine;
And those I'll prove;
So shall your love
Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,
Where each lustfull lad may woe:
Give me her, whose sun-like beautie
Buzzards dare not soare unto:
Shee, shee it is
Affoords that blisse
For which I would refuse no paine:
But such as you,
Fond fooles, adieu;
You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me;
Seeke no more to worke my harmes:
Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am prooffe against your charmes:



You labour may
To lead astray
The heart, that constant shall remaine;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vaine.

XII. EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

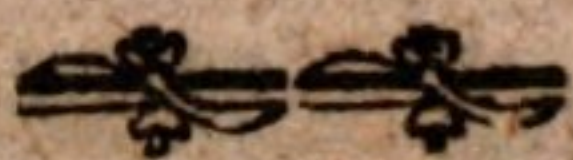
“Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
“And guide my lonely way,
“To where yon taper cheers the vale,
“With hospitable ray.

“For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
“With fainting steps and slow;
“Where wilds immeasurably spread,
“Seem lengthening as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“To tempt the dangerous gloom;
“For yonder faithless phantom flies
“To lure thee to thy doom.

“Here to the houseless child of want,
“My door is open still;
“And tho’ my portion is but scant,
“I give it with good will.

“Then



“Then turn to night, and freely share
“Whate’er my cell bestows;
“My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
“My blessing and repose.

“No flocks that range the valley free,
“To slaughter I condemn:
“Taught by that power that pities me,
“I learn to pity them.

“But from the mountain’s grassy side,
“A guiltless feast I bring;
“A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
“And water from the spring.

“Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
“All earth-born cares are wrong:
“Man wants but little here below,
“Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir’d a master’s care!
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm’d his little fire,
And cheer’d his pensive guest;



And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest, and smil'd,
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
 "Reluctant dost thou rove;
 "Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 "Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
 "Are trifling and decay;
 "And those who prize the paltry things,
 "More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
 "A charm that lulls to sleep;
 "A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 "But leaves the wretch to weep?"

"And love is still an emptier sound,
 "The modern fair one's jest,
 "On earth unseen, or only found
 "To warm the turtle's nest.

"For



“For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
“And spurn the sex,” he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

“And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
“A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d,
“Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
“Where heaven and you reside.

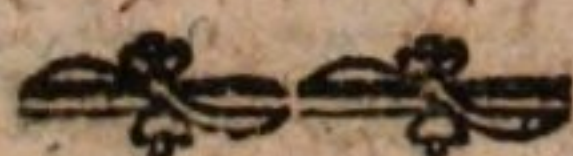
“But let a maid thy pity share,
“Whom love has taught to stray:
“Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
“Companion of her way.

“My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
“A wealthy lord was he;
“And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
“He had but only me.

“To win me from his tender arms,
“Unnumber’d suitors came;
“Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
“And felt or feign’d a flame.

“Each hour a mercenary crowd
“With richest proffers strove:
“Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
“But never talk’d of love.

“In



"In humble simplest habit clad,
 "No wealth nor power had he;
 "Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 "But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,
 "The dews of heaven refin'd,
 "Could nought of purity display,
 "To emulate his mind,

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 "With charms inconstant shine;
 "Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 "Their constancy was mine.

"For still I try'd each fickle art,
 "Importunate and vain;
 "And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 "I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 "He left me to my pride;
 "And sought a solitude forlorn,
 "In secret where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 "And well my life shall pay,
 "I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 "And stretch me where he lay.—

"And there forlorn despairing hid,
 "I'll lay me down and die;
 "'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 "And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast:
 The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn,



“Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
“My charmer, turn to see,
“Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
“Restor’d to love and thee.”

“Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
“And ev’ry care resign:
“And shall we never, never part,
“My life,—my all that’s mine.

“No, never, from this hour to part,
“We’ll live and love so true;
“The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
“Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

XIII. WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

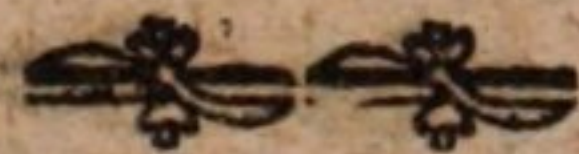
By David Mallet, Esq;

’Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret’s grimly ghost,
And stood at William’s feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lilly-hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

Her



Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say, my lip my sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witlefs maid,
Believe the flattering tale!

That



That face, alas! no more is fair;
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay:
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrap'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more!

N. B. In a comedy of Fletcher, called The Knight of the burning Pestle, old Merry Thought enters repeating the following verses:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

This



This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy: and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago.

XIV. EDWIN AND EMMA.

B y t h e S a m e.

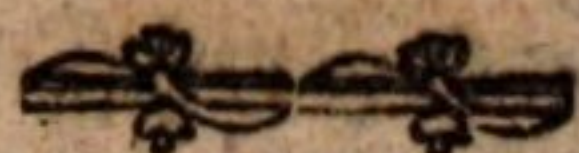
Mark it, Cefario, it is true and plain,
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it. It is silly Sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor



Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lilly deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe,

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joyed,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.



In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd — but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin live for me."

Now



Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church - yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale ———
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad-sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door ———
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Bear high against my side ———
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

XV. ALBIN AND THE DAUGHTER OF MEY.

An old tale, translated from the Irish.

Whence come these dismal sounds that fill our
ears!

Why do the groves such lamentations send!
Why sit the virgins on the hill of tears,
While heavy sighs their tender bosoms rend!



They weep for Albin with the flowing hair,
 Who perish'd by the cruelty of Mey;
 A blameless hero, blooming, young, and fair;
 Because he scorn'd her passion to obey,
 See on yon western hill the heap of stones,
 Which mourning friends have raised o'er his bones!

O woman! bloody, bloody was thy deed;
 The blackness of thy crime exceeds belief;
 The story makes each heart but thine to bleed,
 And fills both men and maids with keenest grief!
 Behold thy daughter, beauteous as the sky,
 When early morn transcends yon eastern hills,
 She lov'd the youth who by thy guile did die,
 And now our ears with lamentations fills:
 'Tis she, who sad, and grov'ling on the ground,
 Weeps o'er his grave, and makes the woods resound.

A thousand graces did the maid adorn:
 Her looks were charming and her heart was kind;
 Her eyes were like the windows of the morn,
 And Wisdom's habitation was her mind.
 A hundred heroes try'd her love to gain:
 She pity'd them, yet did their suits deny:
 Young Albin only courted not in vain,
 Albin alone was lovely in her eye:
 Love fill'd their bosoms with a mutual flame;
 Their birth was equal, and their age the same.

Her mother Mey, a woman void of truth,
 In practice of deceit and guile grown old,
 Conceiv'd a guilty passion for the youth,
 And in his ear the shameful story told:
 But o'er his mind she never could prevail;
 For in his life no wickedness was found;
 With shame and rage he heard the horrid tale,
 And shook with indignation at the sound:

He



He fled to shun her; while with burning wrath
The monster, in revenge, decreed his death.

Amidst Lochmey, at distance from the shore,
On a green island, grew a stately tree,
With precious fruit each season cover'd o'er,
Delightful to the taste, and fair to see:
This fruit, more sweet than virgin honey found,
Serv'd both alike for phyfic and for food;
It cur'd diseases, heal'd the bleeding wound,
And hunger's rage for three long days withstood.
But precious things are purchas'd still with pain,
And thousand try'd to pluck it, but in vain.

For at the root of this delightful tree,
A venomous and awful dragon lay,
With watchful eyes, all horrible to see,
Who drove th' affrighted passengers away.
Worse than the viper's sting its teeth did wound.
The wretch who felt it soon behov'd to die;
Nor could physician ever yet be found
Who might a certain antidote apply:
Ev'n they whose skill had sav'd a mighty host,
Against its bite no remedy could boast.

Revengeful Mey, her fury to appease,
And him destroy who durst her passion slight,
Feign'd to be stricken with a dire disease,
And call'd the hapless Albin to her sight:
"Arise, young hero! skill'd in feats of war,
On yonder lake your dauntless courage prove;
To pull me of the fruit, now bravely dare,
And save the mother of the maid you love.
I die without its influence divine;
Nor will I taste it from a hand but thine."



With downcast-look the lovely youth reply'd,
 "Though yet my feats of valour have been few,
My might in this adventure shall be try'd;
 I go to pull the healing fruit for you."
With stately steps approaching to the deep,
 The hardy hero swims the liquid tide;
With joy he finds the dragon fast asleep,
 Then pulls the fruit, and comes in safety back;
Then with a chearful countenance, and gay,
He gives the present to the hands of Mey.

"Well have you done, to bring me of this fruit;
 But greater signs of prowess must you give:
Go pull the tree entirely by the root,
 And bring it hither, or I cease to live."
Though hard the task, like lightning fast he flew,
 And nimbly glided o'er the yielding tide;
Then to the tree with manly steps he drew,
 And pull'd, and tugg'd it hard, from side to side:
Its bursting roots his strength could not withstand;
He tears it up, and bears it in his hand.

But long, alas! ere he could reach the shore,
 Or fix his footsteps on the solid sand,
The monster follow'd with a hideous roar,
 And like a fury grasp'd him by the hand.
Then, gracious God! what dreadful struggling rose!
 He grasps the dragon by th' invenom'd jaws,
In vain: for round the bloody current flows,
 While its fierce tooth his tender body gnaws.
He groans through anguish of the grievous wound,
And cries for help; but, ah! no help was found!

At length the maid, now wond'ring at his stay,
 And rack'd with dread of some impending ill,
Swift to the lake, to meet him, bends her way;
 And there beheld what might a virgin kill!

She



She saw her lover struggling on the flood,
The dreadful monster gnawing at his side;
She saw young Albin fainting, while his blood
With purple tincture dy'd the liquid tide!
Though pale with fear, she plunges in the wave!
And to the hero's hand a dagger gave!

Alas! too late; yet gath'ring all his force,
He drags, at last, his hissing foe to land.
Yet there the battle still grew worse and worse,
And long the conflict lasted on the strand.
At length he happily descry'd a part,
Just where the scaly neck and breast did meet;
Through this he drove a well directed dart,
And laid the monster breathless at his feet.
The lovers shouted when they saw him dead,
While from his trunk they cut the bleeding head.

But soon the venom of his mortal bite
Within the hero's bosom spreads like flame;
His face grew pale, his strength forsook him quite,
And o'er his trembling limbs a numbness came.
Then fainting on the slimy shore he fell,
And utter'd, with a heavy, dying groan,
These tender words, "My lovely maid, farewell!
Remember Albin; for his life is gone!"
These sounds, like thunder, all her sense oppress'd,
And swooning down she fell upon his breast.

At last, the maid awak'ning as from sleep,
Felt all her soul o'erwhelm'd in deep despair,
Her eyes star'd wild, she rav'd, she could not weep,
She beat her bosom, and she tore her hair!
She look'd now on the ground, now on the skies,
Now gaz'd around, like one imploring aid:
But none was near in pity to her cries,
No comfort came to sooth the hapless maid!



Then grasping in her palm, that shone like snow,
The youth's dead hand, she thus express'd her wo.

Burst, burst, my heart! the lovely youth is dead,
Who, like the dawn, was wont to bring me joy;
Now birds of prey will hover round his head,
And wild beasts seek his carcase to destroy;
While I who lov'd him, and was lov'd again,
With sighs and lamentable strains must tell,
How by no hero's valour he was slain,
But struggling with a beast inglorious fell!
This makes my tears with double anguish flow,
This adds affliction to my bitter woe!

Yet fame and dauntless valour he could boast;
With matchless strength his manly limbs were
bound;

That force would have dismay'd a mighty host,
He show'd, before the dragon could him wound.
His curling locks, than wanton'd in the breeze,
Were blacker than the raven's ebon wing;
His teeth were whiter than the fragrant trees,
When blossoms clothe them in the days of spring;
A brighter red his glowing cheeks did stain,
Than blood of tender heifer newly slain.

A purer azure sparkled in his eye,
Than that of icy shoal in mountain found:
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was melody,
And sweeter far than instrumental sound.
O he was lovely! fair as purest snow,
Whose wreaths the tops of highest mountains
crown;

His lips were radiant as the heav'nly bow;
His skin was softer than the softest down;
More sweet his breath than fragrant bloom, or rose,
Or gale that cross a flow'ry garden blows.

But



But when in battle with our foes he join'd,
And fought the hottest dangers of the fight,
The stoutest chiefs stood wond'ring far behind,
And none durst try to rival him in might!
His ample shield then seem'd a gate of brass,
His awful sword did like the lightning shine!
No force of steel could through his armour pass,
His spear was like a mast, or mountain-pine!
Ev'n kings and heroes trembled at his name,
And conquest smil'd where'er the warrior came!

Great was the strength of his unconquer'd hand,
Great was his swiftness in the rapid race;
None could the valour of his arm withstand,
None could outstrip him in the days of chace.
Yet he was tender, merciful, and kind;
His vanquish'd foes his clemency confess'd;
No cruel purpose labour'd in his mind,
No thought of envy harbour'd in his breast.
He was all gracious, bounteous, and benign,
And in his soul superior to a king!

But now he's gone! and nought remains but wo
For wretched me; with him my joys are fled,
Around his tomb my tears shall ever flow,
The rock my dwelling, and the clay my bed!
Ye maids, and matrons, from your hills descend,
To join my moan, and answer tear for tear;
With me the hero to his grave attend,
And sing the songs of mourning round his bier.
Through his own grove his praise we will proclaim,
And bid the place for ever bear his name.

VIII.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A P O E M.

UPON THE MODEL OF
THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

By M. Prior.

Thou, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
 (Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play;
 Careless of what the cens'ring world may say:
 Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
 Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
 Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
 And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
 No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
 Tho' since her youth three hundred years have
 At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd; (roll'd.
 And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer Man of Woman shall complain,
 That he may love and not be lov'd again:
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
 Who change the constant lover for the new.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said
 Of female passion feign'd or faith decay'd;
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.

And



And while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame;
O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me love, the just reward of verse.

As Beauty's potent Queen, with ev'ry grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt:
O let the story with thy life agree;
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long intreated crown (one
My pains and hopes; and when thou say'st that
Of all mankind thou lov'st; Oh! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
With mingl'd waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his King's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From

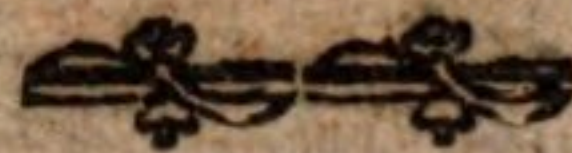


From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
 In honourable ease and rural sport,
 The remnant of his days he safely past;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast,
 He made his wish with his estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
 They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame
 Who gave the virgin birth, had born the name,
 The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
 For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
 Yet as when little, round his knees she play'd,
 He call'd her oft in sport his Nut-brown Maid:
 The friends and tenants took the fondling word;
 As still they please, who imitate their lord:
 Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun:
 The mutual terms around the lands were known;
 And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were
 one.

As with her stature, still her charms encreas'd;
 Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
 Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair?
 From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find, report for once had lessen'd truth.
 By wonder first, and then by Passion mov'd,
 They came; they saw; they marvel'd; and they
 By public praises, and by secret sighs (lov'd.
 Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's eyes.
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
 By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest song with Emma's
 name.

In



In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spight of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown:
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame:
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squires, his arm, and equipage forsakes:
In borrow'd name, and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beachen pole he bears:
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey.
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;
And shews the path her steed may safest take.
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A Falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarsels, and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the tow'ring Merlin stands;
Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands.

And



And when superior now the bird has flown,
 And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
 With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair;
 And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
 Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
 His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes.
 And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
 A nobler game pursu'd than bird or beast.

A Shepherd now along the plain he roves;
 And, with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
 The neighb'ring swains around the stranger
 Or to admire, or emulate his song: (throng,
 While, with soft sorrow, he renews his lays,
 Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
 But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
 With dutiful respect and studious fear;
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic Gipsey now, the house he haunts,
 And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
 With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
 They tell the secret first, which he reveals;
 Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
 What groom shall get, and squire maintain the
 child.

But when bright Emma would her fortune know;
 A softer look unbends his op'ning brow.
 With trembling awe he gazes on her eye;
 And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
 That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
 And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for
 her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
 Unmark'd by all, but beauteous Emma's eyes:
 Oft



Oft had found means alone to fee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love:
Till time and induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign, (pain.
And dealt to Emma's heart a ſhare of Henry's

While Cupid ſmil'd, by kind occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the ſecret kept, the love increas'd;
The am'rous youth frequents the ſilent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys: But will they long remain?
Emma with ſmiles receives his preſent flame;
But ſmiling, will ſhe ever be the ſame?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And ſummer ſeas are turn'd by ſudden winds.
Another love may gain her eaſy youth: (truth.
Time changes thought; and flatt'ry conquers

O impotent eſtate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal ſtrife;
Where fleeting joy does laſting doubt inſpire;
And moſt we queſtion, what we moſt deſire.
Amongſt thy various gifts, great heav'n beſtow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauſeous grief; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleaſurable taſte;
Or deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt.

With



With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
 (Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
 By one great trial he resolves to prove
 The faith of Woman, and the force of love.
 If scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
 That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r.
 But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
 If pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;
 His mind he vows to free from am'rous care
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
 A spreading beech extends her friendly shade:
 Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
 Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd
 As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
 And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
 Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd, and half conceal'd his flame
 Upon this tree: and as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark;
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
 As potent Nature shed her kindly show'rs,
 And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs;
 Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair:
 Which as with gay delight the lover found;
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
 Glorious thro'all the plains he oft had gone,
 And to each swain the mystic honour shown:
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His



His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites;
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct, and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd;
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For different this from ev'ry former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid,
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were
laid,

The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And last that sprite, which does incessant haunt,
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay.
For love, fantastic pow'r, that is afraid
To stir abroad 'till watchfulness be laid;
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys strays;
And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find,
Were Cupid goes; tho' he poor guide is blind.

The Maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with desire, with joy and pain
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembl'd sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

T

With



With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
 His painted grief does real sorrow move
 In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
 Trickling the genuine tears their current break
 Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
 Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

M A N.

Sincere, o tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
 Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
 Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
 With the first tumults of a real love?
 Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
 By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
 Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd;
 As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
 And wept the potent God's resistless dart,
 His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
 And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart?
 If so, with pity view my wretched state;
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
 To some more happy knight reserve thy charms;
 By fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
 And only, as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
 For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace:
 For lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd;
 These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man to rove.

EMMA.



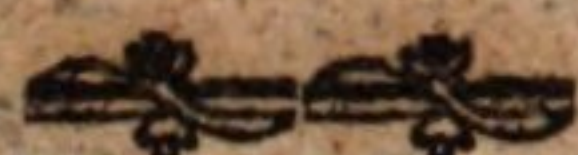
E M M A.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear,
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
The flames, which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The God of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid:
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run;
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus, and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and say:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forsook:
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour once, is always stained:



Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
 Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love;
 And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods to
 rove.

E M M A.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
 Let ev'ry tongue its various censures chuse;
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
 And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
 O! let my presence make thy travels light;
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
 Above the rumours of censorious fame:
 Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be known:
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the
 bow?

With active force repel the sturdy foe?
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
 Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
 With



With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee
love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to
rove.

E M M A.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To fend the arrow from the twanging yew:
And great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance, and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
More hardy virtue, and more gen'rous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Tho' my inferior strength may not allow,
That I should bear, or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand, I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battel by the hostile reed,
Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou
bleed,
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear;
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my
hair:
Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.



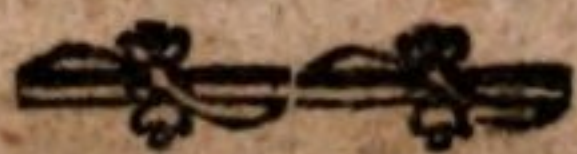
H E N R Y.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
 Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
 When chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
 Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
 (Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding fate?
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn:
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
 rove?

E M M A.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determin'd to recede?
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
 While gentle Zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails:
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shoar,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
 No Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild, nor deep our common way divide.

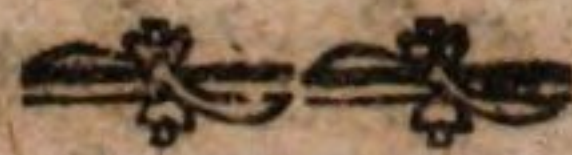
When



When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And chearful sit, to wait my lord's return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer;
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
With humble duty and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And when at night with weary toil oppress'd,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thought shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart: and grateful let him own,
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

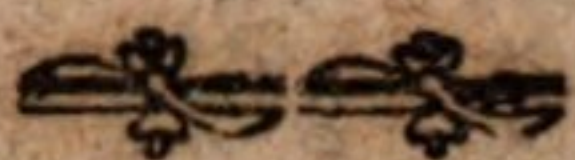
H E N R Y.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit, and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful breeds with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the boddice aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,



That air and harmony of shape exprefs,
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully lefs:
 Nor fhall thy lower garments artful pleat,
 From thy fair fide dependent to thy feet,
 Arm their chafte beauties with a modest pride,
 And double ev'ry charm they feek to hide.
 Th' ambrofial plenty of thy fhining hair
 Cropt off and loft, fcarce lower than thy ear
 Shall ftand uncouth: a horfe-man's coat fhall hide
 Thy taper fhape, and comelinefs of fide:
 The fhort trunk-hofe fhall fhew thy foot and knee
 Licentious, and to common eye-fight free:
 And with a bolder ftride, and loofer air,
 Mingl'd with men, a man thou muft appear.
 Nor Solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
 Miftaken maid, fhalt thou in forests find:
 'Tis long, fince Cynthia and her train were there
 Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
 Vagrants and out-laws fhall offend thy view:
 For fuch muft be my friends, a hideous crew
 By adverfe fortune mix'd in focial ill,
 Train'd to affault, and disciplin'd to kill:
 Their common loves, a lowd abandon'd pack,
 The beadle's lash ftill flagrant on their back:
 By floth corrupted, by diforder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
 With fuch muft Emma hunt the tedious day,
 Affift their violence, and divide their prey:
 With fuch fhe muft return at fetting light,
 Tho' not partaker, witnefs of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable founds,
 And pitying love, muft feel the hateful wounds
 Of jeft obfcene, and vulgar ribaldry,
 The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worfe,
 Muft hear the frequent oath, the direful curfe,

That



That latest weapon of the wretches war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake;
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heav'n,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
rove.

E M M A.

O Grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths, which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst; if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant constancy has fix'd her seat:
In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flatt'ry she rejects nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I drest:
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone;
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride



For thee: my cloaths, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
 O line extream of human infamy!
 Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
 Black foot, or yellow walnut shall disgrace
 This little red and white of Emma's face.
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
 Lest by my look, or colour be express'd
 The mark of aught-high-born, or ever better dress'd.
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
 That leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

H E N R Y.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
 Name, habit, parents, woman left behind,
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said?
 O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st
 to rove.

EMMA.



E M M A.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
fwords;

That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could fwords or prifon, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's
fame.

And fall these fayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil fpeech, and foft perfuafion hung;
Whofe artful fweetnefs and harmonious ftrain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd fighs, and tears, and wifhes to its aid;
And, whilft it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldnefs of the Nut-brown Maid?

Let envious jealousy, and canker'd fpight
Produce my actions to fevereft light,
And tax my open day, or fecret night.
Did e'er my tongue fpeak my unguarded heart
The leaft inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And haft thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I muft ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou talk'ft of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our fex is one,
Falfe are our words; and fickle is our mind:
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to laft, or promifes to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by ftrength or cunning we invade:

When



When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
 We lift the battel-ax, and draw the bow:
 When fir'd with passion we attack the fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
 Our falshood and our arms have equal use;
 As they our conquest, or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing love can give.
 To be less wretched, be no longer true;
 What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue?
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new.
 Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth;
 Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why should'st thou weep? let nature judge our
 case,
 I saw thee young, and fair; pursu'd the chase
 Of youth, and beauty: I another saw
 Fairer, and younger: yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd
 More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
 With present pow'r compels me to her arms.
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind)

That



That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to
rove.

E M M A.

Are we in life thro' one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most compleatly curst?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A servant; (she may scorn the name of friend.)
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll pleat her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board;
(For there at least I may approach my lord)
And when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence; with dejected eyes,
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,

Will



Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
 When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
 With virgin honours let my herse be deckt,
 And decent emblem; and at least persuade
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid,
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
 The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
 To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
 To her, who dying, on the wounded stone
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus,
 hear;
 And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I swear;
 No time, no change, no future flame shall move
 The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
 O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
 At least excuse a tryal too severe:
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
 No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
 No purjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sexe's charms,
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth:
 Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,

As



As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows:
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And fees his num'rous herd imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
And while the priests accuse the bride's delay;
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn;
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r:
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold;
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA



E M M A.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
 Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
 Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
 O! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
 And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
 Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of love,
 Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
 Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
 None, none there is: the thought was rash and vain;
 A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
 But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
 And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
 If at my feet, the suppliant Goddess stands,
 And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands;
 Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,
 And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
 Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
 And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
 Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs
 Must mark the colour of my future hours.
 From the events wick thy commands create,
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.
 Yet while with close delight, and inward pride,
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)

I see



I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure chear'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoaking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to blest thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd:
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious shafts, a precious store:
That when their God should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers constancy, should share their fate.

The Queen of beauty stop'd her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the God of war:
Soon as she calls, the God is always near.

Now Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice;
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to
yield:



And when, as prudent Saturn shall compleat
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd pow'r shall take her trump again,
To sing her fav'rite Anna's wond'rous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlbrô's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire:
And tell the nations in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry prove;
And Emma-like let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, the smiling said, great God of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,
As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From ev'ry annual course let one great day,
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise,
And everlasting marks of honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

A D D R E S S E D T O

T H E E A R L O F C H E S T E R F I E L D.

THE P R E F A C E.

The following poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: tho', to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the Scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or western isles that surround one part of Great Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatise published, near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to St. Kilda. The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes at length the situation, extent, and produce of that solitary Island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually; and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: *plus valuit apud Hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Graecos omnia philosophorum praecepta.*

They



They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold; but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those Islanders, having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger Isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city, without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were other still higher. However, the caverns formed in it, so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised, were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to shew their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, as in his own Island there grows not a shrub, equally surpris'd and

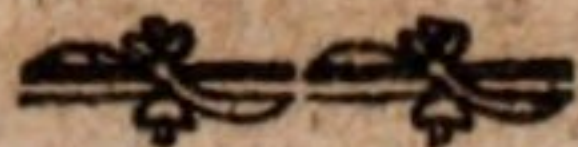


delighted him: but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters; and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world: for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the second: when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were often the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted, whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them without process or conviction: and I know that the original is still kept in the secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second canto, as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What



What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foresee: and, in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over-anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all, in effectually touching the passions, which, as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph of poetry; the candor of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes or failures in things of less importance.

TO
MRS. M A L L E T.

Thou faithful Partner of a heart thy own,
Whose pain, or pleasure, springs from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
That, in sweet union, harmonize thy mind:
Here, while thy eyes, for sad Amyntor's woe,
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wish to heav'n prefer'd
For thee, for him, by gracious heav'n be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine,
Unmix'd; and all Amyntor's fondness mine.
So, thro' long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up, and Friendship close our
day:

Till, summon'd late this lower heav'n to leave,
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

A M Y N T O R
AND
T H E O D O R A :
OR,
T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O I.

F ar in the watry waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls,
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remotest Kilda lifts;
Last of the Sea girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial Train, Britannia's parent-coast.
Thrice happy land! tho' freezing on the verge
Of Arctic skies; yet, blameless still of arts
That polish, to deprave, each softer clime,
With simple nature, simple virtue blest!
Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
Uprear'd his sanguine standard; nor unsheath'd,
For wealth or power, the desolating sword.
Where Luxury, soft Syren, who around
To thousand Nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane that soothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm Content
That lives to Reason; ancient Faith that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts



In love and union; Innocence of ill
 Their guardian Genius: these, the Powers that rule
 This little world, to all its sons secure
 Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
 From passion's rage, the body from disease.
 Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
 Firm in each sinew vigor's plyant spring,
 By Temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
 Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
 Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
 For food or pastime. These light up their morn,
 And close their eye in slumber sweetly deep,
 Beneath the north, within the circling swell
 Of Oceans raging round. But last and best,
 What Avarice, what Ambition shall not know,
 True Liberty is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,
 Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
 With Independence dwells; and Peace of mind,
 In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
 Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth
 Of evening-forest, brown with broadest shade;
 Or from the brow sublime of vernal alp
 As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
 By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
 Thro' bowery groves; where Inspiration sits
 And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
 O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
 Thy wing high-hovering spread; and to the gale,
 The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
 From echoing hill to hill, thy lyre attune
 With answering cadence free, as best beseems
 The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here, good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
 The world around, or deeper solitude,

Af-



Affliction could not find— Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him blest, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought: and with the surge,
And with the sounding storm his murmur'd moan
Would often mix— Oft as remembrance sad
Th' unhappy past recall'd; a faithful wife,
Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,
His soul's companion and his softer friend;
With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening chams, defenceless left
Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless!— Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blast with sighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
At midnight-hour: for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish; stretch'd along
The naked beach; or shivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm,
Hail, snow and shower, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours; till Time, the wretche's friend
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each fullen spectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, thro' every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd: as after winds
Of ruffling wing, the sea subsiding slow
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first,
Her



Her throne resum'g, bid Devotion raise
 To heaven his eye; and thro' the turbid mists,
 By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
 Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause supreme,
 All-just, all-wise, who bids what still is best,
 In cloud or sun-shine; whose severest hand
 Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus, in his bosom, every weak excess,
 The rage of grief, the felfness of revenge,
 To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
 By virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
 Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
 Before th' ascending sun; thro' faith he lives
 Beyond time's bounded continent, the walks
 Of sin and death. Anticipating heaven
 In pious hope, he seems already there,
 Safe on her sacred shore; and sees beyond,
 In radiant view, the world of light and love,
 Where peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
 Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring,
 That fears no storm and shall no winter know,
 Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
 Yet murmurs from his breast; 'tis for the pangs
 Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel,
 Still suffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
 Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of heaven
 That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
 O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse
 The rosy year; and in each pleasing hue,
 That greens the leaf, or thro' the blossom glows
 With florid light, his fairest Month array'd:
 While zephire, while the silver-footed dews,
 Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
 Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm,

Nor



Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony and balme,
Blue lavender and carmel's spicy root *,
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.

But, high above, the season full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At nature's summons their aëreal state
Annual to found; and in bold voyage steer,
O'er this wide ocean, thro' yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore:
By heaven's directive spirit, here to raise
Their temporary realm; and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the preguant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole thro' boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,

Le-

* The root of this plant, otherwise named *argatilis sylvaticus*, is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach, See Martin's *Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 180.



Leviathan, with each inferior name
 Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes
 Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.
 Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
 The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
 Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
 Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;
 With every wind to waft large commerce on,
 Join pole to pole, confociate sever'd worlds,
 And link in bonds of intercourse and love
 Earth's universal family. Now rose
 Sweet evening's solemn hour. The sun declin'd
 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
 Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
 Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
 With splendor undiminish'd; and each cloud,
 White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
 In fair aëreal landscape. Here, alone
 On earth's remotest verge, Aurelius breath'd
 The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
 With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
 In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath.
 When lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
 Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
 From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
 At twilight-hour, remote and hollow heard
 Thro' wintry pines, high-waving o'er the steep
 Of sky-crown'd Apenine. The Sea-Py ceas'd
 At once to warble. Screaming, from his nest
 The Fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
 From shore to sea. On came, before her hour,
 Invading night *, and hung the troubled sky
 With fearful blackness round. Sad ocean's face
 A curling undulation shivery swept

From

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 85.



From wave to wave: and now impetuous rose,
Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad descending blast.
Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood apall'd:
His stun'd ear smote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains surging to the stars!
Commotion infinite! Where yon last wave
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds:
Yet distant seen and dim; till, onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought (hear,
That Power invokes, whose voice the wild winds
Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heaven,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
But O ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death bestrides the billow; nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant fate. And lo! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible, with hail and rain,
Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,



Leviathan, with each inferior name
 Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes
 Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.
 Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
 The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
 Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
 Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;
 With every wind to waft large commerce on,
 Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
 And link in bonds of intercourse and love
 Earth's universal family. Now rose
 Sweet evening's solemn hour. The sun declin'd
 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
 Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
 Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
 With splendor undiminish'd; and each cloud,
 White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
 In fair aëreal landscape. Here, alone
 On earth's remotest verge, Aurelius breath'd
 The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
 With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
 In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath.
 When lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
 Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
 From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
 At twilight-hour, remote and hollow heard
 Thro' wintry pines, high-waving o'er the steep
 Of sky-crown'd Apenine. The Sea-Py ceas'd
 At once to warble. Screaming, from his nest
 The Fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
 From shore to sea. On came, before her hour,
 Invading night *, and hung the troubled sky
 With fearful blackness round. Sad ocean's face
 A curling undulation shivery swept

From

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 85.



From wave to wave: and now impetuous rose,
Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.
Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood apall'd:
His stun'd ear smote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains surging to the stars!
Commotion infinite! Where yon last wave
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds:
Yet distant seen and dim; till, onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought (hear,
That Power invokes, whose voice the wild winds
Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heaven,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
But O ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death bestrides the billow; nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant fate. And lo! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible, with hail and rain,
Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,

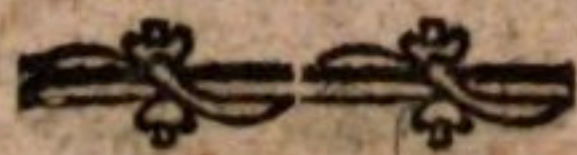


Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
 Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall;
 And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.
 Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
 Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
 Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—
 Ah! save them, heaven! it bursts in deluge down
 With boundless undulation. Shore and sky
 Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
 Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep
 Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept:
 The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
 He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene,
 And brooding, in sad silence, o'er the sight
 To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
 Pour'd out to heaven in sighs: thy will be done,
 Not mine, supreme Disposer of Events;
 But death demands a tear, and man must feel
 For human woes: the rest submission checks.

Not distant far, where this receding bay
 Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch *
 Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate,
 Ample and broad and pillar'd massy-proof,
 Of some unfolding temple. On its height
 Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
 That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
 Untended crop. As thro' this cavern'd path,
 Involv'd in pensive thought Aurelius past,
 Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
 Remurmur'd shrill, he stop'd, he rais'd his head;
 And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,
 With wonder and with pity bending o'er
 A shipwreck'd man. All-motionless on earth

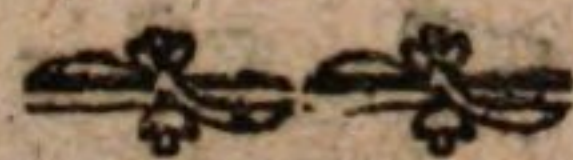
He

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.



He lay. The living lustre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguish'd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, thro' hovering mists at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
The briny wave: and close within his grasp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stem'd the flood with agonizing breast,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by nature's noblest hand;
Where bold proportion, and where softening grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

Aurelius, from the breathless clay, his eye
To heaven imploring rais'd then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
He bid transport it speedy thro' the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely stood and low,
Safe from the north beneath a sloping hill:
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moss
Light-shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapory air with aromatic smells:
Then, drops a sovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes:
While life, to scarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulse; and gradual o'er his cheek
The rosy current wins its reflux way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd



Severe on heaven, on the surrounding hills
 With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
 Dissolv'd in tears around: then clos'd again,
 As loathing light and life. At length, in sounds
 Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
 Distraction spoke—Down, down with every sail.
 Mercy, sweet heaven—Ha! now whole ocean sweeps
 In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!
 We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!
 That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.
 O for a sun to light this black abyss!
 Gone—lost—for ever lost! He ceas'd. Amaze
 And trembling on the pale assistants fell:
 Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
 Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensu'd,
 Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
 Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
 Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
 Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
 Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade
 The sacred silence due to grief supreme.
 Then thus at last. O from devouring seas
 By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
 Thy sense return'd can yet discern the Hand,
 All-wonderful, that thro' yon raging sea,
 Yon whirling waste of tempest, led thee safe;
 That Hand divine with grateful awe confess,
 With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
 Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
 Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled,
 And human help in vain—th' almighty Voice,
 Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the Deep
 Yield up its prey: that by his mercy sav'd,
 That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
 A monument of wonder as of love,
 May justify; to all the sons of men,

Thy



Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
Such praise delights him most—

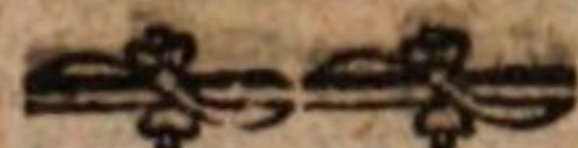
He hears me not.

Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Thro' the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream—

Yet, speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myself most wretched and in sorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to share in every pang
The wretched feel; to soothe the sad of heart;
To number tear for tear; and groan for groan,
With every son and daughter of distress.
Speak then, and give thy laboring bosom vent:
My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Thro' reason's paths, to happiness and heaven.

The Hermit thus: and after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the Man unknown.

What have I heard?— On this untravel'd shore,
Nature's last limit, hem'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith,
A comforter to find! whose language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whose breast
The gracious meltings of sweet pity move—
Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
Is lost in wonder— But, thou good Unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to despair,
That with no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curse; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
Descending shade— O son of this wild world!
From social converse tho' for ever barr'd,



Tho' chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
 Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
 Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
 By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
 O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life,
 Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
 Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
 In pleasing tumult pour'd thro' every vein,
 And panting at the heart, when first our eye
 Receives impress! Then, as passion grew,
 Did heaven consenting to thy wish indulge
 That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,
 That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
 Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
 Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
 If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
 My joys conceiving, image my despair,
 How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
 Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood
 Lies lost and bury'd there—O awful heaven!
 Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
 Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 Can'st tell what I have lost—O ill-starr'd Maid!
 O most undone A my n t o r!—Sighs and tears,
 And heart heav'd groans, at this, his voice suppress'd:
 The rest was agony and dumb despair.

Now, o'er their heads damp night her stormy gloom
 Spred, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
 With huge and heavy horror closing round
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
 The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
 And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,
 With soft assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.

A my n t o r, by that heaven who sees thy tears!
 By faith and friendship's sympathy divine!

Could



Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
How long in silent anguish to descend,
When Reason and when Fondness o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners? He, who can resign,
Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the sense,
The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
No mansion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity; whose kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our social sighs: and still, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
Her mind all-lovely, each ennobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme. Then shalt thou hear
From me, in sad return, a tale of woes,
So terrible—A myn tor, thy pain'd heart,
Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
That mine has bled with— But behold! the dark,
And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk.
Here break we off: and thou, sad mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely sleep. Each gracious Wing from
Of those that minister to erring man, (heaven
Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm;
Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
Of brightest vision; whisper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodness ever shares;
And to us both be friendly as we need.

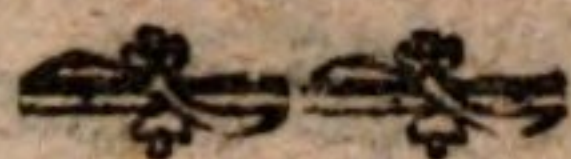
End of the First Canto.

A M Y N T O R
AND
THEODORA:
OR,
THE HERMIT.

C A N T O II.

NOW midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
Vapor and cloud. Around th' unsleeping Isle,
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear
Borne thro' the gloom, his shrinking sense appall'd.
Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
Again pale Memory labors in the storm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondness lov'd. And now, another shower
Of sorrow, o'er the dear unhappy Maid,
Effusive stream'd; till late, thro' every power
The soul subdu'd sunk sad to slow repose:
And all the darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pause from pain
Not long to last: for Fancy, oft awake
While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear:
Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
To mock with mimic shews. And lo! the deeps

In



In airy tumult swell. Beneath a hill
A mynion heaves of overwhelming seas;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the shadowy world
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown;
Where solitary, o'er the starless void, (length,
Dumb silence broods. Thro' heaths of dreary
Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar thro' the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,
Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide.
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung spousals, as along th' enamel'd turf
They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
The Fair encircled: thrice she fled his grasp,
And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
O turn! O stay thy flight!—so loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapors fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
The vale, the shore with darkling step he roam'd,
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound:



Then, scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
 He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
 Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor reason's
 voice,

Nor ow'd submission to the will of heaven,
 Restrains him; but, as passion whirls his thought,
 Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
 Tho' passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
 To which himself had borne th'unhappy Fair,
 May yet be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore,
 He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
 On land or wave within his ken appears,
 Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
 The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold!

Tho' now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
 Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
 Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
 Lifts high o'er earth and sea: while, all-unveil'd,
 The vast horizon on Amyn'tor's eye
 Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great,
 Magnificently various. From this steep,
 Diffus'd immense in rowling prospect lay
 The northern deep. Amidst, from space to space,
 Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
 As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air,
 Shoot gradual from her bosom: and beyond,
 Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
 Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills;
 A thousand landscapes! barren some and bare,
 Rock pil'd on rock amazing up to heaven,
 Of horrid grandeur: some with sounding ash,
 Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
 Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
 More lovely in the sun's adorning beam;
 Who now, fair-rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
 The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Mean



Mean while Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dew
On all who live to her, his mournful Guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rights
And virtue's rule enjoin: but first to Him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his matin-song,
Superior duty, thus the sage addrest.

Fountain of light! from whom yon orient sun
First drew his splendor, Source of life and love!
Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring: O First and Best!
Thy essence, tho' from human sight and search,
Tho' from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The maker's hand, on all his works imprest,
In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun to last; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
Sole revelation thro' all time the same.
Hail universal Goodness! with full stream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Thro' earth, air, sea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
The great community of nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where virtue leads to follow and be blest.
O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd



To days of future life; or whether now
 The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
 Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
 Thro' this dark scene of error and of ill,
 Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
 All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
 With-hold or grant; and let that will be done.

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
 The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
 He lightly scal'd: such health the frugal board,
 The morn's fresh breath that exercise respire
 In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
 Our life's best cordial, can thro' age prolong.
 There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd lay
 The man unknown; nor heard approach his host,
 Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
 By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
 Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
 From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
 Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began.

O sight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
 Even in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
 A feeling tear! Whom yesterday beheld
 By love and fortune crown'd, of all possesst
 That Fancy, trans'd in fairest vision, dreams;
 Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
 Each bliss that cheers; there, on the damp earth spread,
 Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
 And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
 The proud be taught, what now the wretched feel,
 The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
 Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
 To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
 Its tender anguish —

Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd

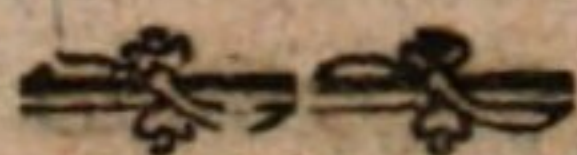
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The frantic Mourner, could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony
I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought,
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair — But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O fainted maid!
For such in heaven thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet these names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs: that I — O grief supreme!
O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd
For such a task? — that I those dear remains,
With maiden-rites aborn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and weeping there,
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine!

Such and so dire, reply'd the cordial Friend
In pity's look and language, such, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This bosom ravag'd. Hearken then, good Youth;
My story mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad at it seems, to ballance and to bear.

In me, a man behold, whose morn serene,
Whose noon of better life, with honor spent,
In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
Drew fair distinction on my public name,
From those among mankind, the nobler few,
Whose



Whose praise is fame: but there, in that true source
 Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
 In home-found peace and love, supremely blest!
 Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
 By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd,
 Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven, the same!
 At last, Amynor, in my failing age,
 Fallen from such height, and with the felon herd,
 Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
 Stings deep the heart and cloathes the cheek with
 shame!

Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone should fear,
 The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
 Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
 To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
 And all, O sovereign Reason! all deriv'd,
 From Power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
 A right divine to violate unblam'd
 Each law, each rule, that, by Himself observ'd,
 The God prescribes, whose sanction Kings pretend!

O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
 Whole hopeless years, th' oppressor's hand to know
 How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,
 Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
 Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
 Of want and woe, of danger and despair,
 As Heaven has thine, to pity their distress!

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
 Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuse;
 Be far the bitterness of faintly zeal,
 That impious hid behind the patriot's name
 Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
 In Justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
 The prince to guard—but guard the people too:
 Chief,



Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,
Fair Freedom, birth right of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince,
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For say, A myntor, does just heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
Engulph their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravel'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of Power
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk:
My self, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the social life renounc'd,
Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To shameful death adjudg'd; against my head

The



The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
 Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds,
 And this blind fury of commission'd rage,
 Of party-vengeance, to a fatal Foe,
 Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,
 Was given in charge: a Foe, whom blood-stain'd zeal
 For what (O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
 Lest thy rous'd thunder burst) for what was deem'd
 Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute,
 More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
 To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
 Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
 Familiar, and in each dire art of death
 Train'd ruthless up. As tygers on their prey,
 On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
 Devouring fell: nor that sequester'd shade,
 That sweet recess, where love and virtue long
 In happy league had dwelt, which war itself
 Beheld with reverence, could their fury scape;
 Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames:
 For flame and rapine their consuming march,
 From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
 So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
 Embodiy'd locusts from the wing descend
 On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
 While, waste behind, Destruction on their track
 And ghastly Famine wait. My wife and child
 He drag'd, the ruffian drag'd — O heaven! do I,
 A man, survive to tell it? at the hour
 Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
 Of all who saw and curs'd his coward-rage,
 He forc'd unpitying from their midnight-bed,
 By menace, or by torture, from their fears
 My last retreat to learn; and still detains
 Beneath his roof accurst. That best of wives!
 Emilia! and our only pledge of love,

My



My blooming Theodora! — Manhood there,
And nature bleed — Ah! let not busy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
Discovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to desperation sink
My hopes in heaven. He said: but O sad Muse!
Can all thy moving energy, of power
To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
With words that weep, and strains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what A my n t o r feels? O heaven, art thou —
What have I heard? — A u r e l i u s! art thou He? —
Confusion! horror! — that most wrong'd of men!
And O most wretched too! alas, no more,
No more a father — On that fatal flood,
Thy Theodora — At these words he fell:
A deadly cold ran freezing thro' his veins:
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
With terror glaring wild; his stiffening limbs
In sudden marble bound: so stood, so look'd
The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,
No tear had force to flow; his senses all,
Thro' all their powers, suspended, and subdu'd
To chill amazement. Silence for a space —
Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
Ere first the thunder breaks — on either side
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
As from some vision that to frenzy fires
The sleeper's brain, A my n t o r waking wild,
A ponyard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth — Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be visited; and thus

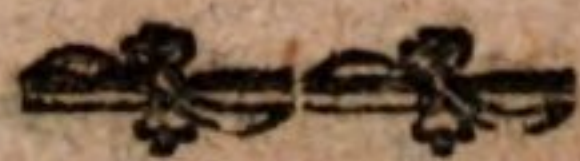
My



My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd
 The weapon's hostile point.— His lifted arm,
 Aurelius, tho' with deep dismay and dread
 And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
 Collecting, and resum'ing all himself,
 Seiz'd sudden: then perusing with strict eye,
 And beating heart, A mynion's blooming form;
 Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
 To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke.

—O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet stay
 Thy hand self-violent nor thus to guilt,
 If guilt is thine, accumulating add
 A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
 Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
 Shall man first violate the law divine,
 That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
 Resign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
 Of fair dismissal hence; shall man do this,
 Then dare thy presence, rush into thy fight,
 Red with the sin, and recent from the stain
 Of unrepented blood? Call home thy sense;
 Know what thou art, and own his hand most just,
 Rewarding or afflicting—But say on,
 My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
 Recals thy words, recals their dire import:
 They urge me on; they bid me ask no more—
 What would I ask? My Theodora's fate,
 Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
 Good heaven! beyond all grace—But shall I blame
 His rage of grief, and in myself admit
 Its wild excess? Heaven gave her to my wish;
 That gift Heaven has resum'd: righteous in both;
 For both his Providence be ever blest!

By



By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
A myn tor, slow-recovering into thought,
Submissive on his knee, the good man's hand
Grasp'd close, and bore with ardor to his lips.
His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence spoke,
Thro' swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now rose to meet, now shun'd the Hermit's glance
Shot awful at him: till, the various swell
Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke:

What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing even thy goodness must abhor.
Mistaken man! the honor of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.
I am — Aurelius! turn that look aside,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
Abhorrent say, he is — Forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence — by her bond
Rolando's son: by your more sacred ties,
As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his —

Rolando's son? Just heaven!
Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
All-terrible arising, shakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The Father's heart, tho' seas are spread between,
Were great revenge! — Away: revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd
Even to the crime my reason most condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke;
And his own ponyard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended held. But as, the welcome blow,
With arms display'd, A myn tor seem'd to court,
Behold, in sudden confluence gathering round
The Natives stood; whom kindness hither drew,



The Man unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came
Montano, venerable sage, whose head
The hand of time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd; and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and secure;
To save him from himself, as one, with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

End of the Second Canto.

AMYN.

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O III.

Where Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
With triple fork to heaven, the mounted sun
Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream,
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
And nodding as they move, their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
Around its rocks to graze: for, strange to tell!*

Y 2

The

* The cows often feed on the alga marina: and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; tho', at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.



The hour of ebb, tho' ever varying found,
 As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
 Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
 Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,
 To all its creatures equal in its care,
 Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide
 To labor and repose a simple race,
 These native signs to due repast at noon,
 Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle:
 All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
 By nature's voice solicited in vain,
 Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
 The Child no more! the Mother's fate untold!
 Both in black prospect rising to his eye —
 'Twas anguish there; 'twas here distracting doubt!
 Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
 Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
 Inclined alternate, summoning each aid
 That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
 Superior rising, in the might of Him,
 Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,
 Omnipotent can draw; again resign'd,
 Again he sacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
 Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast;
 The sigh soft memory prompts; the tender tear,
 That, streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost,
 With mournful magic tortures and delights,
 Relieve us, while its sweet oppression loads,
 And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As Reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
 And thro' the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
 That strengthens while it cheers; behold from far
 Amyntor slow - approaching! On his front,
 O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
 Attraction, sweetly sad. His noble port,

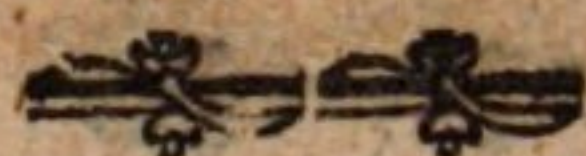
Majestic



Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd;
And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Strait, before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell, they sat them down
In counterview: and thus the Youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's story: then, as Justice sees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Absolve him or condemn — But O! may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every son
By heaven made sacred; and by nature's hand,
With honor, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought. — These eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal
Too near beheld: its madness how extreme;
How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy mischief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell cruelty let loose in mercy's name:
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron-scourge
Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
That Power whose law is meekness; and, for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

Flexile of will, misjudging tho' sincere,
Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
Implicite into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His course unjust to violence and rage.
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of Beauty, nor the Matron's sacred age,
Secure from wrongs, could innocence secure,
Found reverence or distinction. Yet, sustain'd



By conscious worth within, the matchless Pair
 Their threatening fate imprisonment and scorn
 And death denounc'd unshrinking, unsubdu'd
 To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
 With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
 Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;
 But calmly constant, without effort great,
 What reason dictates, and what heaven approves.

But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
 Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,
 My further story cloathe? O could I steal
 From harmony her softest-warbled strain
 Of melting air! or zephir's vernal voice!
 Or philomela's song, when love dissolves
 To liquid blandishment his evening lay,
 All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
 Then might Amyn tor, unoffending, tell,
 How unperceiv'd and secret thro' his breast,
 As morning rises o'er the midnight-shade,
 What first was ow'd humanity to both,
 Assisting piety and tender thought,
 Grew swift and silent into love for one:
 My sole offence — if love can then offend,
 When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
 That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
 Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
 Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
 That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
 For all in thee was native; from within
 Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
 From its unfailing source! and then too, seen
 In milder lights; by sorrow's shading hand
 Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,

By



By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
O sweetness without name! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
Endears, ennobles Her, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy! Passion then
Refines to virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
By self-regard, or thought of due return,
The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reason best conceives
Of love celestial; whose prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!

By this plain courtship of the honest heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle Maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's fairest hour!
O seen but not enjoy'd, just hail'd and lost
Its flattering brightness! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
And love, (if wild desire, of fancy born,
By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
Profanes not) love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks
back,
Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of silence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe
Dash'd with indignant scorn; each harbour'd thought
Y 4 Of



Of soft emotion or of social sense,
 Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
 That bigot-rage embosoms, fled at once:
 And all the savage reassum'd his breast.
 'Tis just, he cry'd: who thus invites disdain,
 Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
 Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
 And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
 When next we meet, or mutual blush to spare,
 Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
 Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal scorn
 Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
 To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
 The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
 Had prey'd unseen, now deep thro' all her powers
 Its poison spred, and kill'd their vital growth.
 Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
 Of shame and horror. — Dare I yet proceed?
 Aurelius, O most injur'd of mankind!
 Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
 To woe, new anguish, and to grief, despair? —
 She is no more —

O providence severe!

Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry'd;
 But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
 Of froward grief: and to the Will supreme
 In justice awful, lowly bending his,
 Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
 By all the war of nature tho' assail'd,
 Escap'd his lips. What! shall we from heaven's grace
 With life receiving happiness, our share
 Of ill refuse? And are afflictions aught
 But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,
 Medicinal tho' bitter, and prepar'd
 By love's own hand for salutary ends.
 But were they ills indeed; can fond complaint

Arrest



Arrest the wing of time? Can grief command
This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again
The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse
To light and life restore? Blest pair, farewell!
Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
Of human fondness sighing in the breast,
And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
And let me call thee son (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too sadly have deserv'd)
On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore. The patient man
Thus spoke: A mynion thus his story clos'd.

As dumb with anguish, round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
Her closing eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face — O save my child!
She said: and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I saw her shrouded; bid eternal peace
Her shade receive, and, with the truest tears
Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.

What then remain'd for honor or for love?
What, but that scene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
With drowfiest influence reign, the waning moon
Ascending mournful in the midnight-sphere;
On that drear spot, within whose cavern'd womb
Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils
Her honor'd clay, alone and kneeling there,



I found my Theodora! Thrill'd with awe,
With sacred terror, which the time, the place
Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!
By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
That once was man, now mould'ring here below!
But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb,
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
Th' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps,
As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves. — I led her thence:
To where, safe-station'd in a secret bay,
Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We sail'd — But, O my Father! can I speak
What yet remains? yon ocean black with storm!
Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
The speechless crew aghast! and that lost Fair!
Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm,
Expiring, sinking with her fears she hung!
I kiss'd her pale cold cheek: with tears adjur'd,
And won at last, with sums of profer'd gold,
The boldest mariners, this precious charge
Instant to save; and, in the skiff secur'd
Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her — That moment, from the deck,
A sea swell'd o'er and plung'd me in the gulph.
Nor me alone: its broad and billowing sweep
Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious heaven!

My



My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down — it must be so! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was Amyntor fav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
And years of death to come? — Nor further voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd:
With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
To heaven uplifted, motionless and mute
He stood, the mournful semblance of despair.

The lamp of day, tho' from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardor, shot on earth
Oppressive brightness round; till in soft steam,
From ocean's bosom his light vapors drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the sky
Their veil diffusive spread; the scene abroad
Soft-shadowing, vale, and plain, and dazzling hill.
Aurelius, with his guest, the western cliff
Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double stream a lucid source
Rowl'd founding forth, and where with dewy wing
Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
Till cooler hours arise. The subject Isle
Her village-capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary Gods; her small domain
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
That branching bear refreshful moisture on
To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view. From scene to scene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, sighing, thus began

Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are sons of sorrow born.
Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,

Of



Of pain and grief, from fire to son deriv'd,
 All have their mournful portion; all must bear
 Th'impos'd condition of their mortal state,
 Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye
 Where yonder vale, A myn tor, sloping spreads
 Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose-lap,
 From hence due east. A myn tor look'd and saw,
 Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
 Where thrice three Females, earnest each and arm'd
 With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
 For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
 To turn the mold and break th' adhesive clods,
 Employ'd assiduous. Those, with equal pace
 And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white
 With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
 Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
 O'erlabour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.

Behold! Aurelius thus his speech renew'd
 From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd
 For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
 What yet necessity demands severe.
 Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
 With orient beams, as many nights along
 Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil
 Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
 The Husbands of those widow'd Mates, who now
 For both must labor, launch'd, in quest of food,
 Their island skiff adventurous on the deep.
 Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd
 The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
 Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
 As annual on from shore to shore they move
 In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
 Dark from the south a gust of furious wing,
 Upspringing, drove to sea: and left in tears

This



This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before surmiz'd; one general groan,
To heaven ascending, spoke the general breast
With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
Thro' these hoarse rocks, on this resounding shore,
At morn was heard: at midnight too were seen,
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
With eager gaze—till from yon lesser Isle,
Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the soaring lark,
Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
With curling mists—at last from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
Successive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
Took her gay turn to reign; and nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky prison to release
Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught skill and vigor not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare.

A m y n-

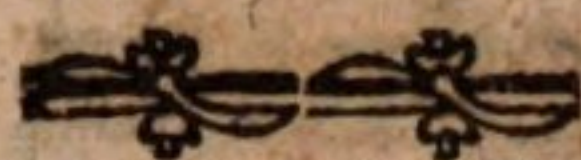


Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
 And murmur'd out his name: then sunk again;
 Then swoon'd upon his bosom, thro' excess
 Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
 The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
 Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
 Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments of dread suspense — but soon to cease!
 For now, while on her face these men unknown
 The stream, with cool aspersions, busy cast,
 His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
 Beheld in them — his friends! th' adventurous few
 Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
 Had sav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek,
 Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
 In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
 How to yon Isle, yon round of moss clad hills,
 Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,
 These Islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
 (So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
 With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
 Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
 Its prow directed safe — He heard no more:
 The rest already known, his every sense,
 His full-collected soul, on her alone
 Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
 This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

A myntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
 My soul's despair and rapture! — can this be?
 Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
 Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
 Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
 Dare I yet trust my sense? — O yes, 'tis he!
 'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart

Con-



Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands
My laboring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breast they charm— A myntor, O support
This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart
A second pang. At this, dilated high
The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dew away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian-Genius hovers, so the youth,
On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
In silent fondness dwelt: while all his soul,
With trembling tendernefs of hope and fear
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
For further joy her soft impressiv frame.

O happy! tho' as yet thou know'st not half
The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentlest mind,
Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
On wonder wait— safe refug'd in this Isle,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo— but curb,
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
The mountain's side descend!— Abrupt from his
Her hand she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,

Z

His



A myn tor, who the tale distressful heard *
 With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,
 On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
 Rapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left;
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
 Or sailing level on the polar gale
 That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
 The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs,
 Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
 Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
 His parent-beam that animates and cheers
 All living kinds. He, glorious from amidst
 A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
 Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
 Wav'd one unbounded blush: a scene to strike
 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
 But, lost to outward sense, A myn tor pass'd
 Regardless on, thro' other walks convey'd
 Of baleful prospect; which pale Fancy rais'd
 Incessant to herself, and fabled o'er
 With darkest night, meet region for despair!
 Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
 Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
 Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
 At distance saw, descending on the shore,
 Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
 A double band, who by their gestures strange
 There fix'd him wondering: for at once they knelt
 With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as seemed,
 One

* The author, who relates this story, adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's descript. of the Western Isles of Scotland. p. 286.



One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a pensive Maid;
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound — Oh all ye powers!
Amyntor startling cry'd, and shot his soul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illusion! no — it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here — and see!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The Spirits who this ocean waste and wild
Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
Embod'yd, featur'd it with all her charms —
And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze transported — Ha! she faints, she falls!
He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd
Her sinking weight — O earth, and air, and sea!
'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy! As he spoke,
Adown his cheek, thro' shivering joy and doubt,
The tear fast-falling stream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,
My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
That potent name, her spirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, she trembling rais'd her eyes;
Trembling,



Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
 And murmur'd out his name: then sunk again;
 Then swoon'd upon his bosom, thro' excess
 Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
 The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
 Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
 Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments of dread suspense — but soon to cease!
 For now, while on her face these men unknown
 The stream, with cool asperision, busy cast,
 His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
 Beheld in them — his friends! th' adventurous few
 Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
 Had sav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek,
 Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
 In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
 How to yon Isle, yon round of moss clad hills,
 Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,
 These Islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
 (So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
 With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
 Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
 Its prow directed safe — He heard no more:
 The rest already known, his every sense,
 His full-collected soul, on her alone
 Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
 This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

A myntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
 My soul's despair and rapture! — can this be?
 Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
 Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
 Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
 Dare I yet trust my sense? — O yes, 'tis he!
 'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart

Con-



Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands
My laboring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breast they charm— A myntor, O support
This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart
A second pang. At this, dilated high
The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dew away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian-Genius hovers, so the youth,
On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
In silent fondness dwelt: while all his soul,
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
For further joy her soft impressible frame.

O happy! tho' as yet thou know'st not half
The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentlest mind,
Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
On wonder wait— safe refug'd in this Isle,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo— but curb,
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
The mountain's side descend!— Abrupt from his
Her hand she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,

Z

His



His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
 The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
 My father! — O my child! at once they cry'd;
 Nor more. The rest ecstatic silence spoke,
 And nature from her inmost seat of sense
 Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene,
 Where emulous in either bosom strove
 Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
 Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile;
 And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this blissful hour: the joy,
 With instant flow, from shore to shore along
 Diffusive ran; and all th' exulting isle
 About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
 To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
 In each plain bosom love and nature wept:
 While each a fire, a husband, or a friend,
 Embracing held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song,
 The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
 What nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
 Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd
 Aloud to heaven; Montano, reverend Seer,
 (Whose eye prophetic far thro' time's abyss
 Could shoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
 Yet immature and in their causes hid,
 Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood:
 His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
 From outward vision held, and all the man
 Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
 On fluid air, as in a mirror, seen,
 And glowing radiant to his mental sight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
 The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercast!
 With



With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning rosy round
A purer morning lights up all her skies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
See! with spread wing Britannia's Genius flies,
Before his prow; commands the speeding gales
To waft him on; and, o'er the Hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown.
Blest emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!
And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
By heaven belov'd, thou too that sacred sun
Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!
I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
From this blest Pair to spring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn;
Thro' life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

THE END.

THE
TRAVELLER;

OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only scribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from differing systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.



Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some halfwitted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What



What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lyes,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But

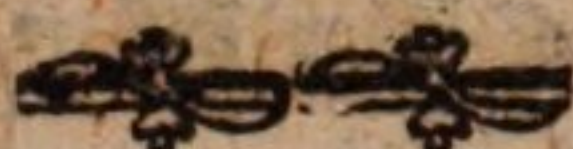


But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spend and care,
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:

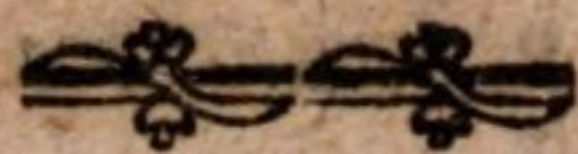


Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies:
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human blifs so small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather blifs to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease;
 The naked negroe, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine.
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country ever is, at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share;
 Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
 As differen good, by Art or Nature given,
 To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her blifs at labour's earnest call;
 With food as well the peasant is supply'd
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
 And though the rocky crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From Art more various are the blessings sent;
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.

Yet



Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails;
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims the other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil:
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But



But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
And ev'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind:
For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form,
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade,
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:

As



As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But Man and steel, the foldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plow-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;

Smiles

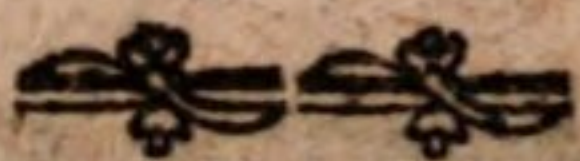


Smiles by his chearful fire, and round furveys
 His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
 And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd,
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
 For every want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But



But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops from fire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm
the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wonderous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,

Here

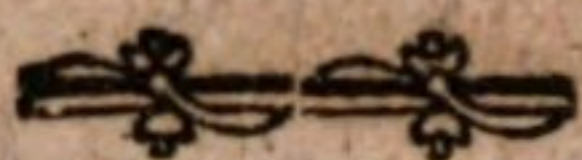


Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays;
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their blifs supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently flow
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow.
Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,

The



The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

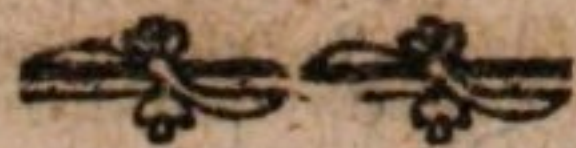
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd.
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,

A a

Pride

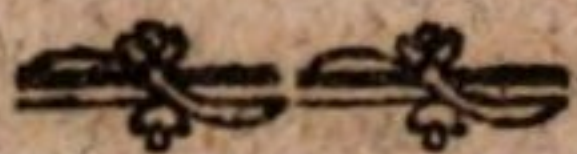


Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
 Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
 But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy:
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stopt, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms;
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame;
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

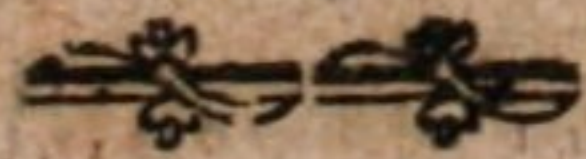
Yet



Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;



And thus polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force,
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall;
 Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
 ways;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centers in the mind:
 Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?

In



In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure,
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

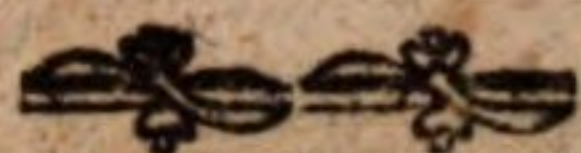
By the Same.

TO
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I Can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years



years past, to be certain of what I alledge; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the encrease of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And flights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;

The



The swains mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgins' side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like
these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their chearful influence shed,
These were thy charms— But all these charms are
fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And, desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choaked with fedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;

A a 5

For



For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my grief—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening groupe to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;

And,



And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate,
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But



But now the sounds of population fail,
No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass - grown foot - way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.

Pleased



Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was layed,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise,

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside



Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides proſage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing too, the parson owned his skill;
 For even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length, and thundering
 found,

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspired,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place;

The



The white - washed wall, the nicely fanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea - cups, wisely kept for shew,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks; nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,

In



In these, ere trifles half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and an happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound;
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended hounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their
 growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure, all
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes.
 But when those charms are past, for charms are
 frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She



She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed;
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!

Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine
eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.

B b

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B b

She



She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking of the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling, (ed,
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown-
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men, more murderous still than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good



Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting
day,

That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their
last,

And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.

The good old fire, the first prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others woe.
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And claspt them close in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! Thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;



Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love:
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excell,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell, and O where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possess,
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HERMIT.

BY TH. PARNELL.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose
Seem'd Heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm Nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with ans'ring colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)

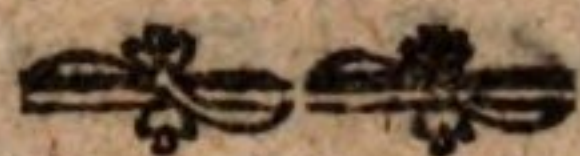


He quits his cell ; the Pilgrim - staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wafted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way !
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd ;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
When near the road a stately palace rose ;
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive ; the liv'ry'd servants wait :
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate,
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At

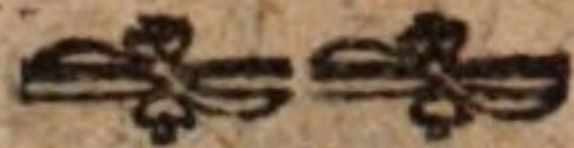


At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
And early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the Sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner shew'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
It's owner's temper tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;



The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
 In one so rich a life so poor and rude;
 And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face;
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, chear the day:
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom
 wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:

De-



Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wand'ers want a place to ly.
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.



Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
 Detested wretch — But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,
 The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind;

For



For this, commiffion'd, I forfook the fky,
Nay, ceafe to kneel — thy fellow-fervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine
And let the fcruples be no longer thine:

The Maker juftly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its facred majesty thro' all depends
On ufing fecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ftate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions ufes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting fons of men be ftill.

What ftrange events can ftrike with more furprize,
Than thofe which lately ftuck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by thefe, confefs th' Almighty juft,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truft!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whofe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ftands with goblets fhine,
And forc'd his guefts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the gracelefs custom loft,
And ftill he welcomes, but with lefs of coft.

The mean, fufpicious wretch, whole bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can blefs, if mortals will be kind.
Confcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaffion touch his grateful foul.
Thus artists melt the fullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loofe from dross, the filver runs below.

Long



Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On founding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

THE END.

THE

THE
SEASONS.

BY
JAMES THOMSON.

S P R I N G.

The
A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.



SPRING.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hartford, fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd.
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

And see where furly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.



As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
 Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
 To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

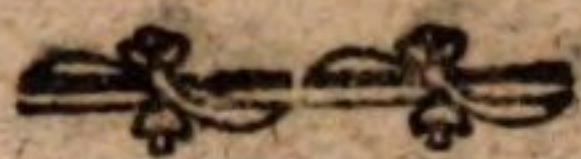
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye



Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
And temper all, thou world reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung. 55
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd
In antient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent scorn'd 65
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea, 70
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75
O'er every land, the naked nations cloathe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!



Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the light dwells 85
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves 90
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd 100
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisom damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, (drops
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze 105
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115
 The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast

The



The full-blown spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north, 120
Myriads on myriads, insect-armies waft
Keen in the prison'd breeze; and wasteful ear,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course 125
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls: 130
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with
rain,
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, 140
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven 145
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep 150
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:



Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lively, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy.
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze 155
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse 160
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute imploring eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil, 165
 To throw the lucid moisture triking off;
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 170
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 175
 In large effusion, o'er th' freshened world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends 180
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth?
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185

Thus



Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush 190
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain, 195
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds, 205
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold 210
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd 215
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A softened shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thousand differend plastic rubes, 220
The balmy treasures of the former day.



Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale, 225
 In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 230
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores 235
 Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years; unflinch'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease, 240
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdend race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away; 245
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
 Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole 250
 Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed, 255
 Was



Was known among those happy sons of Heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun 260
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265
Was meekened, and he join'd his fullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd 270
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd minutes, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind 275
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, fees 280
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. 285
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more 290



Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
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 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,
 The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind;

For



For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine
And let the scruples be no longer thine:

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the fullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long



Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

THE END.

THE

THE
SEASONS.

BY
JAMES THOMSON.

S P R I N G.

The
A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.



SPRING.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hartford, fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd.
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

And see where furly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.



As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
 Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
 To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

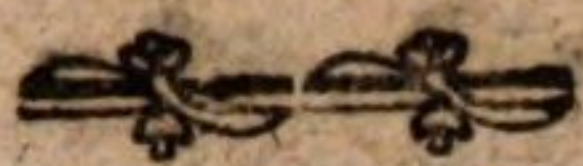
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye



Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
And temper all, thou world reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung 55
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd
In antient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent scorn'd 65
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea, 70
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75
O'er every land, the naked nations cloathe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!



Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the light dwells 85
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves 90
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd 100
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisom damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, (drops
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze 105
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115
 The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast

The



The full-blown spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north, 120
Myriads on myriads, insect-armies waft
Keen in the prison'd breeze; and wasteful ear,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course 125
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls: 130
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,
Those deepening clouds on clouds, furcharg'd with
rain,

That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, 140
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven 145
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep 150
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:



Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lively, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy.
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze 155
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse 160
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute imploring eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil, 165
 To throw the lucid moisture triking off;
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 170
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 175
 In large effusion, o'er th' freshened world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends 180
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth?
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185

Thus



Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush 190
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain, 195
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds, 205
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold 210
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd 215
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A softened shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thousand differend plastic rubes, 220
The balmy treasures of the former day.

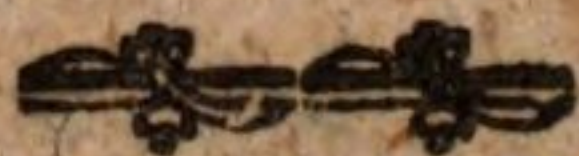


Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale, 225
 In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 230
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores 235
 Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years; unflinch'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease, 240
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdend race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away; 245
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
 Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole 250
 Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed, 255

Was



Was known among those happy sons of Heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun 260
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265
Was meekened, and he join'd his fullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd 270
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd minutes, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind 275
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. 285
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more 290



That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells; 295
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 301
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell 305
 And joyless inhumanity pervades
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd 310
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal burst, into the gulph,
 And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
 Till, from the center to the streaming clouds, 315
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have, with feverer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before, 320
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd



Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage; 326
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the spring of life. 330
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought.
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravin fir'd, ensanguin'd Man 340
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs, 345
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart, 350-355
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
To



To merit death? you, who have given us milk 360
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
 Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land 365
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart 370
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage,
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state 375
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise,
 Besides, who know, how rais'd to higher life,
 From stage to stage, the vital scale ascends?

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away; 380
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring, 385
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep, 390
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When



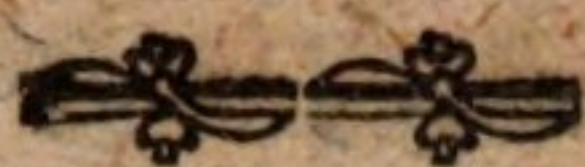
When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race, 395
Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils 405
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game. 410
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some, 415
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven, 420
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art. 425
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun



Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With fullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep 'struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool, 435
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side, 440
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gayly drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps; 445
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade: 450
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead 455
 Thro' rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
 Or catch thy self the landskip, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd, 460
 And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace;

All



All but the swellings of the soften'd heart, 465
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers? 470
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah what shall language do? ah where find words 475
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, tho' successful, will the toil delight. 480
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet, 485
These looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the rosy footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread 490
The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks 495
The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,



In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast 500
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild; 505
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly, 510
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul:
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil. 515

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day 520
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main 525
 But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first; 530
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;

The



The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round.
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed, 535
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd 540
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud 545
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still; 550
Nor broad carnations; nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom. 555

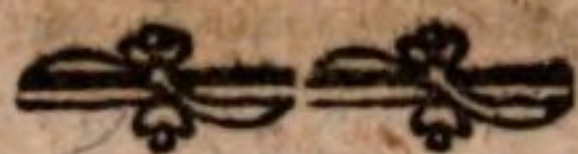
Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of Heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd. 560
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells 565
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes



The torpid sap, detrudd to the root
 By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads 570
 All this innumeros-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
 My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim. 575
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme 580
 Unknown to fame, the Passion of the groves.

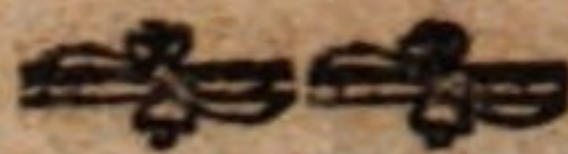
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing; 585
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark, 590
 Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every cople
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush 595
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length 600
 Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
 To



To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove: 605
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely silent. Join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw, 610
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love; 615
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around 620
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow, 625
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire. 630

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive 635



Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
 Commit their feeble offspring: The cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few, 640
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks, 645
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes; 650
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house 655
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
 Clean, and compleate, their habitation grows. 660

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
 Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand 665
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With



With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young, 670
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care, 675
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair, 680
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cott amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train, 685
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing, 690
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead 700
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man



Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air. 705
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
 Which cleer and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song. 710
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade!

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd 715
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls; 720
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
 Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall 725
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe; till wide around the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings, 730
 Demand the free possession of the sky:
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown,
 Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild, 735
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With



With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs 740
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command 745
Or push them off. The surging air receives
The plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight; 750
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff, 755
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost * Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong pounc'd and ardent with paternal fire. 760
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles. 765

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,

D d 4

In

* The farthest of the western islands in Scotland.



In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd, 770
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around,
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks, 775
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet 780
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Lord-threatning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in radiant majesty along 785
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world 790
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom, 795
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt, 800
 He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
 Their



Their eyes flash fury: to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds, 805
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong: 810
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
And by the well known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes 815
Th' exciting gale; then' steep descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell. 820

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing 825
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme 830
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending fun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock, 835
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
D d 5 Their

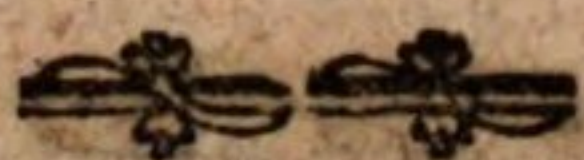


Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound 840
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited Britain ever bled,
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state, 845
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift the golden head;
 And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!

What is this mighty Breath, ye curious, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard, 850
 Instructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
 Inspiring God! who boundless Spirit all,
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, and agitates the whole. 855
 He ceaseless works alone; and yet alone
 Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
 But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears: 860
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The Smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty; which exalts
 The brute-creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts 865
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man;
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
 To raise his being, and serene his soul. 870
 Can he forbear to join the general smile

Of



Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth, 875
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front 880
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd
Can restless goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprizing oft 885
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you, 890
Ye flower of human race!— In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss 895
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd 900
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray, 905



O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley-Park thou strayest;
 Thy British Tempe! There along the dale,
 With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees,
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts 915
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots 920
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander thro' the philosophic world;
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye. 925
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time:
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulph 930
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own; 935
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away. 940

The



The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace, 945
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Inimitable happiness! which love,
Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd 955
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt
The Hospitable Genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills; 960
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round; 965
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love. 970
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear extatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:

Dare



Dare not th'infectious sigh; the pleading look, 975
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch, 980
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours. 985
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paint th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
 Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye, 990
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy. 995

Even present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid, while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang 1000
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,
 And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes, arrous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed, 1005
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
 Neg-

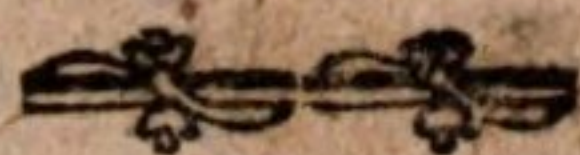


Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: The darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring 1010
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein. 1015
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From the tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies 1020
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs 1025
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank 1030
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east, 1035
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gendle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or, while the world 1040
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,

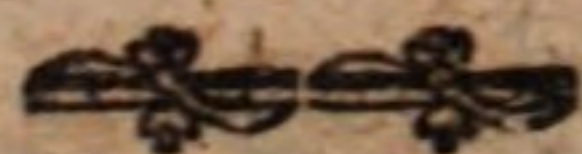


Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love; 1045
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn 1050
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise, 1055
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
 To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man, 1060
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste, 1065
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores; 1070
 But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart 1075
 Should



Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then, 1080
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps. 1085
Ah then! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed!
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek, 1090
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up 1095
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought, 1100
Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart: 1105
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care; 1110
E e His



His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love,
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power, 1120
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul,
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure. 1125
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love 1130
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a meer, lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith, 1135
And equal transport free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish; 1140
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round, 1145
And



And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls 1150
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix 1155
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart: 1160
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love; 1165
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
'Till evening comes at last, serene and mild; 1170
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep,
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly 1175
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

S U M M E R.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheepshearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.



S U M M E R.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature' depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way, 5
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun beam wanders tho' the gloom, 10
And on the dark-green grafs, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat, 15
By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd, goodness and wit, 25
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd,
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:



O Dodington! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful: Such Th' All-Perfect Hand!
 That pois'd, impells, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th'alternate Twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
 'Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward: while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.

Rous'd



Rous'd by the cock the soon clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives 65
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song? 70
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life?
Total extinction of th' enlightened soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75
Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk? 80

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all, 85
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light! 90
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen 95
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?



'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy System rolls entire: from the far bourn
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
 Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train! (orbs
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life,
 How many forms of being wait on thee!
 Inhaling spirit, from th' unfettered mind,
 By thee sublim'd down to the daily race, 110
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
 In world-rejoicing stare, it moves, sublime.
 Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car, 120
 High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
 And softened into joy the surly Storms. 125
 These in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits, till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor



Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines; 135
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence blest mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct, 150
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,



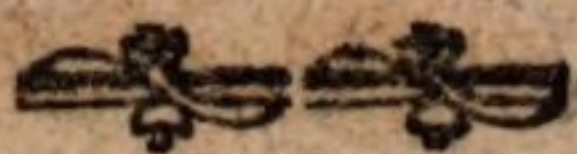
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
 Softens at they return. The desert joys 165
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity and use,
 Unequal far; great delegated source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him, 175
 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185
 Almighty Father! silent in thy praise;
 Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,
 Even in the depth of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
 And to the quire celestial Thee resound, 190
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd to translate, 195
 My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms

Pensive



Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds, 200
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse,
While tyrant Heat, dispreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The foot of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey grown oaks 225
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All



All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale, till, wakened by the wasp, 235
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
 Not mean tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs, 245
 To higher life, by myriads, forth at once
 Swarming they pour, of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly, where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel, or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray, there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry bend their flight;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
 Oft,



Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap 270
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front,
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd
With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf

And



Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 The grosser eye of Man: for, if the world
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art! 325
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
 Mark'd their dependance so and firm accord,

As



As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That This availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink 335
Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
As on our smiling eyes his servant-fun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's gliter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row.
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
And



And drive the dusky wave along the mead.
 The ruffet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy running brook
 Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,
 And That fair-sperading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in; 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd, 395
 Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the founding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round
 One, chief, in gracious dignity inthron'd, 400

Shines



Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace: 405
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face, 415
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighther clime, 425
The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast; 430
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye



Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all 435
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief, thence hot ascending steams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the Soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful sound
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower, sinking, heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd 445
 And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar;
 Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-Conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
 And restless turn, and look around for Night;
 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome,



Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain
Thro',



Thro' all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Extatic, felt, and from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare; 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast,
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death; 535
And



And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

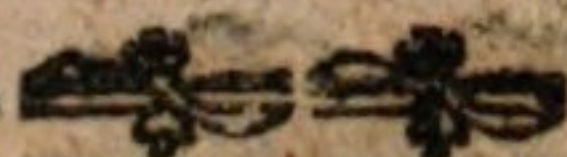
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
„ Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures, we 545
„ From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
„ The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit,
„ Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
„ Toil'd tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
„ This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
„ Where purity and peace immingle charms.
„ Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
„ Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
„ By noisy folly and discordant vice,
„ Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
„ Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
„ When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
„ Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
„ And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
„ The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade: 560
„ A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
„ On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
„ Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain. "

And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! — Tho' rais'd above 565
The reach of human pain, above the flight

Ff 3

Of

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died
at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.



Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
 Or rather to Parental Nature pay
 The tears of grateful joy; who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift shrinking
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene. (back,

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,

600
 Now

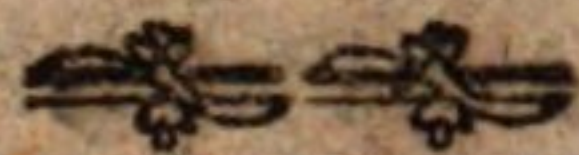


Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid parts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds 620
A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep lull'd in Noon, 630
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

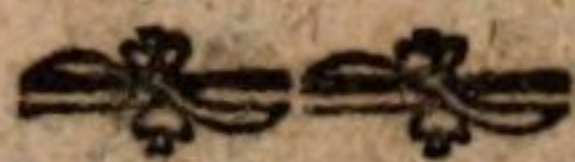


See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The * general Breeze, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and ** double seasons pass: 645
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

** In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.



Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Dew in the night the massy Locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675
O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride 685
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense 690
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift

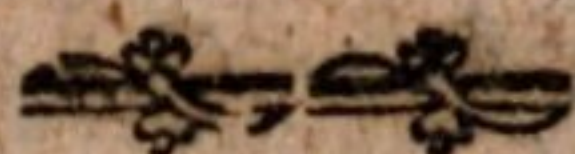


Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dew and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas: 705
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills,
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in solemn theater around, 720
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he 725
Of what the never-resting race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730
And

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.



And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Thro' the soft silence of the listening night, 745
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 750
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
No holy Fury thou blaspheming Heaven, 755
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760
From jasmine grove, to grove, may'st wander gay,
Thro'

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, tho' more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.



Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
 For many a league; or on stupendous rock,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields; 770
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold,
 And o'er the varied landskip, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind: 780
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crouding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd,
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow;
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,

And

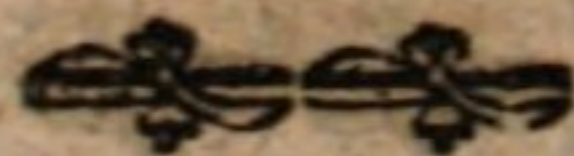


And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war 800
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along: 815
Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep he pours his urn, 820
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind 825
Fall on Cormandel's coast; or Malabar;
From * Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
With

* The river that runs thro' Siam; on whose banks a
vast multitude of those insects called Fire-flies
make a beautiful appearance in the night.



With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty * Orellane. Scarce the Muse 840
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful desarts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoyed. Forsaking these, 850
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle,
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But

* The river of the Amazons.



But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth? 860
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? What the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,
Their filky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers rowl,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace, 875
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 885
And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,

And



And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds: and while, with threatening
 tongue

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
 This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks

Croud



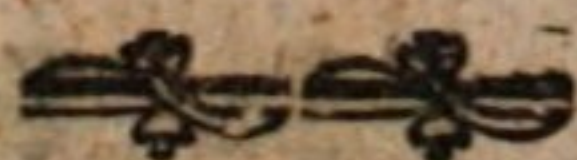
Croud near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the Pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone 940
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And his continual thro' the tedious night. 950
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Caesar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
And all the green delights Aufonia pours;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,

Gg

From



From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play: 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crouded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca faddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
 Obeys the blast, th' aërial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy ** speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow

Musters

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

** Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.



Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow: By rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyfs. 1000
 With such mad seas the daring * Gama fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005
 The rising world of trade: the Genius, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The ** Lusitanian Prince; who Heav'n-in-
 spir'd, 1010
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of the storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crouds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,

G g 2

Which

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the East-Indies.

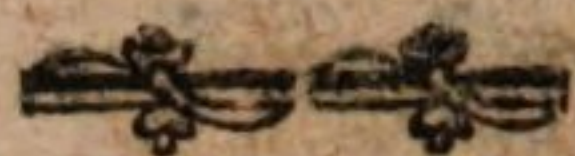
** Don Henry, third son to John the first, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.



Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend: one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
 Inpenetrable shades, recesses foul,
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at Carthagea quench'd 1040
 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045
 No more with ardour bright; you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves,
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage the black assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The



Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unfung: the rage intense
 Of brazen vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
 But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone



Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by Man forsook, 1125
Who to the crouded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud; 1130
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke above, the smouldring pine
Stands a sad shattered trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still



In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull, 1155
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak, 1165
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thule bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
 Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: But such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in th' awakened power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.



So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1190
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd 1195
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. „ Fear not, he said,
„ Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1205
„ And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
„ In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
„ With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
„ That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
„ Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice, 1210
„ Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
„ With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
„ 'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
„ To clasp perfection!” From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb, 1220
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky

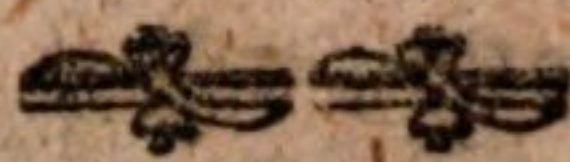


Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure. Nature, from the storm
 Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy, 1230
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Invests the fields yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick, nibbling thro' the clover'd vale. 1235
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 Most favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serene the sky, 1240
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Chear'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose cristal
 depth 1245
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek 1250
 Instant emerge; and thro' th' obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light 1255
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This



This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink, 1260
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous: Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1265
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes 1270
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
play'd

Among the bending willows, falsely he 1275
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd:
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye, 1280
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain! 1285
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd; 1290
And



And, robe'd in loose array, she came to bathe
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul, 1295
 A delicate refinement, known to few,
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest 1300
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
 The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
 Of Ida panted stronger, when aside 1305
 The rival-goddesses the veil divine
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone; 1310
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
 How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view;
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white, 1315
 Harmonius swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn? 1320
 Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
 As shines the lilly thro' the crystal mild; 1325
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,

Fresh



Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd 1335
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw „ Bathe on, my fair,
„ Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
„ Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
„ To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
„ And each licentious eye. “ With wild surprize,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense, 1345
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the * statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes 1350
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd, 1355
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted: even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across 1360
Her

* The Venus of Medici.



Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung she with the silvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd, 1365
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
 „ Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 „ By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 „ Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
 „ Discreet: the time may come you need not fly. “

The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
 heaven,

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes, 1375
 The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves 1380
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul 1385
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns 1390
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
 The



The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and calls it good. 1400
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild 1405
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful * Shene? Here let us sweep
The boundless landskip: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send, 1410
Now to the ** Sister-Hills that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1415
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twitnam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon
Shining, or Splendor.

** Highgate and Hampstead.

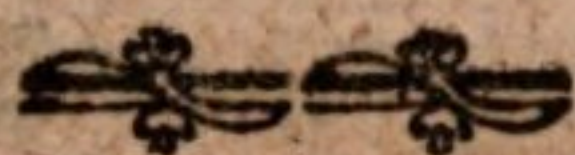


The healing God; to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrais'd height, and Escher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd 1430
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills! 1435
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landskip into smoke decays!
 Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty, abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand. 1445

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
 With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
 And property assures it to the swain, 1455
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

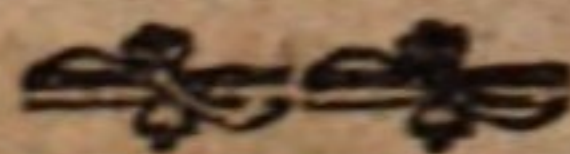
Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
 As at the car be sweats, or dusty hews 1460
 The



The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet, 1465
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

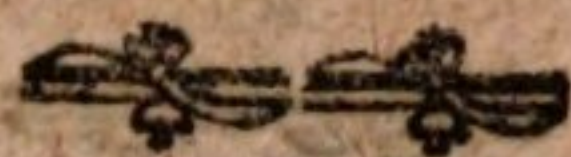
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas 1470
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain hearted, hospitable, kind; 1475
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war, 1480
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallowed name the virtues saint,
And his own Muses love; the best of Kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage, 1490
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine;



A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep, 1495
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fettered, and at last resign'd
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind 1505
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison hours enrich'd the world;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. 1510
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul, 1515
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye 1520
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign; 1525
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the * British Cassius, fearless bled;
 Of

* ALGERNON SIDNEY.



Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love 1530
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful Sages and in noble Bards;
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice, 1535
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course: him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long 1545
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again. 1550
The generous * Ashley thine, the friend of Man;
Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart. 1555
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure Intelligence, whom God 1560
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame

Hh 2

In

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shaftesbury.



In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 1565
 Is not wild Shakespear thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom 1570
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spencer, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground: 1575
 Nor thee his antient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners - painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy Daughters I, 1580
 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white 1585
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And Every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown, 1590
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas, 1595
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,

At



At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults 1600
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O thou! by whose almighty Nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love; 1605
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity, 1610
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disordered at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, superior shines 1615
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees, 1620
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers 1625
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.



For ever running an enchanted round, 1630
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank: 1635
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
 Who all day long in fordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have chear'd
 A drooping family of modest worth. 1640
 But to the generous still-improving mind,
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
 To him the long review of order'd life 1645
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

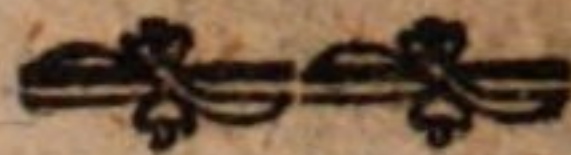
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether softening, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air;
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this 1650
 She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream, 1655
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 1660
 Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
 His



His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves 1665
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds. 1670

Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village-stories tell. 1675
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shun'd; whose mournful chambers hold, 1680
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe 1685
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray 1695
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,



With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky; or horizontal dart,
 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crouds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds; 1705
 Lo! from the dead immensity of space
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens, 1710
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts, 1715
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting
 spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds 1720
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love;
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake 1725
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds and feed th' eternal fire.

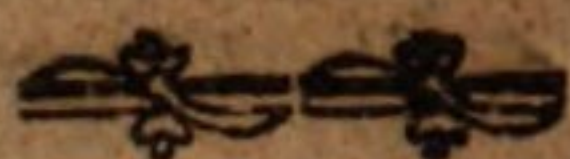
With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee, 1730
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that, 1735
 Whose



Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day,
Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarged by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires, 1740
That bind the fluttering crowd; and angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyis,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
The First up-tracing, from the dreary void, 1745
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the Last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold, 1750
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought, 1755
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlightened Man?
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashioned fur 1760
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social blifs,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill 1765
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights! 1770



Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse: but, taught, by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace; 1775
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invifible, the fail 1780
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 Creation thro'; and, from that full complex 1785
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the Word,
 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance, 1790
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth; 1795
 And notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
 So wills Eternal Providence, fits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state, 1800
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the work of God,
 By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

A U T U M N

THE A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Address to Mr. ONSLOW.

A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country-life.



A U T U M N.

Crown'd with the fickle and the wheaten sheaf,
 While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
 Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
 Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
 Nitrous prepar'd; the various blossom'd Spring
 Put in white promise forth; and Summer - suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onflow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
 Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot - virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
 And libra weighs in equal scales the year;
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,

With

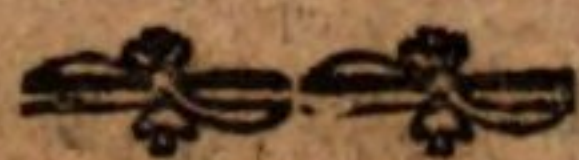


With golden light enlivened, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
And all the soft civility of life:
Raifer of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand 55
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
With



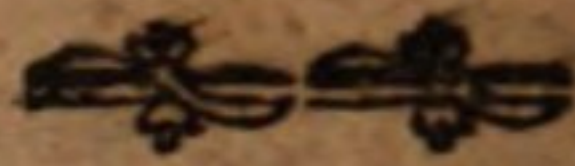
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
 And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
 A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
 His faculties unfolded, pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood - polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life - refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95
 Then



Then gathering men their natural powers com-
bin'd,
And form'd a Public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole; 100
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm: yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong - straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between 125
Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While



While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the British Thunder, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof; and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd. 140

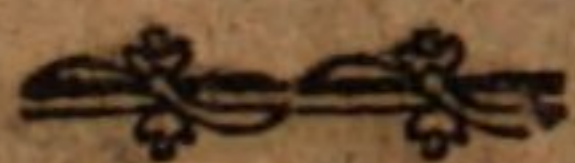
All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter chear'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste;
 Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
 While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And,



And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you; 170
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:



Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair - proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close - embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper - train 225
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her down - cast modesty conceal'd. 230
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which



Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field: 235
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

„ What pity! that so delicate a form,
„ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
„ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
„ Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
„ Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
„ Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
„ Recalls that patron of my happy life,
„ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
„ Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands, 245
„ And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
„ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
„ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
„ Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
„ His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
„ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
„ Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak 255
The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260
Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

„ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains? 265
„ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,



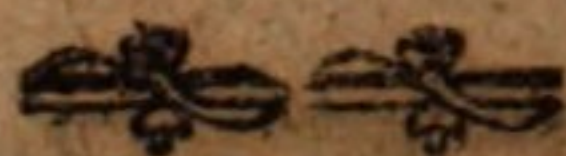
„ So long in vain? O yes! the very same,
 „ The softened image of my noble friend,
 „ Alive his every look, his every feature,
 „ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring! 270
 „ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 „ That nourish'd up my fortune! Say! ah where,
 „ In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 „ The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
 „ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 275
 „ Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 „ Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 „ O let me now, into a richer soil,
 „ Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and
 showers,
 „ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 280
 „ And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 „ Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 „ A casto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 „ Tho' vast, where little to his ampler heart,
 „ The father of a country, thus to pick 285
 „ The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 „ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 „ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 „ But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 „ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine; 290
 „ If to the various blessings which thy house
 „ Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 „ That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300



The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315
But as th' aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked, to its utmost rage, 325
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave. 335



Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
 The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
 And well-earned treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board, 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

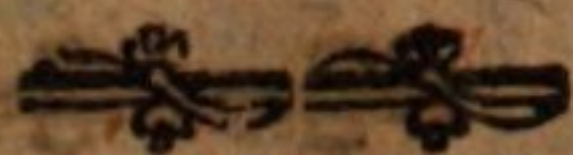
Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural Game:
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their



Their idle wings, intangled more and more :
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again, 375
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song, 380
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death ;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

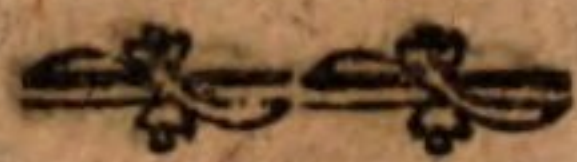
Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt



The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom; 405
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits 410
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd fullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once: 420
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;
 O'er a weak harmless flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight; 430
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth

Expel



Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440
 He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day:
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish; while the growling Pack, 455
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace; behold, despising flight, 460
 The rous'd up lion, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons,
 then 470
 Your sportive fury, pitiless to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:



Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
 Refuse. But thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair. 485
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all 490
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink, 495
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man.
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game, 500
 Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul, 505
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing



Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn; 510
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give Society its highest taste; 515
Well-ordered Home Man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the blifs,
And sweeten all the toils of human life: 520
This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hcarfe from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub, 525
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade,
And where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree; 530
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda form'd with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise, 535
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-refounding fields,
In chearful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit. 540
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,

From



From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race; 545
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixt.
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps 550
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue: 555
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With British freedom sing the British song:
 How, from Silurian vats, high sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

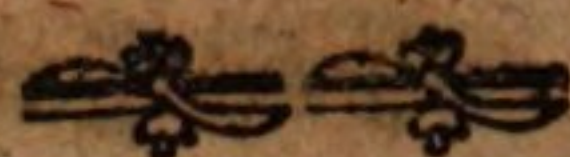
In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day; 565
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, Dodingon, thy seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.

Full



Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here, wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst 580
Oft thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall, 585
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing Theme continual prompts my thought:
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig. 590
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous foils, and climes of fair extent; 595
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff encreas'd the heightened blaze. 600
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice, 605
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh,
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mazy flood;
That



That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl; 615
 The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole, 620
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view 625
 With great variety; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
 Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems 630
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth, 635
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear; and wilder'd, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog 640
 Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard)
 Light uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
 Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn 645
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These



These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoak along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores 650
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore, 655
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum, rise,
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along. 660
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again 665
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil 670
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert 675
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choak
Their secret channels; or by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales: 680
Old



Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watry times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd 685
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius, given to Man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display 690
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds! 695
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine Hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main; 700
From lofty Caucasus, far - seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Rufs
Believes the * stony girdle of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm, 705
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his founding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread! unveil 710
The

* The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, the great stony Girdle: because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.



The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abissinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending * Mountains of the Moon!
O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line 715
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose,
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free! 720
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the reins,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then 725
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains, 730
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing, thence the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world, 735
Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
And welling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling fun, the vapour burden'd air, 740
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them o'er the fair-divided earth,

Kk

In

* A Range of Mountains in Africa, that surround
almost all Monomotapa.



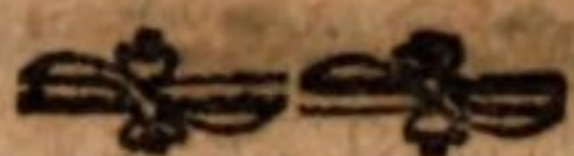
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support 745
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
 The swallow-people; and tofs'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift, 750
 The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd, 755
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force 760
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take 765
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full 770
 The figured flight ascends; and, riding high
 Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thule, and th' Atlantic surge 775
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;

Who



Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air, 780
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks 785
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene, 790
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand 795
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school 805
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave;
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard, 810
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,

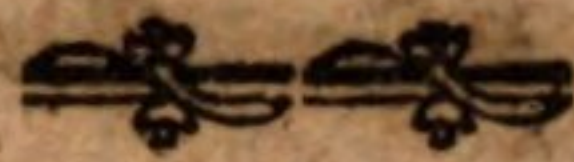


Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne 815
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn. 820

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike Luxury is placed,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry? to give 825
 A double harvest to the pining swain?
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
 How, by the finest art, the native robe
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar 830
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
 That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing 835
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd round the sea-incircled globe;
 And thus, in soul united as in name,
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle, 840
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd, 845

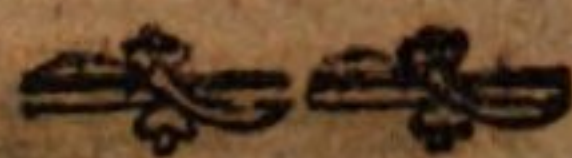
Her



Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow: 850
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends, 855
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee. 860

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To footy dark. These now the lonesome Muse, 865
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Mean-Time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn 870
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;



To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And wooe lone Quiet in her silent walks. 880

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint, 885
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated trushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit 890
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year 895
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf 900
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams; 905
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race 910
Their funny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;

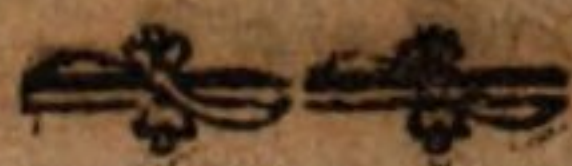
And



And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare. 920
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Croud fast into the Mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment; 930
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn,
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve; 935
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the social Offspring of the heart. 940

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along; 945



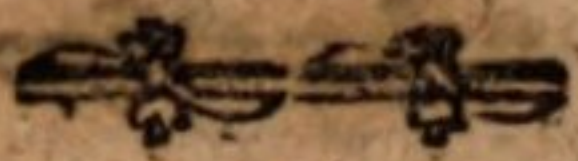
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye
powers,

That o'er the garden and the rural seats
Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land 950
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe *!
Not persian Cyrus on Jonia's shore
E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art 955
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes, 960
Or in that ** Temple where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with they converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk, 965
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades 970
Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires, 975
And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th'

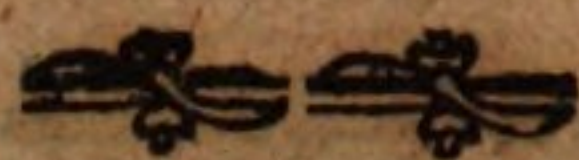
* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

** The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.



Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes corruption on her venal throne. 980
While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian Vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field, 985
And long-embattled hosts! when the proud foe
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves, 990
The British Youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill.

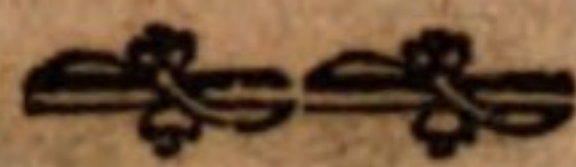
The western sun withdraws the shortened day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd 995
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd and breaking thro' the scattered clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,
A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again, 1005
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountains to the shadowy vale, 1010
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,



The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting permits the starry fires to burn 1015
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;
Or quite extinct her deadened orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first 1020
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light. 1025

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war 1030
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks 1035
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake funk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress; 1040
Empires subvers'd when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he 1045
Curious



Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom;
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty; void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole. 1055
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall. 1060
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze, 1065
Now lost and now renew'd he sinks absorbt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph:
While still, from day to day his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times, 1070
Sent by the better Genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford. 1075

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;

The



The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam; 1080
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night, 1085
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, nor dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumbles from their honeyed domes,
Convolv'd and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring, 1095
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one funny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long, 1100
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When obliged,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds; 1105
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild, with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state 1110
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,

(As



(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd 1115
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue, sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and
high, 1120

Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch 1125

How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up; 1130
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.

While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
By the quick sense of music taught alone, 1135
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.

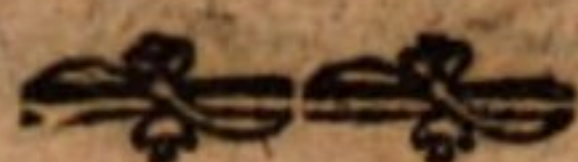
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force, 1140
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.

Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's fun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round. 1145

Oh knew he but his happiness, of Men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice Few retir'd,
Drinks



Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating, loose, or stiff with massy gold, 1155
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl 1160
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive; 1165
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
To disappointment, and fallacious hope,
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich, 1170
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the
bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap: 1175
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade, 1180
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here



Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unfollied beauty; found unbroken youth, 1185
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave; 1190
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far-distant from their native soil, 1195
Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment 1200
Mad into tumult the seditious herd
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front, 1205
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he from all the stormy passions free 1210
That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;

Admi-



Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart; 1220
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshened soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows, 1225
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung; 1230
 Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends 1235
 With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels; 1250
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
 And



And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay, 1255
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life, 1260
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

Oh Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there, 1265
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral strata there; 1270
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied-scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift; 1275
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades, 1280
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

W I N T E R.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A Man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Appennines. A winter-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

W I N T E R.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my
theme;

These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain; 10
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

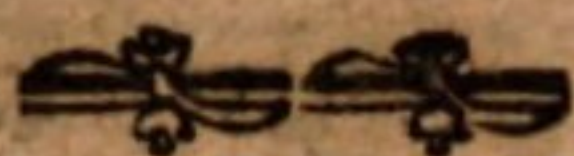
To thee, the patron of this first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
To suit her founding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:



Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the chearless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
 And, soon-descending, to the long dark night, 50
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
 The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views.

The



The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls, 85
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

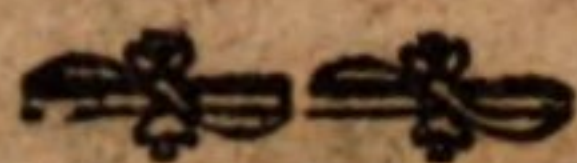
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
At last the rous'd up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,



Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110
 Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
 Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring streaks
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poize, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey; while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-coloured east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf; 130
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broadened nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
 The



The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale,
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,



The wintry Baltick thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns. 175
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs
 That, uttered by the Demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
 Then straight air, sea and earth are hush'd at once.

As



As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train! 210
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading blifs!

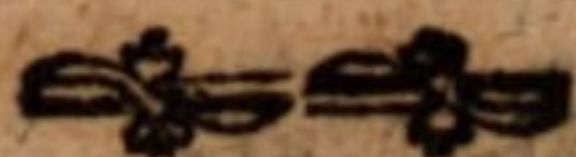
The keener tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb 225
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; 'till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts



Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer ox 240
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 'Till more familiar grown, the table-crums 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
 Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict; for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing

Sweeps



Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen Spring.
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

These



These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless Innocence. Alas! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,

Un-



Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 340
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life, 350
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; 355
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous * band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land 365
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,

* The Jail Committee, in the Year 1729.



At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd' zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
 And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
 And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance 405
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.

But



But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell; 415
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains; 420
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,

Invin-

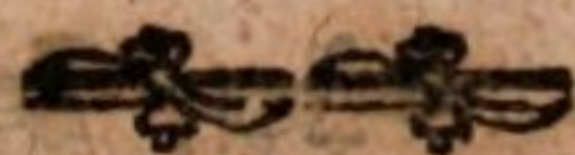


Invincible; calm Reason's holy law,
 That Voice of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless or in life, or death:
 Great moral teacher! Wifest of Mankind! 445
 Solon the next, who built his Common-weal
 On equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylae he glorious fell,
 The firm * Devoted Chief, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty ** Rival's fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 Cimon sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,

Who

* Leonidas.

** Themistocles.



Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the * Theban Pair,
 Whose virtues, in heroic Concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 Phocion the Good; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooch'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
 And he, the last of old Lyncurgus' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten State, Agis, who saw
 Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train. 490
 Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:
 And he her darling as her latest hope,
 The gallant Philopoemen; who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd:
 Her better Founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
 Servius the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505
 Then the great consuls venerable rise,
 The ** Public Father who the Private quell'd,

Mm

As

* Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.

** Marcus Junius Brutus.

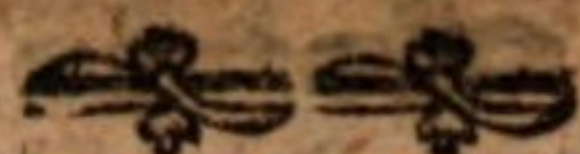


As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus only vengeful to her foes. 510
 Fabricius, scorner of all conquering gold;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy * willing Victim, Carthage, bursting
 loose

From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the Poetic shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525
 Lifted the Roman Steel against thy Friend.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand, but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state, 530
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
 'Tis Phoebus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side,
 The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene:
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
 First

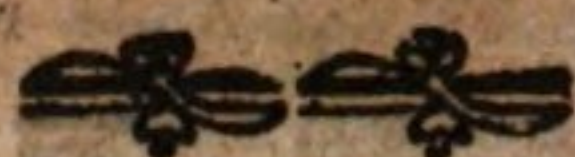
* Regulus.



First of your kind! society divine!
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend, 550
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart:
For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling
pride, 555
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful Patriots, who sustain her name? 565
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light the virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:



With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
 Or sprung eternal from th' eternal Mind;
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the moral World,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd 585
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In general Good. The sage historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590
 Improves their foil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray 595
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues: how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of



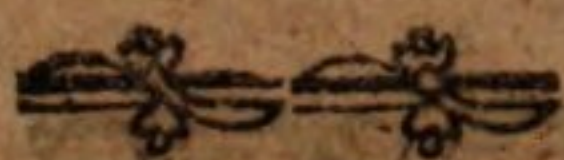
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprize;
Or folly-painted Humour, grave himself, 615
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Mean-Time the village rouzes up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music; the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph 635
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:

Mm 3

While,

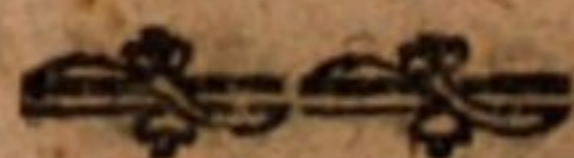


While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises fly the fair impartial laughs.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * Bevil shew'd.

O Thou, whose wisdom solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire, 660
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life, permit the Rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 675
And

* A Character in the Conscious Lovers, written
by Sir Richard Steele.



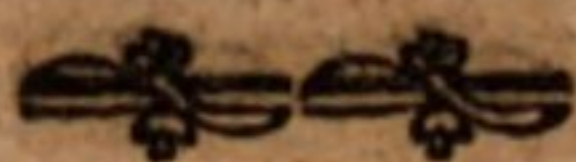
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, croud 680
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power; as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick; now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
Storing afresh with elemental life,
Close crouds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strenghtened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,
In swifter fallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along



The purer rivers flow; their fullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve, 720
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river grows below;
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world, 745
Lifts



Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair, 750
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd; as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep,
On founding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
The then gay land is maddened all to joy,
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Mean-time, to raise
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
Mm 5 Broad

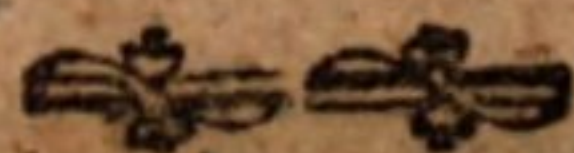


Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
 Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone;
 Where, for relentless months, continual night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
 Wide-roams the Russian exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but desarts lost in snow;
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
 That stretch athwart the solitary waste,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 805
 And cheerless towns far-distant, never blest'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich * Cathay,
 With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour: tip'd with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
 Sables of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or

* The old name for China.



Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heavy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering fullen in the white abyfs.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny forest half-absorb'd,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storm's increase, 830
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
A boisterous race, by frosty * Caurus pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms,
No

* The North-West Wind.

† The wandering Scythian-Clans.



No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
 Their rain-deer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
 Even in the depth of Polar Night, they find
 A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs. 865
 Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve:
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure * Niemi's fairy mountains rise, 875
 And

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of
 the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and
 Mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says — — „From this
 „height we had occasion several times to see those va-
 „pours rise from the Lake which the people of the coun-
 „try call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guar-
 „dian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frightened
 „with



And fring'd with roses * Tenglio rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They chearful-loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare, 880
Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

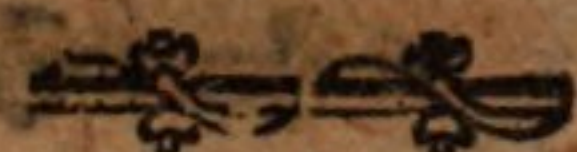
Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where failing gradual life at length goes out, 890
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath * another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court; 895
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence

„with stories of Bears that haunted this place, but saw
„none. It seem'd rather a place of resort for Fairies and
„Genii, than Bears.“

* The same Author observes — — „I was surpriz'd
„to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) Roses
„of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens.“

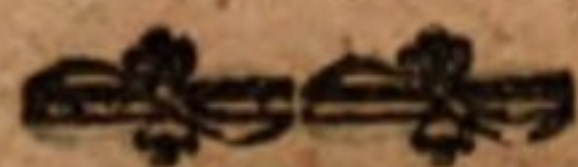
** The other Hemisphere.



Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky; 905
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds,
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down, 910
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide- rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary mounts
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * Briton's fate, 925
 As with first prow, (what have not Britons dar'd!)
 He for the passage fought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

Hard

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-East Passage.



Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild O by, live the last of Men;
And half enlivened by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940

Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 945
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered savage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform, 950
New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these
shores,

A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire one vast Mind,
By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! He 955
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.

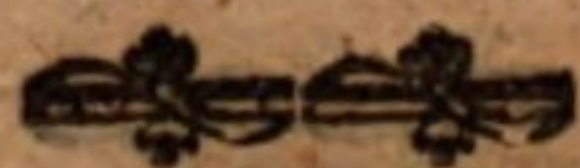
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
Thro' long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970

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Of



Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill,
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes!
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
 Th' astonish'd Euxin hears the Baltick roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the north, 980
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade: 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990
 Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; 995
 And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath



Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye, 1020
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life, pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength, 1030

Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
thoughts



Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd; Virtue sole-survives,
 Immortal, never failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high, — And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of superstition's scourge; why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.



A
H Y M N.

These, as they change, Almighty Father,
these,

Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love:
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: 10
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering
gales.

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives, 15
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast. 20



Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force di-
vine,

Deep-felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade; 25
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute inconſcious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty
hand,

That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres; 30
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming,
thence

The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.

Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To Him, ye vocal gales, 40
Breathe ſoft, whoſe Spirit in your freſhneſs
breathes:

Oh talk of Him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar, 45
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, liſt high to
heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you
rage.

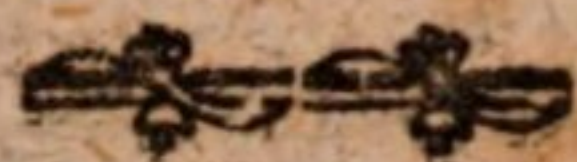
His



His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling
rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound; 50
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater
woice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
55
Soft - roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints,
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
70
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd
reigns;



And his unfuffering kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless
 day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His
 praise. 80
 Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove: 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray 95
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
 Should fate command me to the farthest verge 100
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since



Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads there must be joy,
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers, 110
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;
From seeming Evil still educing Good,
And Better thence again, and Better still, 115
In infinite progression. — But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise,

T H E E N D.

Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the world as in the sky,
And where the soul is free,
When every heart the Father's love shall see,
And with the Father's Spirit
I shall be ever near,
Will rising words be long, I cannot go
Where I have not been,
Sustaining all you order and all their song,
From the Father, I will be with you,
And I shall be there again, and I shall be
In the Father's presence,
Albeit in the Father's presence,
Come then, my Father, and I shall be

THE END

A poetical anthology or a choice collection of fables, eclogues, epistles,
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Mentz u.a. 1788

P.o.angl. 15

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